Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 5, 1942

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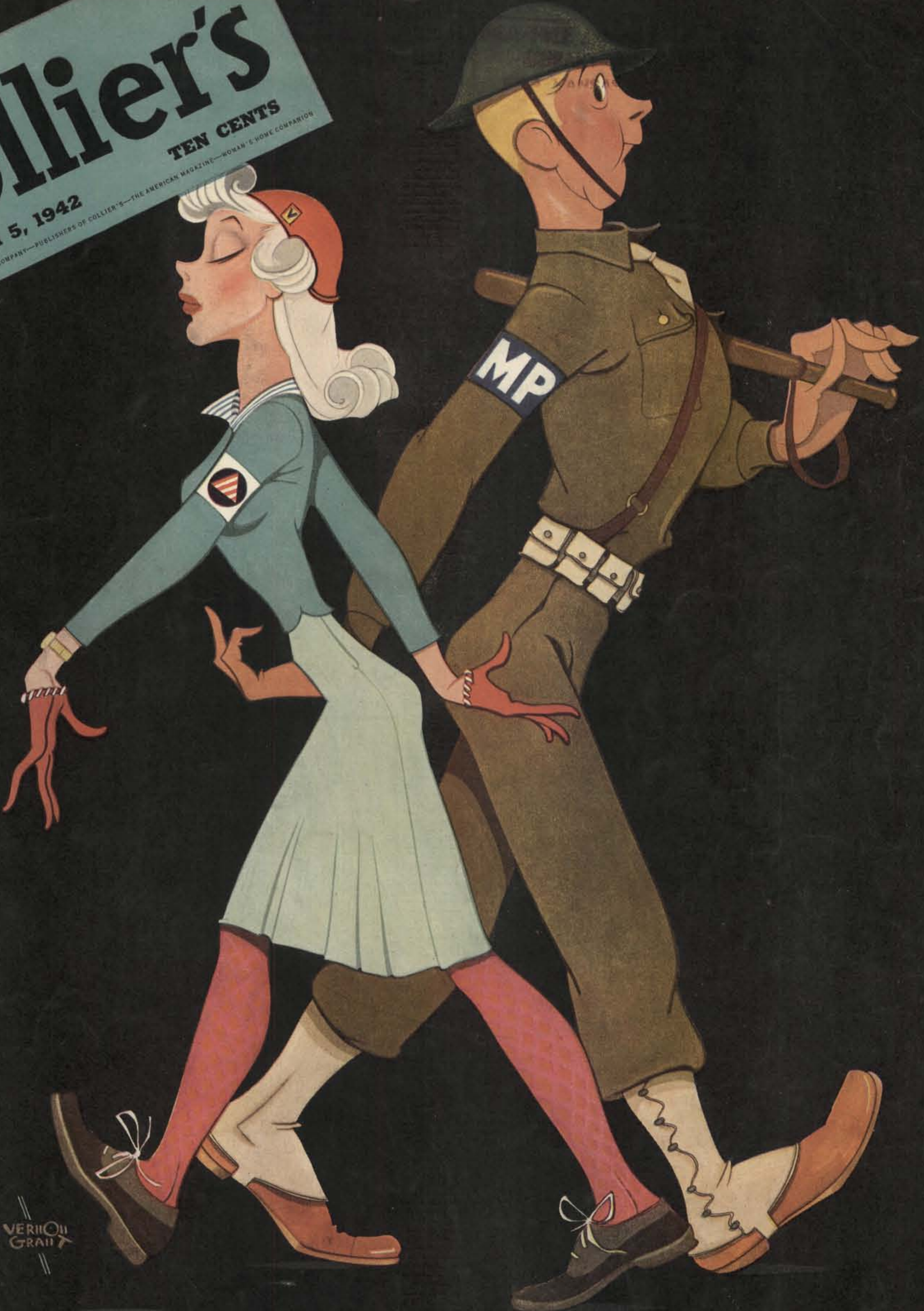

SLOW DEATH IN A JAP

An Account of the Shanghai Horror by M

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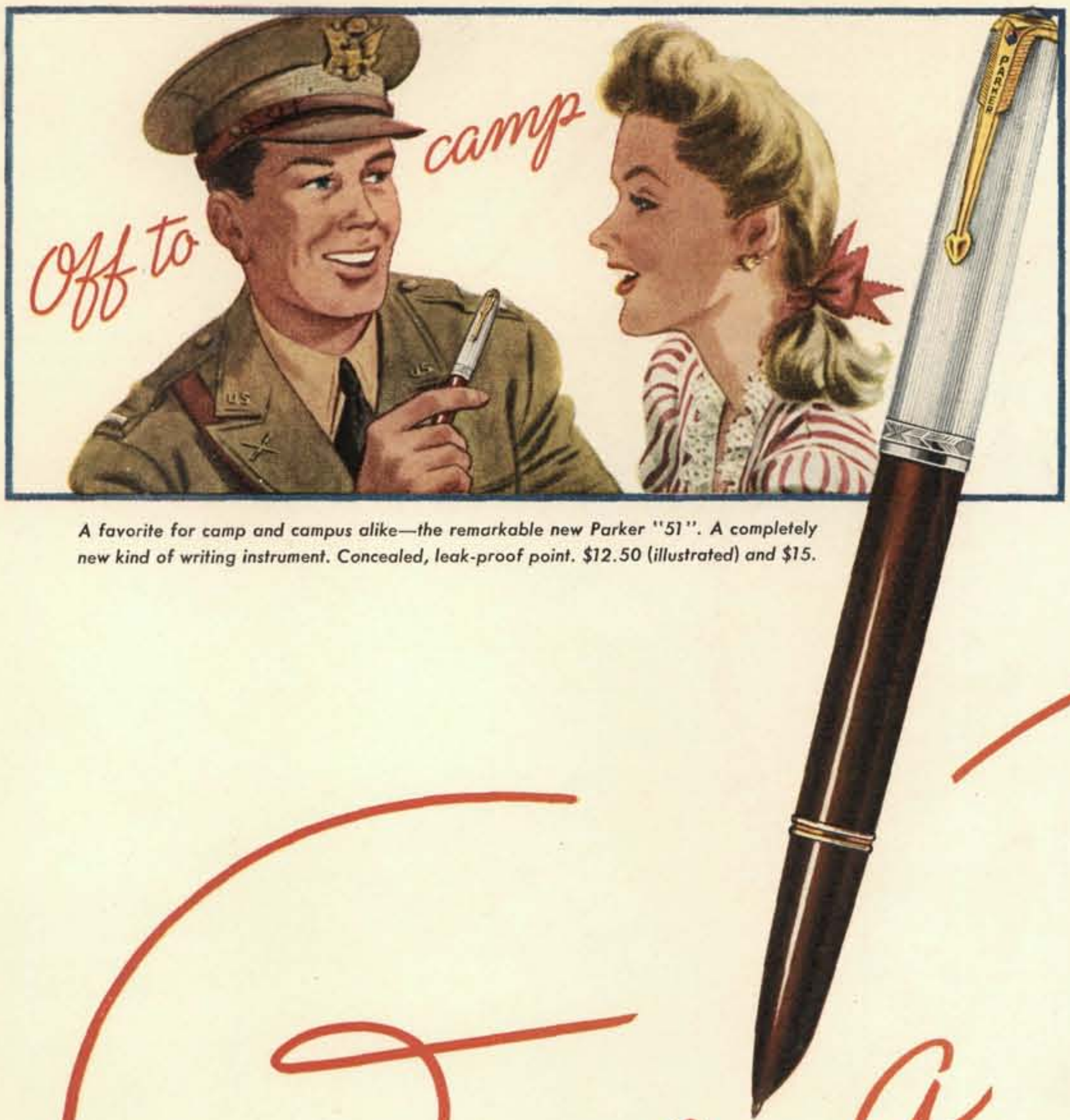

A favorite for camp and campus alike—the remarkable new Parker "51". A completely new kind of writing instrument. Concealed, leak-proof point. $12.50 (illustrated) and $15.

Matched Parker "51" Pen and Writefine Pencil Set in handsome presentation case, $17.50 (illustrated) and $22.50.

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Only a Parker gives you: extra large ink capacity . . . original pocket-level Military Clip . . . and the Blue Diamond Life Contract Guarantee.

Faster—faster—our young men and women must prepare for new duties at home and at the front.

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The patented arrow clip is trim and convenient. It secures each Parker at pocket level—out of sight, as military regulations demand.

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Visit your pen counter and test the sensational new Parker "51" with the "51" ink that dries instantly as you write. See the handsome new Parker Vacumatic Pens and Sets. Your gift problem is solved!

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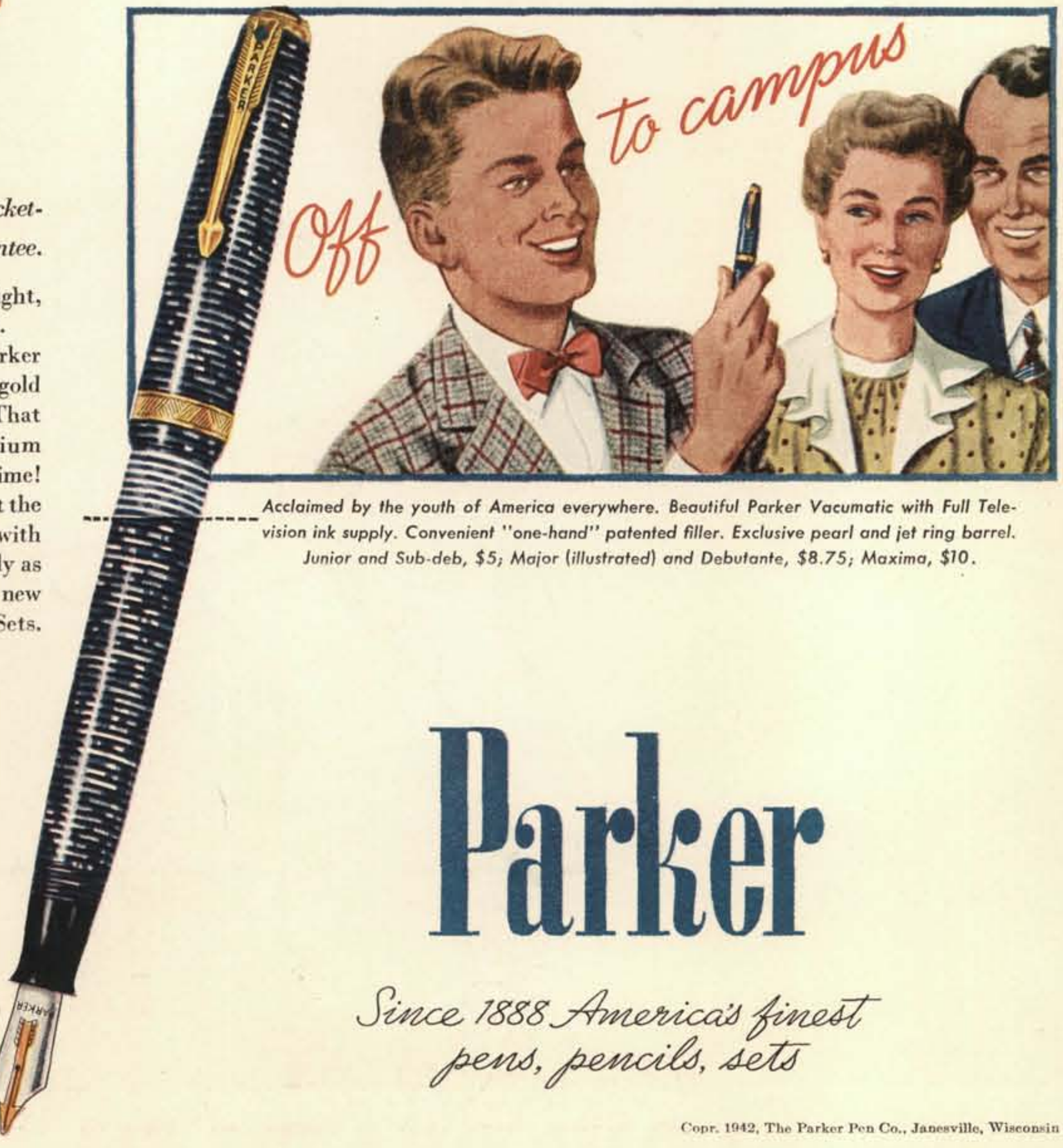

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Since 1888 America's finest
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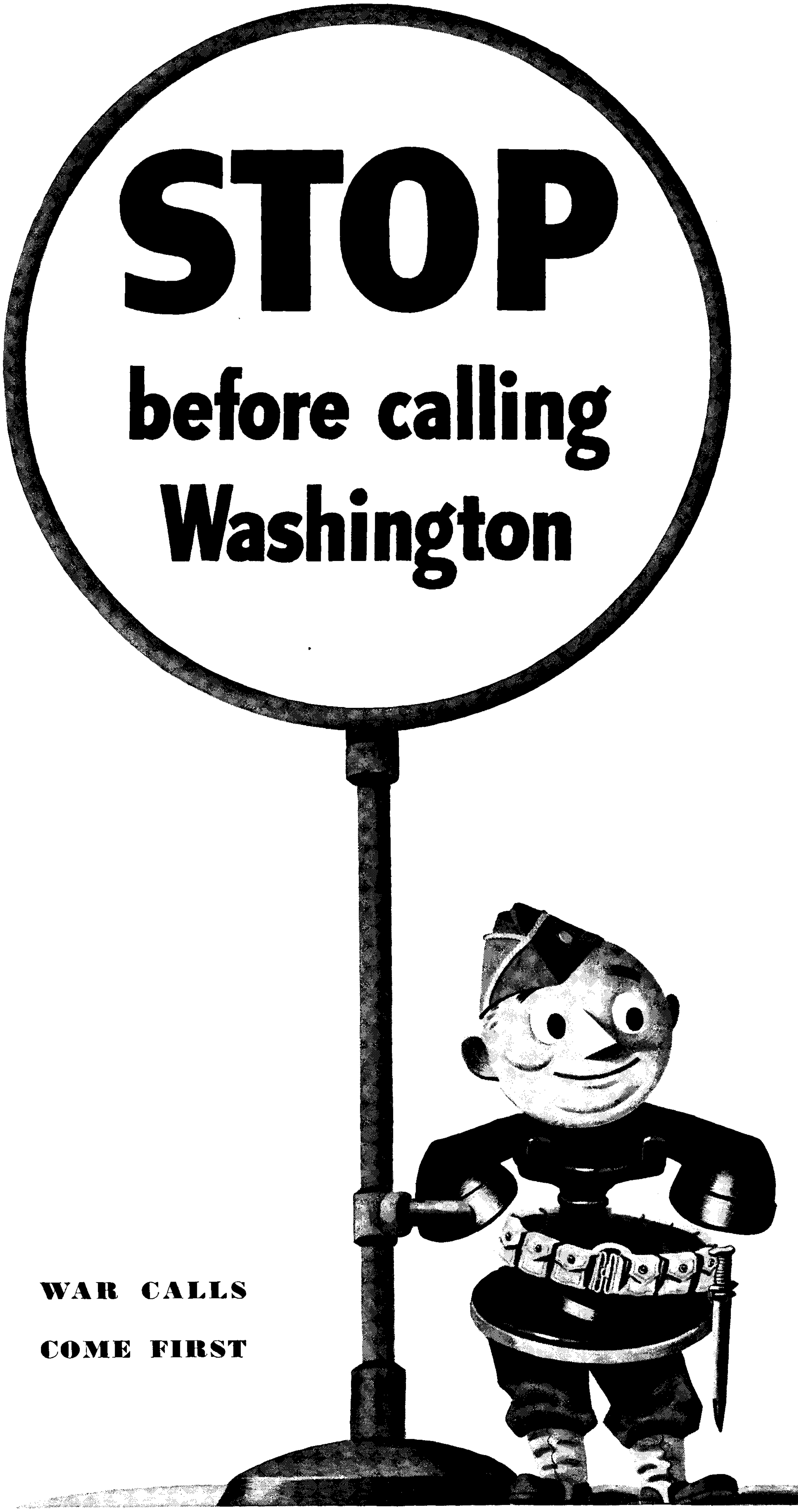

WAR CALLS

COME FIRST

Busiest place in the world right now is Washington, D. C. The war effort centers there.

Long Distance telephone calls in and out of Washington alone are about 70,000 a day and the number is growing.

We can't keep building ahead of this traffic because the materials have gone to war.

So we ask you not to put through a Long Distance telephone call to Washington unless it is absolutely necessary. Even then please be as brief as possible — to keep the lines open for the vital needs of war.

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Of all that amazing store of melody Tschaikowsky created, none is more familiar or better loved than this delightful musical fantasy. To countless children its magic has been the entrance to the wonder world of music. To us grownups, its beautiful melodies and fascinating rhythms will always be as fresh as the day we first were thrilled by them. This new interpretation by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra is a musical treat that all of us will cherish.

It is on Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-915. 6 sides. $3.50*

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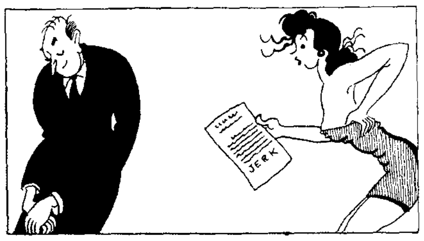
ANY WEEK

A CORRESPONDENT insists that we remind the American people that on one occasion "The scholarly Mr. DeWitt Poynter Bergquist of International Falls, Minnesota, spake as follows to an indoor audience of intellectuals, to wit: 'Wars for freedom are won only by free people.' " So, having reminded you, we may as well proceed to tell you that our correspondent is none other than Mr. DeWitt Poynter Bergquist of International Falls, Minnesota. And if you're interested in anything else Mr. Bergquist has said, indoors or out, on other occasions, you have but to write to him. "Intelligent, searching questions," writes Mr. Bergquist, "bring out the best in me."



WHICH is true of a great many answerers of questions and repliers to requests. For example if, a few months ago, you had been having trouble with your girdle and wanted to co-operate with your government in its daily solutions of the rubber-shortage problem you might have written to Mr. Leon Henderson's OPA and you would have got an official document concerning what to do to make your girdle last longer. If you had been among the first to write you would have got one of the first editions of a now very famous document in which was the following instruction about removing your girdle: "It can be removed best by a good strong yank." But this edition was swiftly recalled by the OPA, the more alert of Mr. Henderson's assistants fearing that the instruction was open to ribaldry. So they changed it to read: "It can be removed quickly by a good strong jerk."

ANYWAY, the Honorable Gene Talmadge, the wool-hat (shoddy) governor of Georgia would be silly to worry about the cost of groceries. We are informed by Mr. Harry Clembine of Rome, Georgia, that while campaigning for re-election to his present job, Mr. Talmadge has thus far collected sixteen jars of honey, twenty-two sacks of grits, seven messes of catfish, four barrels of cornmeal, a dozen hogs, nine buckets of molasses and large quantities of fatback, sidemeat and perishables like eggs, layer cakes, pone and hushpuppies. These have been bestowed upon Mr. Talmadge by audiences of credulous gapers who are depending upon him to save them from the Communists and the Negro. In Gainesville, Mr. Clembine tells us, a six-year-old boy, overjoyed to hear Mr. Talmadge's promise (campaign) to save him from the Black Man, the Communists and the Yankee—a trio banded together to make Georgia a place onfitten for fine, white Americans to live in—gave Mr. Talmadge a nice jar of honey. Mr. Talmadge thanked the child, asked his name and let loose with a ten-minute encore speech when he learned that the little fellow's name was Gene. "When I am re-elected by a mighty wave of true, white Americans to the glory of the great state of Georgia which is a-gonna keep her great Jim Crow laws on her clean statute books in spite of Yankees and Communists and is a-tellin' all Negroes who don't like it to git outa the great state of Georgia," said Governor Talmadge to the grateful child, "I want you to pay me a visit in the capital and sit in the governor's chair a spell." Mr. Talmadge was about to take a bow when *some dirty Communist, who probably* in his heart hopes that Russia will hurl back the Nazis, spoke up from the crowd: "Better not let that kid say anything while sittin' in your chair, Gene. Folks down here will think maybe you've been going to night school and git mad."

AND Mrs. Ina Berry McCormick of Jersey City, New Jersey, reports that she did not listen to a local vote wrangler long enough to find out what he or his man was running for. She says that she got sick immediately after hearing him say, "My opponent accuses me of being Frank Hague's man, that I am a friend of Frank Hague. I am proud to say that he is right. All I know about that great American the Honorable Frank Hague is that the world's foremost statesman, the President of the United States, has reached out from his high seat in the White House, placed his hand on the Honorable Frank Hague's broad shoulder and said, 'This man is good enough for me.' And I say to my opponent for public office, if the Honorable Frank Hague is good enough for President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he is certainly good enough for me." . . .

W. D.

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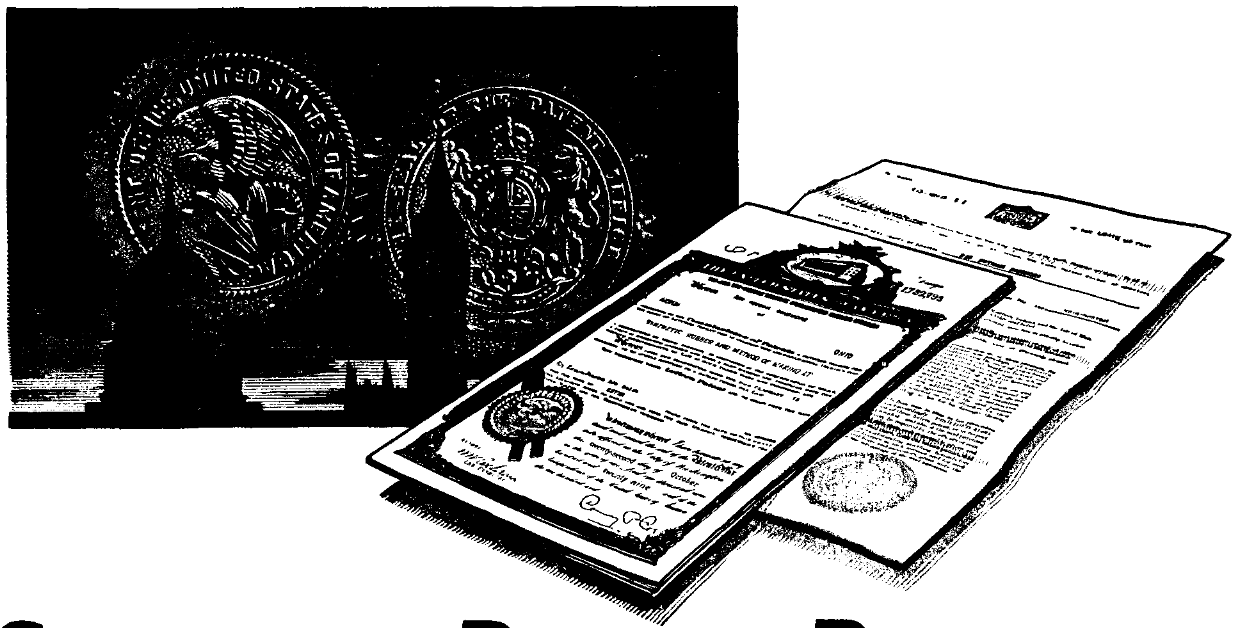
COVER VERNON GRAN

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



SYNTHETIC RUBBER PROGRESS

DATES FROM 1927

SYNTHETIC rubber is not new. The first quantity production was the crude form made by the Germans during World War I when the Allied blockade cut off all natural rubber supplies.

This first German synthetic lacked many of rubber's attributes. But it showed enough promise to induce Goodyear chemists, after the war, to begin their own experiments along independent lines.

After several years of research, the Goodyear laboratories developed a synthetic having a globular structure and physical properties very similar to natural rubber.

This was in 1927. Patents were granted to Goodyear in both the United States and Great Britain covering this improved method of production, which is the basic principle underlying all important synthetic rubber manufacture today.

By the Goodyear method, simple hydrocarbon molecules are polymerized (linked together) by an emulsification process that closely resembles nature's way of creating latex in the sap of the rubber tree. This process is now used in the product we call Chemigum.

By compounding, Chemigum can be endowed with qualities definitely superior to natural rubber for many purposes. It can be made more resistant to wear and abrasion—more impermeable to oil, gasoline and solvents—more stable at extremely high and low temperatures.

Long before Pearl Harbor Goodyear built the first complete plant in this country for synthesizing rubbers of this type, and began the manufacture of Chemigum products for industrial uses where natural rubber is not satisfactory.

Today facilities are being rapidly expanded in conjunction with the government program to break the rubber bottleneck. From experience we are gaining in building synthetic tires and other urgencies for the fighting forces, a new low-cost mass-production technique is being evolved that promises to make Chemigum for many purposes competitive with natural rubber — in cost as well as quality

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

PUSHED RIGHT OFF HIS PEDESTAL!

BEST BRISTLE
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's *PROLON*

Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—

There is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, think this over: du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, clean better or last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with:

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE

PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

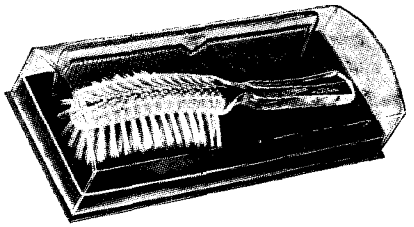
2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

. . . and don't miss this new line of gem-like, transparent hair brushes!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of duPont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



Jewelite Brushes *by* Pro-phy-lac-tic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The bottles of champagne that are used in christening American ships require more than two hours to be "dressed" for the occasion. They have to be fitted with a 1-16th-inch flexible copper mesh jacket, to keep the glass from flying, and adorned with two tricolored ribbons, each sixty-two feet long. After the launching, the bottle and ribbons are usually stored aboard the vessel to insure lasting good luck.

The world's greatest landlord is "Mr. Vizianagram," the leading Hindu nobleman and zamindar of Madras, India. On his estate, which is three thousand square miles in area, live 900,000 tenants, or a population larger than that of Cleveland, Ohio.

A puzzling fact is revealed by a study of the lives of 281 famous military and naval leaders who commanded forces in 638 historic battles. Including such immortals as Caesar, Napoleon and Admiral Nelson, it shows that the military men fought the majority of their battles when they were between the ages of 40 and 44 and that the naval men fought the majority of theirs between the ages of 55 and 59.

The Mercury Fountain, exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1937, spouted mercury, the liquid metal, instead of water. Incidentally, this display had to be heavily guarded because the thirty-four gallons of mercury required to operate it cost $17,750.

The civil law of Rome instead of the common law of England is still followed in many parts of the British Empire, such as Scotland, Quebec, Ceylon and the Union of South Africa.

U. S. Army engineers can construct a footbridge over a river 350 feet wide in eight and a half minutes in daylight and in eighteen minutes in the dark. And a thousand soldiers, carrying rifles and machine guns, can run across it in ten minutes in daytime and in twenty minutes at night.

Russia today is progressively improving its livestock through the use of the artificial insemination method in which one fine male replaces a large number of inferior animals. Resultant records show that one purebred bull produced 1,490 calves, and a certain valuable ram 15,662 lambs in a single year.

The Cathedral in Seville, Spain, is believed to be the only Christian church in the world in which ritualistic dancing is still performed. During the Triduum of Carnival and the festivals of Corpus Christi and the Immaculate Conception, the choir boys, accompanied by the clapping of castanets, stage an elaborate dance before the altar.—*By Adrina Peterkin, Chappaqua, New York.*

The iodine content of every pound of living sponge is estimated to be equivalent to that of twenty thousand tons of sea water, owing to the remarkable power of this animal to extract the element from the ocean.

The largest ship model in exhibition is that of the bark "Lagoda" in the Bourne Whaling Museum in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The height of its main mast is fifty feet and its over-all length is eighty-three feet. Thus this model is three-quarters the size of the "Santa Maria" on which Columbus was sailing when he discovered America.

Armament manufacturing in England today is so decentralized that the destruction of one or even a number of plants cannot interrupt seriously the steady production of any kind of war material. For example, the eight thousand parts of a certain tank are made by six thousand different companies.—*By Dean Shaffner, Lexington, Massachusetts.*

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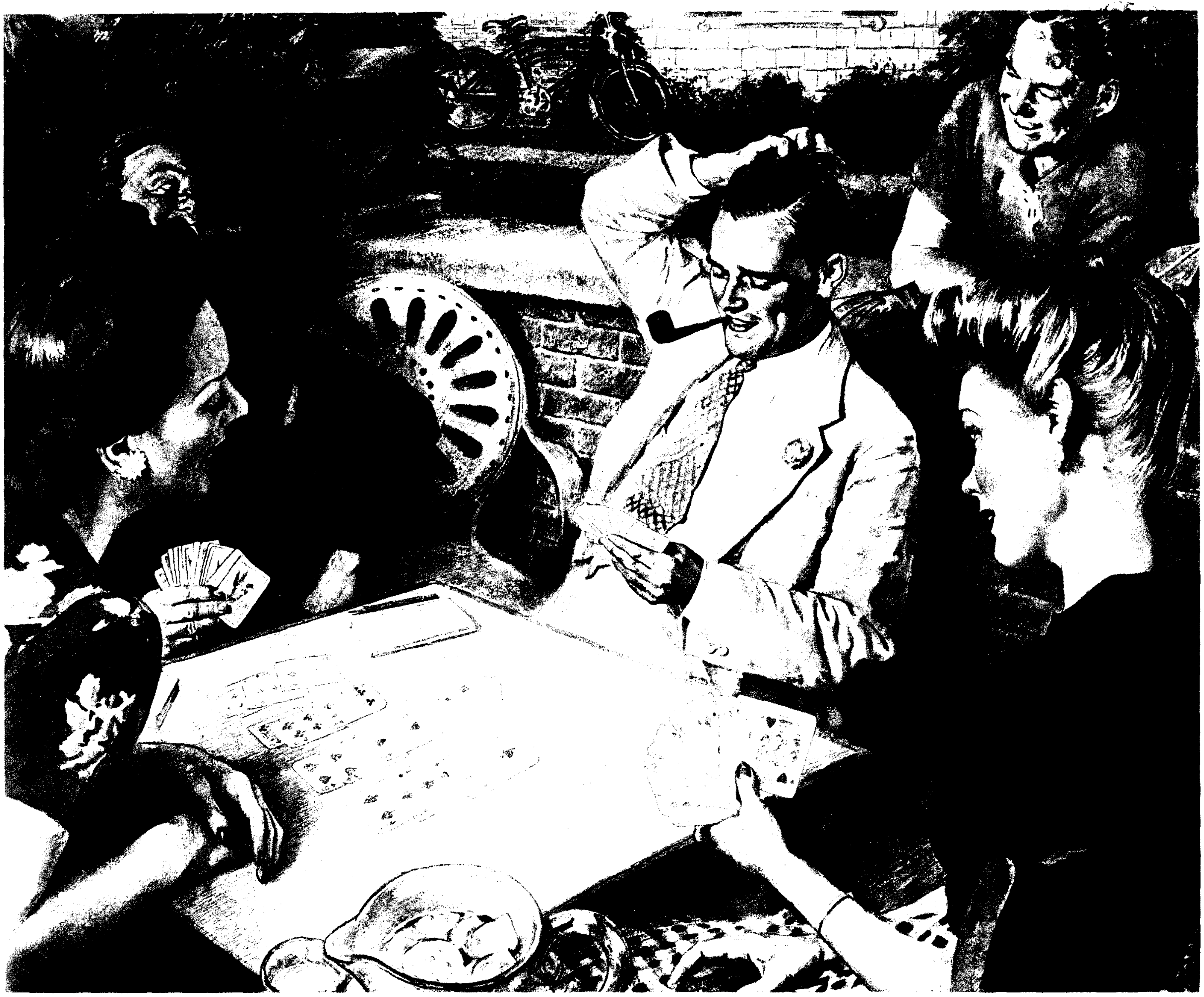

CALLING CARDS . . . for good neighbors

Recreation—a Necessity today

So much to do—so much energy needed! But to keep that energy fresh and vital, some *time must be given to recreation.*

Fortunately, delightful relaxation is easy to find—without traveling far . . . without going to a lot of expense.

Many Americans are finding out today that there's no better recreation than the good time you can have right at home.

IN CIVILIAN DEFENSE WORK, and in dozens of other ways, your neighbors are sharing wartime problems with you. And what is more natural than that you should share your recreation with them, too.

• • •

It's a fundamental bit of America—this neighborhood recreation. And it pays a double dividend.

You get the finest sort of relaxation—a real recharging of strength for the work ahead. And because there's no traveling to do, Uncle Sam benefits by the saving of tires and gas.

We are naturally pleased to see playing cards having a large share in this "good-neighbor policy." Over four-fifths of your fellow Americans now play cards.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO.
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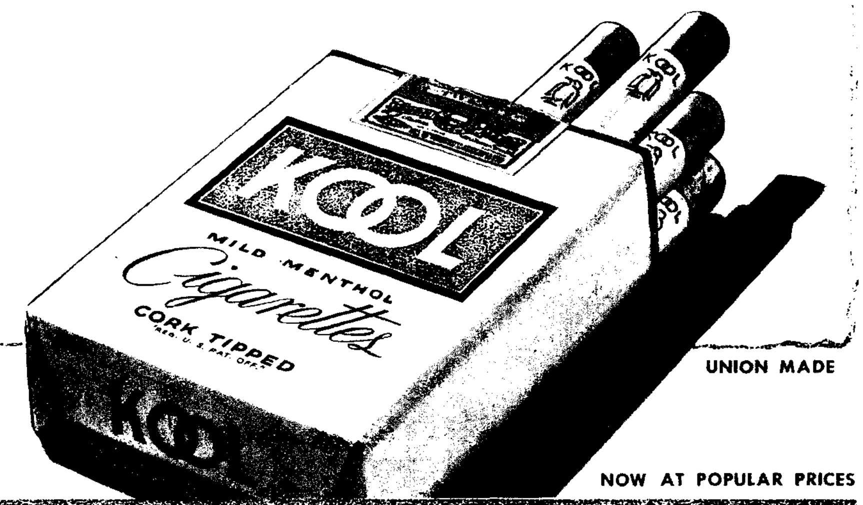
Makers of BICYCLE and CONGRESS Cards

83% OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION TURN TO CARD PLAYING FOR INEXPENSIVE RECREATION

Working overtime these days?

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

Give your throat a change and see how much brighter life becomes! The mild menthol in KOOLS makes each puff crisp and refreshing as a dipper of spring water on a hot and dusty day. Get a pack of KOOLS today...then light up and relax! (And save those coupons for luxury premiums.)



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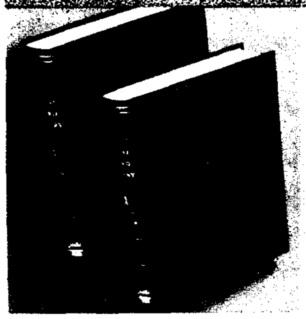

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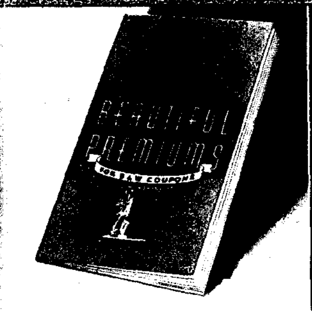

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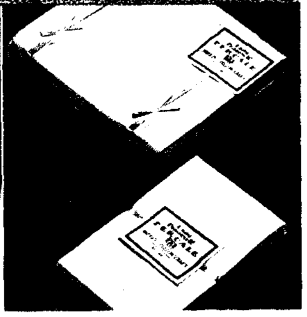

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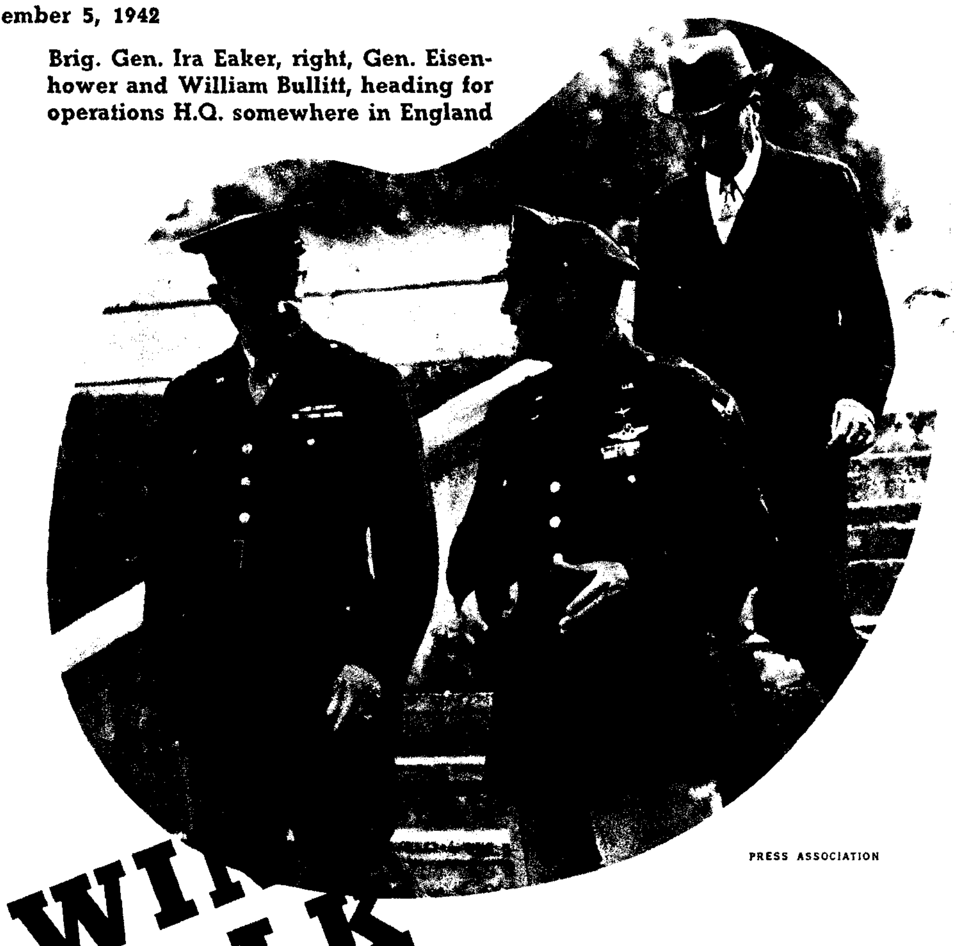


Brig. Gen. Ira Eaker, right, Gen. Eisenhower and William Bullitt, heading for operations H.Q. somewhere in England

PRESS ASSOCIATION

WI
TALK

BEFORE, during and even after Munich, they said Adolf was the best poker player in all Europe. Of course he never played according to Hoyle. Now, across the Channel in England, Der Fuehrer has an opponent who is not only the best poker player in the Army Air Forces but one of our foremost authorities on air power. He is America's chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces Bomber Command.

Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker, is the C. O., the poker player and the Air Forces' strategist. Rivaling his ability to dead-pan a fistful of poor cards, to outguess and outsmart his fellow officers around a table in a smoke-filled room, is his knowledge of military aviation, its use and his experience as an airman.

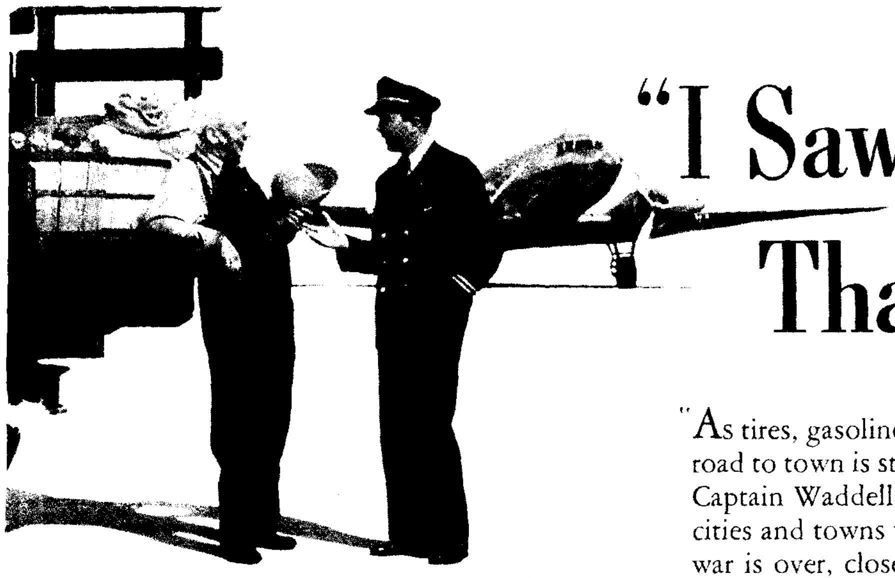
Entering the Army from his native Texas as an enlisted man in the last war, General Eaker is still the pilot of his own plane, be it fighter or four-engined bomber. He has bailed out of disabled ships; made numerous safe landings with jammed landing gear; was the first to fly "blind" across the continent; was co-pilot of the Army Fokker Question Mark (Chief pilot was his present boss in England, Major General Carl "Toohey" Spaatz), which stayed aloft six days and nights in 1929 and started a craze of refueling endurance flights; and made the first flight with the Army around South America. He collaborated with his close friend and chief, now Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, in writing three books on aviation, This Flying Game, Winged Warfare, and Army Flyer.

To Ira Eaker and his colleagues in command of air organizations on other important fronts, their assignments climax ambitions that have been developed over the past quarter of a century. Years ahead in foreseeing the use of air power in future wars, they enter upon their duties fully prepared and equipped to justify every claim they ever made. Your confidence in the final outcome, if it ever was in doubt, should receive a tremendous boost when you know that veteran Army airmen like Andrews, Brereton, Brett, Hale, Haynes, Eaker, Emmons, Olds, Royce, Scanlon and Spaatz are out there to prove it can be done.

ONE of the first things a student pilot of the Army, Navy and CPTP needs to know is how to make a forced landing away from his familiar home airport. Training to this end is given as early as possible but in simulated form. The instructor picks out a flat spot which could be used for a completed landing if anything went wrong, and the student is told to prepare for a landing. Satisfied that the plane could be set down, the instructor then orders power on, and away they go. But sometimes the students get too low and, in trying to pull out of the space, hook a fence or a power line or go into the trees. Last year 118 simulated forced landings resulted in accidents in civilian training, but only 10 per cent of them were fatal as compared with 25 per cent the previous year.

Nevertheless, the word has gone out to all CPT instructors to limit the descent for the forced landing to 200 feet because by that time the instructor knows that the student could have completed the landing if necessary.

Actual forced-landing practice by students flying solo has become very popular at some training centers. It doesn't take long for the kids to find out that a very nice young lady lives over yonder and that a forced landing on her property is good for a square meal and fun. We have to go back to the last war to prove this point. The C. O. of an Army field in the South noticed a marked increase in forced-landing accidents. His investigation revealed that there were several estates within a radius of fifty miles of the post and that the students were accorded the highest brand of hospitality when they put their planes down on this private property. Also, he observed an unprecedented enthusiasm among the students for actual forced-landing practice. Balancing this against the number of aircraft that had to be trucked back home with broken landing gear and wing panels, he had but one move to make: Prohibit forced-landing practice except on officially designated auxiliary fields. F. R. N.



CAPTAIN FRANK J. WADDELL, American Airlines million-miler in the air, and a full-fledged farmer on the ground, tells what he sees ahead for the farm folks of tomorrow.

"I Saw The *Car* in Wichita That You'll Be *Flying* Soon"

"As tires, gasoline and cars get scarcer, the farmer's road to town is stretching like a rubber band," says Captain Waddell. "But as sure as you're born, the cities and towns will all come *flying back* when this war is over, closer to the farm than ever. Then, a 100 mile drive in your own *Family Car of the Air* will be easier and quicker than a 25 mile trip today.

"You see, they're packing years of progress into hours at the Cessna plant in Wichita . . . building airplanes for Uncle Sam and our allies. And when you add that experience to the 31 years Cessna already had in aviation . . . it's easy to see why this Family Car of the Air is here at last . . . ready to be built for you as soon as this war is won."

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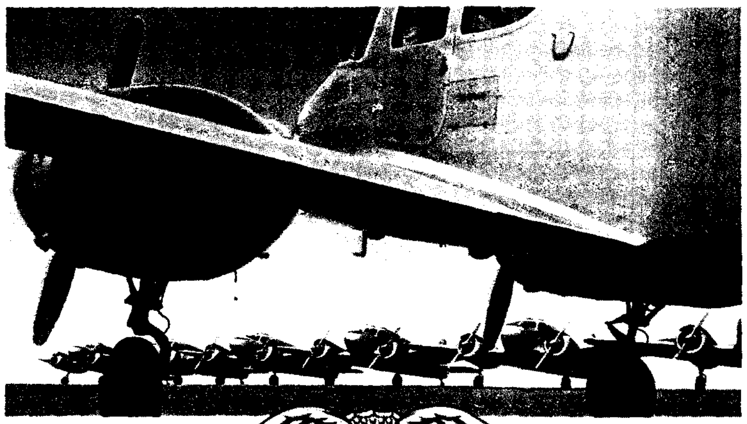
We're *laying 'em on the line* like this every day at Cessna. They're twin-engined Bobcats for the U. S. Army Air Corps . . . every one a headache for you, Herr Hitler! And there's another line of Cessna Cranes rolling out to the British Empire Training Program. The steady roar of those Bobcats and Cranes, flying over 4 million miles a week in bomber-pilot training service, should mean a twin-engined headache for the Axis. And we're working 24 hours a day at Cessna to make good and sure it does.



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Nothing's Going To *Keep 'Em Down On The Farm*

. . . when folks like these can fly their own Family Car of the Air as easily as they drive their automobile today. Vacation trips—almost unheard of for the farmer because he can never spare the time—will be weekend jaunts to *all America*. Saturday's shopping can be done in a couple of hours in cities three or four hundred miles away.

Hard to believe? Not if you could eavesdrop on the aviation experts as they leave Wichita these days. For, at Cessna they're seeing the inspired answer to all the things that have stood as the last barrier to flying-for-the-millions . . . the Family Car of the Air, designed by the same brilliant engineering department that has already given to *professional* aviation the famous Cessna Airmaster, three times judged the *World's Most Efficient Airplane.*

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She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!

She's Glamorous! . as daring Sadie Thompson!

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Diana **BARRYMORE**
AND
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in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT, GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**
Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS—*She's Terrific!* and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

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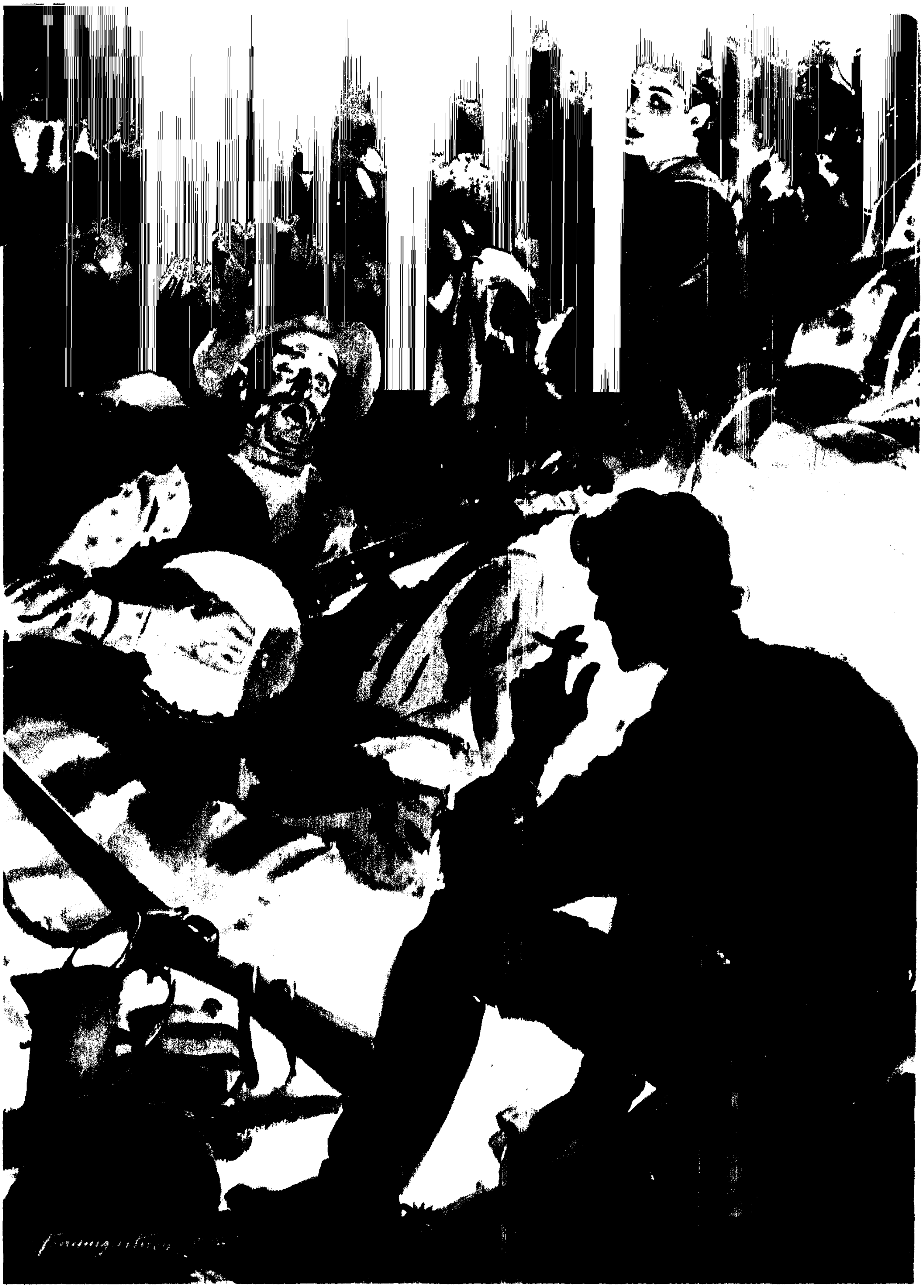
FOR SEPTEMBER 5, 1942



WEEP No More

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The captain and the lady had little in common save youth and a belief that the future should improve on the past

HE HAD heard that a clump of buffalo grass tied into a bunch, with the top twisted and bent to point in one direction or another, was an Indian sign. And he had seen faint transparent smokes rising against the hard noon sky at strangely regular spaces along the blue range of hills to the north.

So Garet Shelby, late major of cavalry, C.S.A., traveled all afternoon in the draws and gullies which led westward—perhaps, he thought, toward a great river—through this high and empty country of Wyoming. Once in a while he would leave his tired, scarred horse, Bellarion, to stand with sagging head while he climbed a dry bank to look out over this rolling, empty land. Bellarion would lift his head and look at him as he slid back down, his booted heels digging into the dry sliding earth. And twice, that afternoon, the man and the horse circled, and from cover stood watching their back trail, with the old silent craft of a whitetail buck in the laurel thickets, the autumn woods of Virginia. Nothing was following.

But the signal smokes kept abreast of them, all afternoon. As the sun came low, and their shadow traveled longer behind them, the hills to the north began to take form and became dusty golden on their shoulders, leaving a blue, which deepened, only in their folds; and the smoke signals were there, still abreast. They were so transparent that you could see them only as threads of refraction upon the empty sky. Once, Bellarion turned his head and looked. Garet rolled a cigarette.

The sun was gone, too suddenly. Garet, lounging sidewise in his saddle, tried to keep the cigarette alive with the breaths of his dead heart. He was remembering Miss Sally. He always remembered her when the first star came out at night.

They were plodding down a dry wash. Bellarion's hoofs made soft noises in the dust, and once rang suddenly, stumbling among loose stones. It was a little while after that that Garet had his first warning in the sharply cocked ears of the horse, nervous and pointed in the starlight. Garet tightened the fist which held the reins and they stopped, and stood listening. There was not a sound; but after a long time, as the night wind stirred past his face, Garet caught faintly for an instant the tang of bitter roots burning.

Slipping from the saddle, he laid his hand upon Bellarion's neck, to tell him to stand silently, and then walked on ahead, slowly, feeling the ground cautiously with each foot before putting his weight upon it. His big, worn cavalry revolver was heavy in his hand. A hundred yards, and the wash began to open out; ahead of him he saw its mouth as a V framing distances filled with stars.

When he got there, he found that the wash emptied into the canyon of a good-sized creek. He could hear the water running among its boulders somewhere in the darkness below. There was some brush: a blacker patch of night. He stepped into it and started stealthily working to the the right, along the canyon slope. He had to go very slowly because the harsh, crooked branches rasped against his clothes. Coming to a shoulder of rock, he peered around it, and then leaned there. He could hear his own breathing in the silence. Under the canyon wall, among the scrub pines, a small fire was flickering.

He struck three jangling chords with his loose-jointed fingers, and then, in the wilderness firelight, opened his mouth to sing

There was no one there. The fire was without human sign. But he knew that those who had set it were watching from the shadows beyond. They had heard him coming and were waiting for him.

For a long time, there was not a sound, not a movement on either side of the fire. Somewhere above, on the rim of the canyon, a prairie owl quavered once, and was still. After that the silence became so profound that an uneasy pawing stamp of one of Bellarion's forehoofs, away back in the wash, was unnaturally audible. It was loud as a single tap on a muffled drum. Garet sensed, rather than heard or saw, a tightening of tension on the other side of the fire.

And then, as an ember crumbled brightly and a thin petal of flame licked a little higher, he saw something lying on the ground in the wavering edges of the increased circle of light. It was still mostly in darkness; he had been looking at it intently for two or three minutes when he suddenly recognized it for what it was—a woman's bonnet lying crumpled, its faded ribbons trailing across the ground.

With a deep breath, he left the shelter of the rock and walked toward the fire.

But in his right hand, swinging casually by his side, the hammer of his cavalry pistol came back to full cock with a heavy, oily click. He needn't have been concerned. As he reached the fire, a shadow stirred in the deeper shadows beyond, and the man who came forward to meet him was a lank and gangling scarecrow. In a curiously low-comedy face the man's sunken eyes were pitiful and brave and trusting. Garet eased the hammer down, and shoved the pistol into its holster.

"That bonnet," the man said. "My girl left it laying there when we heard you coming. We been watching it and aworrying about it. You might've been an Indian."

Garet nodded. Across the crook of his arm the man carried an old-fashioned musket. It would hurl, he knew, one enormous slug, and then . . . He looked again at the man's face. It seemed to him that he had seen it somewhere before; but then, in the past five years he had seen so many faces, a blurred and crowded screen of strange faces, grinning or frozen into the set vacancy of stares in regimental lines. This was some bushwhacker he had seen somewhere. The Western towns were full of such faces now, and they all were the same. The backwash of the war.

"I'll bring on my horse," he said.

He had turned away and was striding with high-heeled cavalry steps into the darkness when the man's voice stopped him.

"I hope you ain't taken offense, Captain," he said. "It's just we been seeing them Indian signal smokes."

"Not at all," Garet said. "I've been watching them myself."

When Garet rode tall into the firelight a few minutes later the bushwhacker was squatted on his heels, frying something in a skillet. From the thin smell, it was the venison of this high country.

"I'll water my horse," Garet said. Sliding out of the saddle, he saw watching him from across the fire the face of a woman—a girl. Twenty, maybe, or twenty-two. He started to glance indifferently away, and then looked again, more sharply. It was curious. In this haze of firelight, her face against this night of a new American wilderness had something of the quality, grim and golden, of earlier American women whose ancestral portraits Garet had grown up with in Virginia. There was the same depth of eye under straight black brows, and the severity, not pretty, of black hair parted in the middle and drawn too tightly back.

The girl, having watched him, looked away. Here, though, he saw now in the curve of strong neck, was a primitive quality as of bitter, tough wild fruit, not found in those portraits of gentlewomen who had come to a new world to become ancestresses, in portraits on the library wall. This was a wilder country. This face, this girl, belonged here.

For a moment he had seen something. But it had been an illusion, a wishful linking up by a mind homesick for a lost world. This girl was sullen and fierce as the new land; the averted curve of cheekbone was cruel, belonging here. A little confused, he tightened his grasp on Bellarion's bit. "Is there a way down to the water?" he asked harshly.

"Sure. Right down there," the man said, pointing. "You'll see our mule tracks."

The creek ran swift: black water carrying flecks of orange firelight; and the pines whispered. While Bellarion drank, and lifted a streaming muzzle to blow softly, Garet wondered how the bushwhacker had come by a girl like that.

This was answered for him when he had led Bellarion back up to the ledge where the fire was built, and was rubbing him down with handfuls of dried grass.

"Better come have your deer meat, Captain," the bushwhacker said, making a deprecatory waving motion with the smoking skillet. He added formally: "My daughter she makes you right welcome. S'my daughter, over there."

"Oh. How d'you do," Garet said.

The girl, still sitting silently, inclined her head and then looked away indifferently. Garet hauled the saddle off and slapped Bellarion's flank.

"You can put your stone-horse with our mules," the bushwhacker said sociably. "They're in the next draw, right down yonder. Nice little piece of pasture."

"I'll keep him near by," Garet said. "He won't stray."

"Just as you like," the bushwhacker said. "Just as you like, Captain. Come on and set, now. While the meat's hot.

CONNIE WALKER, who is just twenty-three, is one of the best tool designers in America; she works for Douglas Aircraft in southern California, and good tool designers are essential to victory.

To you and me, a tool is a wrench or a screwdriver or a hammer. But to an engineer, it is almost anything he uses to build something. It may be a wooden pattern or a cast-iron jig or a steel die. You have to have tools to make anything. You usually must have several tools to make one thing. A plane may have 30,000 parts; it may have taken 100,000 tools to make them.

A mallet is a tool; so is a 40-drill press that will take a chunk of steel and bore 176 holes in it, of varying depths, diameters and angles, all at once.

In the last war, in 1918, four concerns built Liberty motors, all from the same set of specifications—Ford, Marmon, Templar and Packard. Each concern took the specifications, made its own tools and produced motors—good ones, too. Only, over in France, if you had to repair a Ford Liberty, chances were you had to find a Ford part—because a Packard part or a Marmon part might not fit exactly. This meant that you had to have a lot of skilled mechanics to nurse parts together; it took a lot of time and manpower.

Tool engineers haven't forgotten the lesson. In this war, by means of master jigs and accurate standardization, you can make plane parts in 197 factories all over the country and bring them together and they'll fit perfectly. So now, when an Army or Navy plane needs repairs, almost any intelligent soldier or sailor can do the job. He can't very well go wrong. The new part just *has* to fit.

Construction Sets Instead of Dolls

Now you begin to see why tool designing might be the key to victory; which brings us back to Miss Walker. Connie was born twenty-three years ago in Anaconda, Montana, and moved on to California at the age of one. Instead of giving her dolls, her father brought her up on "construct your own toys" sets. She forgot these temporarily in college and took up psychology. After that, it was art. One day she tired a bit of art and started wandering around the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. She walked into a class in art-metal work and walked out again. On the spur of the moment she pushed open a door opposite the art-metal class and walked into a roomful of young men. Someone asked her if there was anything he could do and—never a girl to be flustered—Connie said: Yes, what was the class and could a girl join?

Somebody laughed and said: Well, it's a class in mechanical engineering and this is a free country and you can join if you like. So she did.

Her experience in drawing led her naturally enough into tool design, after an apprenticeship on lathes and some manual training with monkey wrenches, cold chisels and drills. She became one of before the war, she went back to the Armour Institute in Chicago to take an architectural course. When the war broke out, she wired Professor Watson: "Can I be of service?"

Douglas found a spot for her at once—and called for another hundred like her, if they could be found. Just now, she is the only girl designer in the industry, but the war-training program is producing more.

In addition to her work at Douglas, Miss Walker helps with the war-training program, which is producing hundreds of expert youngsters for plane, ship and munitions plants. Backed by older men, these kids—boys and girls both—are helping the plane industry do in a few months what it took the automobile industry twenty years to do—change over from hand methods to completely mechanized production. The plane industry today is in a transition stage between the two, and it has to change over fast without stopping production. The newly trained kids, without any ingrained ideas or traditions, often approach production problems from new angles and invent gadgets and tools and methods that fit into the complicated setup it takes to build a plane.

Connie's work, like that of all tool designers, is the invention of ways to make parts for machines. An engineer comes around and says: "Now, look, we have to have a chunk of metal with nine sides, all of different lengths; it has to have beveled edges and we have to have nineteen holes in it and a groove down the middle. Here's a sketch of the thing."

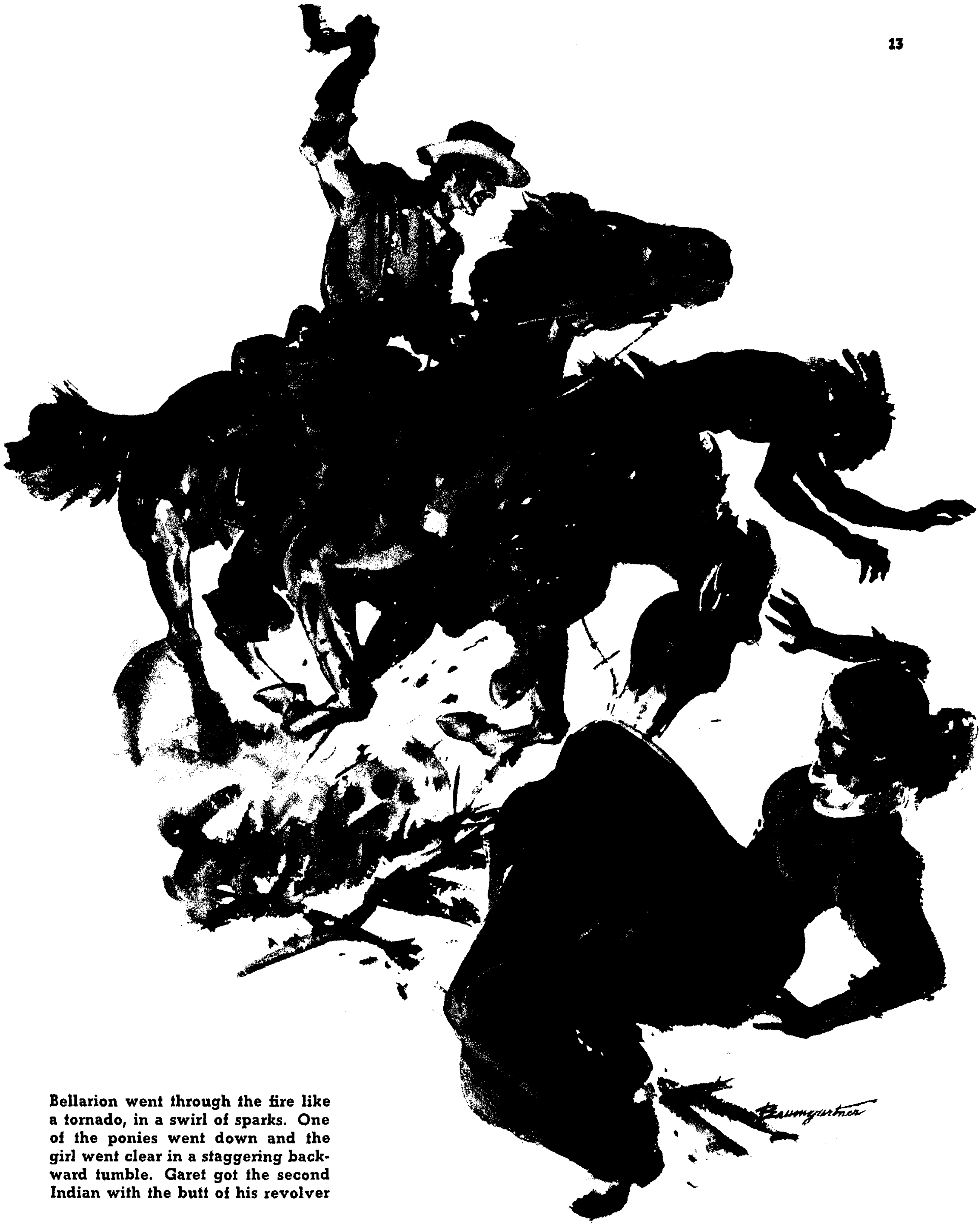
The tool designer then goes to work on paper and figures out a series of tools to make this part. Then he—or she—tries to combine two or more of these tools into one. If one tool can be designed to produce the finished part quickly and accurately—that's triumph.

After the war, Connie Walker and Tom Watson will tell you, tool engineers will make it possible for America to stay out in front in airplane design for a few dollars—and yet be able to produce planes by the hundreds in an emergency.

First, a plant will build the best plane it knows how and test it. For this ship, a set of master tools will be made. Then, instead of building hundreds of planes—which probably would be out of date when they got into the air—the first and only plane will be revamped and changed and experimented with. As each change is made, the tools in the master set will be changed to conform.

This will mean that, on any given day, there will be one copy of the best plane anyone can build, and all the tools needed to jump it into quantity production overnight. The expensive business of changing details every few planes, slowing up production and adding enormously to costs, will be out. A thousand or ten thousand ships will come off the line, each as like the next as two cars from a production line.

All that's postwar, though. Just now the call's for planes in a hurry—and that means tools in a hurry. No tools, no planes. No designs, no tools. There's



Bellarion went through the fire like a tornado, in a swirl of sparks. One of the ponies went down and the girl went clear in a staggering backward tumble. Garet got the second Indian with the butt of his revolver

Shot him today, back yonder. A saucy little buck."

"Smells good," Garet said with an effort, conscious that he had not been very courteous. Bellarion walked away into the darkness with uneasy steps, tore a mouthful of grass and raised his head to blow loudly, scenting the mules. His eyes burned like cold lamps, inquiring of Garet. "It's all right," Garet said. "It's all right, old boy." The lamps went out, and he could hear the tearing of grass and the slow heavy wandering steps going farther and farther away. But not too far.

"Real horse," the bushwhacker said.

While Garet ate, sitting on his saddle blankets, the bushwhacker put a charred old iron coffeepot on the fire and went rustling into the bottom of his coffee bag to get a handful for the stranger. Avoiding the steady eyes of the girl, Garet could see from the slackness of the bag how little coffee there was left. The bushwhacker had to reach a long arm down inside, to the bottom, for a handful.

"We lost our pack creature in a freshet in a river in the Shoshones," the bushwhacker said apologetically. "But some of the stuff it came ashore on a gravel bar. We found it at sundown."

The coffee steaming hot in his hand, Garet said, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," the bushwhacker said.

While Garet watched him over the rim of his coffeecup, he got up, unfolding dolorous lengths of body, and went poking with a long finger, like the bill of a stork, among rain-marked canvas bundles. "Ah," he said, and came back carrying a banjo. Weather had raised worried wrinkles on its gray skin face; and he only touched the strings. Then he laid the banjo away, putting it behind him, so that the neck rested against the bole of a stunted pine.

"My daughter tells me," he said, "I should not play it hereabouts."

Garet nodded. But now he knew where he had seen this man before.

He was remembering a gangling, red-nosed fellow in a greenish frock coat, a fancy flowered vest and huge brass watch chain who had come around the camps in the winter of 1863, riding a wicked starving mule. Sitting backward on the mule, his busted muddy shoes dangling almost to the ground, this mountebank had sung, to the iron-gutted whanging of his banjo over the mule's rump, the bawdy frontier songs of the river country . . .

"*. . . the squirrel was on the mountain,*
That's where he was at;
And I says, 'Ma'am, I'm a comin'
With my . . . little beaver hat.' "

The broken chords of banjo strings, the nasal river-country voice stopping thoughtfully at the suggestive pause while the small beery eyes blinked with droll wonder at the roaring guffaws around the campfire. Garet remembered that bawdy hell-to-breakfast laughter.

"I know you," Garet said.

The man lowered his head, a dignified mockery of a bow.

"Your name is Jake," Garet said.

"I remember you, too, Captain," the man said. "We was hungry that winter, wasn't we? The road was long."

"The road to Appomattox," Garet said.

"I used to be on the minstrel stage," Jake said. "With Abbott's American Minstrels; Eighteen Turns of Songs, Dances and Droll Sayings. I was left end man, and in the intermissions, star banjo turn. But that was before the War."

"Ah," Garet said.

"In blackface," Jake said. "But the minstrel business has gone to hell in a bucket. Since the War. Not even in the river towns can it play any more."

"Ah."

"So I thought we'd find us some mining camps," Jake said. "You hear tell of such places, where money is plentiful. And what I say is, once an experienced entertainer, always an experienced entertainer."

Garet finished his coffee.

"Where the new gold is plentiful," Jake said. "There is going to be lots of new gold in America."

Garet sloshed the dregs around in the bottom of his cup, and pushed it aside.

"Is that where you're heading, too, Captain?" Jake said.

"More or less," Garet said. "I suppose so."

"Well, well," Jake said, staring into the empty skillet, moving it around in little circles under his nose. "Yes, I guess maybe that's the way it is with all of us."

He yawned, and with one spread paw dragged his blanket roll out. He yawned again, noisily, hauling off his boots. Nursing a cigarette in the cup of his hand, Garet watched the girl get up and walk away, going off into the deep shadows to sleep. After Jake was snoring, the fire flared briefly once again, and he saw her sitting on a mule saddle under a pine bough, brushing out her black hair. Then he heard her getting out her blanket roll.

He sat there for a while, looking at the cold gray end of his cigarette. Remembering Miss Sally. Always when the fire was out, and all the other boots were pointed toward the stars in sleep, he remembered Miss Sally.

He was homesick for the dark hills where you heard hound music on a frosty morning. He sat very still, remembering the house in the valley. It was a house where there had been music, before the War, and lights streaming from every window as carriage wheels crunched in the driveway. But he was remembering, particularly, the house on a winter's night, in the hard years toward the end of the War, and its windows dark as he rode up through the frosty weeds of the driveway. Through the bare branches he could see the moon shining bleakly on the black panes. He had ridden from camp—the armies were fighting nearer and nearer to the house in the valley, but still it had taken four days on the ruined roads, through the rain-rotted woods. That night, and the house—the way it sent back empty echoes as Bellarion's hooves rang wearily on the old rose-brick pavement under the portico where once the carriage wheels had stopped. And the great front door opening, and Miss Sally, coming to stand beside the

(Continued on page 34)

Slow Death in a Jap Cage

By M. C. Ford

FORMER I.N.S. CORRESPONDENT IN SHANGHAI

Here is the story of Bridgehouse, the Japanese torture center set up in Shanghai to deal with those who do not fit into the New Order in Asia, written by an American reporter who survived two months of its almost unbelievable brutality

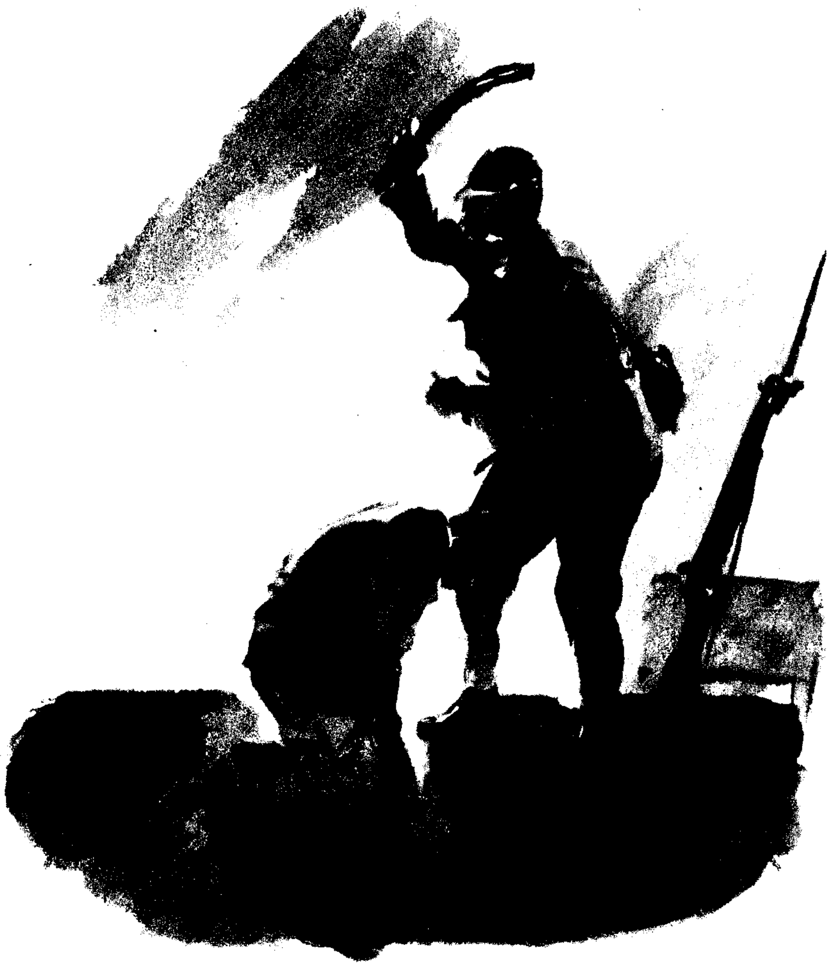
"POLITENESS and kindness." With this motto the Japanese apprehensively marched into Shanghai on December 8th, expecting to find British and American guerrillas shooting from every housetop—and were amazed and agreeably surprised as the tough old city timidly submitted. Thousands, passing into the gendarmerie offices to register, felt reassured as they saw big placards of "Politeness and kindness" plastering the walls. It seemed too good to be true. It was. Three months after Pearl Harbor all firearms had been surrendered, all automobiles corralled, and the Japanese had learned all they wanted from British-American taipans, engineers, factory owners and bankers.

The honeymoon was over. Things began happening, silently, in the dead of night. One word came to be whispered, mention of which today strikes terror into the hearts of 3,000,000 people in Shanghai—"Bridgehouse," torture theater of Japanese terrorism, end of the road of missing men.

Chinese amahs in the compounds once sang pidgin English lullabies as they tended white missy's baby or swapped yarns with the amah next door on the current state of their masters' affairs and missy's losses at mahjong, while upstairs, in a cozy apartment, Master and Missy lived securely in the respectable new structure known as Bridgehouse.

Now human beings once full of self-respect staggered across the Bridgehouse yard into and sometimes, briefly, out of small wooden cages where they have existed for months, packed like sardines with the scum of Asia's underworld. The terror had come to Shanghai.

The clean breath of white clothes drying on the line gave way to the stench of buckets being emptied from the cages and the reek of unwashed bodies and filthy clothes. Outside, tram cars rumbled by on Szechuen Road, and few knew that guards posted around the Bridgehouse back of the general post office were not just the usual sentries of imperial military headquarters, but had their guns at ready, blocking the departure of any "guests" so rash as to make a break from the yard. And few knew that the siren they heard at various times of the day was not a factory whistle but the signal for a change of guard—fresh tormenters for old, clopping around in leather boots or stealthily stalking their cages, soft-shoeing, to catch any man whispering or not sitting in rows of three, with legs crossed.

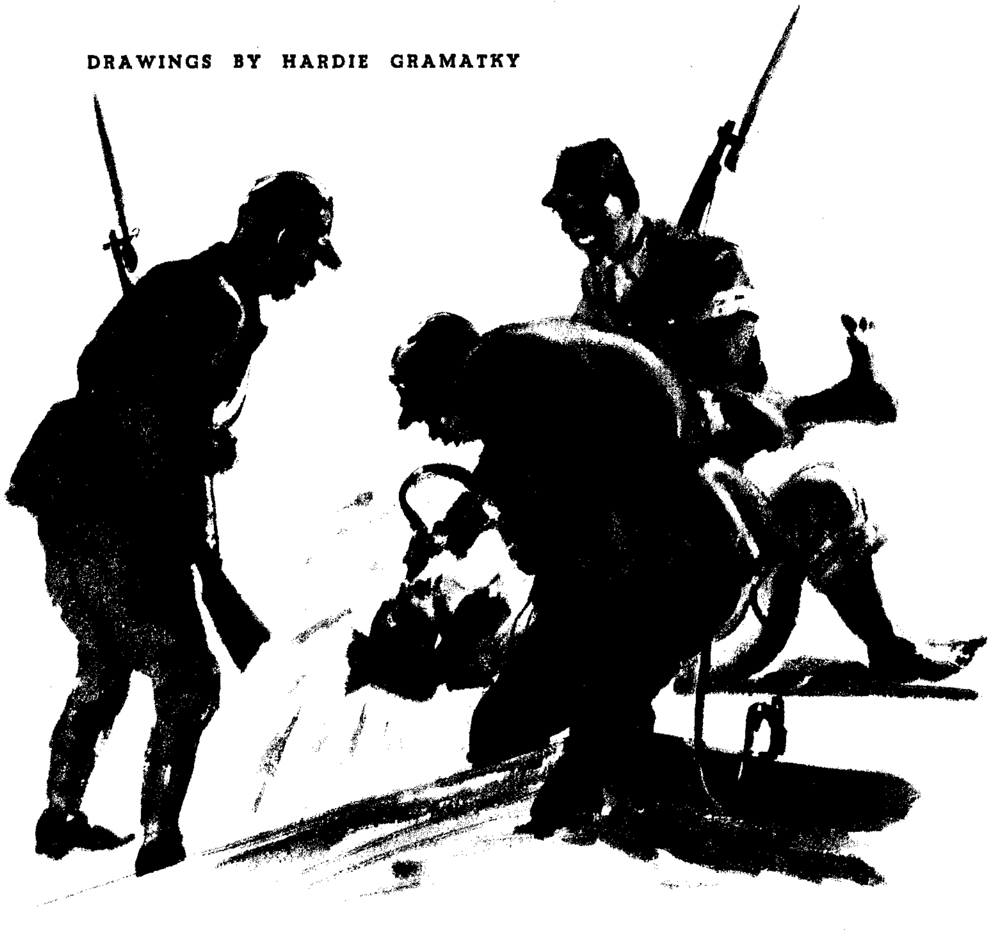


The Jap corporal beat them with a rubber hose six times each

A sock on the jaw, a cigarette burned into flesh, a crack on the head with a wooden stick or sword scabbard was the ready punishment for men stupidly sitting day in and day out with only their thoughts. That was the mental treatment, prisoners tormenting themselves with their own thoughts.

I was one of these forgotten men, charged with nothing but reduced for two months to the level of the lowest and vilest criminals in China. Yet, strangely, for the first time in my life I was not afraid to die, to expect the worst. Not far away and not so long ago, humble Chinese soldiers had died. I could see, through the small, rain-spattered window, the ruins of a five-story building which had been their front line. Braced for the worst, I sat quietly on a vermin-infested blanket and waited for the lice which I knew would soon invade my person.

DRAWINGS BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



The "water cure" . . . poking a water hose into the victim's nose

Crammed in a Cage

In one corner a Baghdad millionaire lay sick and unattended. A Russian hotel manager knelt against a side wall and prayed. Two Japanese sat immobile. A British professor cajoled the guards for his medicine. Twenty-four Chinese chattered softly among themselves, against the rules. Seven of them lay sick with malaria. A leper kept at a safe distance, except at mealtimes when he scrambled with the rest for his bowl of rice and later, in the same bowl, hot water flavored with tea. Poor Chinese fawned upon rich merchants, proud of being of service. The rich dickered, in frequent trips to the boss man upstairs, for their release at a price.

All of us inhabited one wooden cage fourteen feet wide and seventeen feet long, giving on a wooden stage three feet above the cement floor, with a trough three feet wide separating the stage from the line of wooden pickets that made up the east wall and joined with the pickets of the north wall. The other walls were solid boarding. Murderers, pickpockets, dope fiends and opium smokers rubbed elbows with high and low. One Chinese, dying of consumption, slept next to me.

Following Gestapo methods, five armed gendarmes had rung my doorbell in the middle of the night, searched my apartment and hauled me off to the "torture circus," with bundles of papers and files. Ironically I filled up my cigarette case, which I was never permitted to use. Arriving at the Bridgehouse I was escorted to a small room where fifty foreigners of various nationalities awaited their fate. Climaxing the arrests, Paul Anderson, head of the Red Cross, was taken in for five days. Around dawn a gendarme subofficer entered the room and called for five prisoners at a time to enter the next room. I, being near the door, dashed to join the first party.

We were told: "You are now prisoners of the Imperial Japanese Gendarmerie." We were divested of papers, belts, rings, watches, money, ties, pencils, and permitted to keep only one handkerchief. We filled out a paper giving name, age and address as directed. "My name is Hirana. You may see me any time you want anything," said the subofficer. "You may make your first requests when questioning starts," which in my case began one month later. There were few requests made of Hirana, lest the wrath of the guards be aroused, and he never came down to inspect conditions in the filthy cages, leaving the privates and corporals to inflict the physical and mental tortures.

I settled down in Cage Number One in the old block, where I spent days sitting on the floor on a lice-infested Japanese military blanket, without reading matter or timepiece, and risking a beating for whispering to foreigners and Chinese and friendly Japanese inmates. The boarded walls boasted the only regulations tacked up in any cage: thirteen rules for prisoners, which I gazed at every night when dozing to sleep.

Nine o'clock arrived and we were permitted to lie down. The light in the center of the ceiling was on all night. I employed my mind picking out the Chinese character for prisoner, and noting how many times it was used in the thirteen regulations.

At the place where the pickets joined

at the northeast sat the corporal in charge of the cage block, in an alcove from where he was able to reinforce our cages' regular guard in keeping the prisoners from relaxing, an art in which our soft-shoed guards excelled. The northwest right-angle junction with the west wall contained our "benjo," or toilet, Japanese style.

"I stood up under these hardships sixty days, but am now breaking up after 82 days," said the millionaire. "For days I have been trying to get a doctor to attend my fever, but they won't move a hand. A lot of good all my money does me. I never dreamed I would be reduced to living like the filthiest coolie."

But a little nineteen-year-old refugee from Vienna, curled up like a hibernating animal, smiled as he rounded out three months here. "I was held overnight by the Gestapo in Vienna two years ago and released because of my youth, and this is actually a poor imitation of a real Gestapo," he said.

The Day's Routine

On rising at 6 A. M., four or five foreigners and Japanese from each cage were allowed to put on shoes, which had to be left outside the cages, and hurry to the hydrant for a few minutes of cleaning faces, after which the next relay came out. The Chinese were given buckets of water in their cages. Newcomers, a paper with a number pinned to their lapels, were taken to the yard behind the Bridgehouse Hotel, where they were photographed like criminals.

Breakfast was hot congee made up of rice gruel, and was the best meal of the day. It was handed in via a small hole in the picketed door on the east side at 7 A. M., usually with one chopstick for each, but sometimes with none, therefore fingers were used. At eleven and four o'clock the food was rice and fishheads and a chunk of bread with a spoonful of brown sugar, while some lucky enough to have established contacts outside got food from home once daily, enough for noon and evening chow.

Guards were changed every two hours. We were alert in watching our steps when the worst boys were on duty. We were forced to sit cross-legged in three rows at numerous times, day and night, carrying out a Japanese prison custom. We exercised by tramping around in single file, singing, in Japanese, "*Ichi, ni, san, shi*—" "One, two, three, four."

Limbs quickly atrophied from lack of exercise, especially among those Chinese held for a long time and never permitted to exercise. At evening and often during the day the cages were inspected, and we lined up and counted off, each calling his number in Japanese. During fits of depression I was encouraged by the knowledge that in the next cage to the west sat a Standard Oil official, while a cage behind held an ex-Marine corporal. He refused to use Japanese, intoning, strongly, "One, two, three, four." Professor Tom Lyle Briton had been caged with me for two weeks when released and had a difficult time because of arguments about obtaining medicine every four hours, night and day.

The Wolf and the Sadist

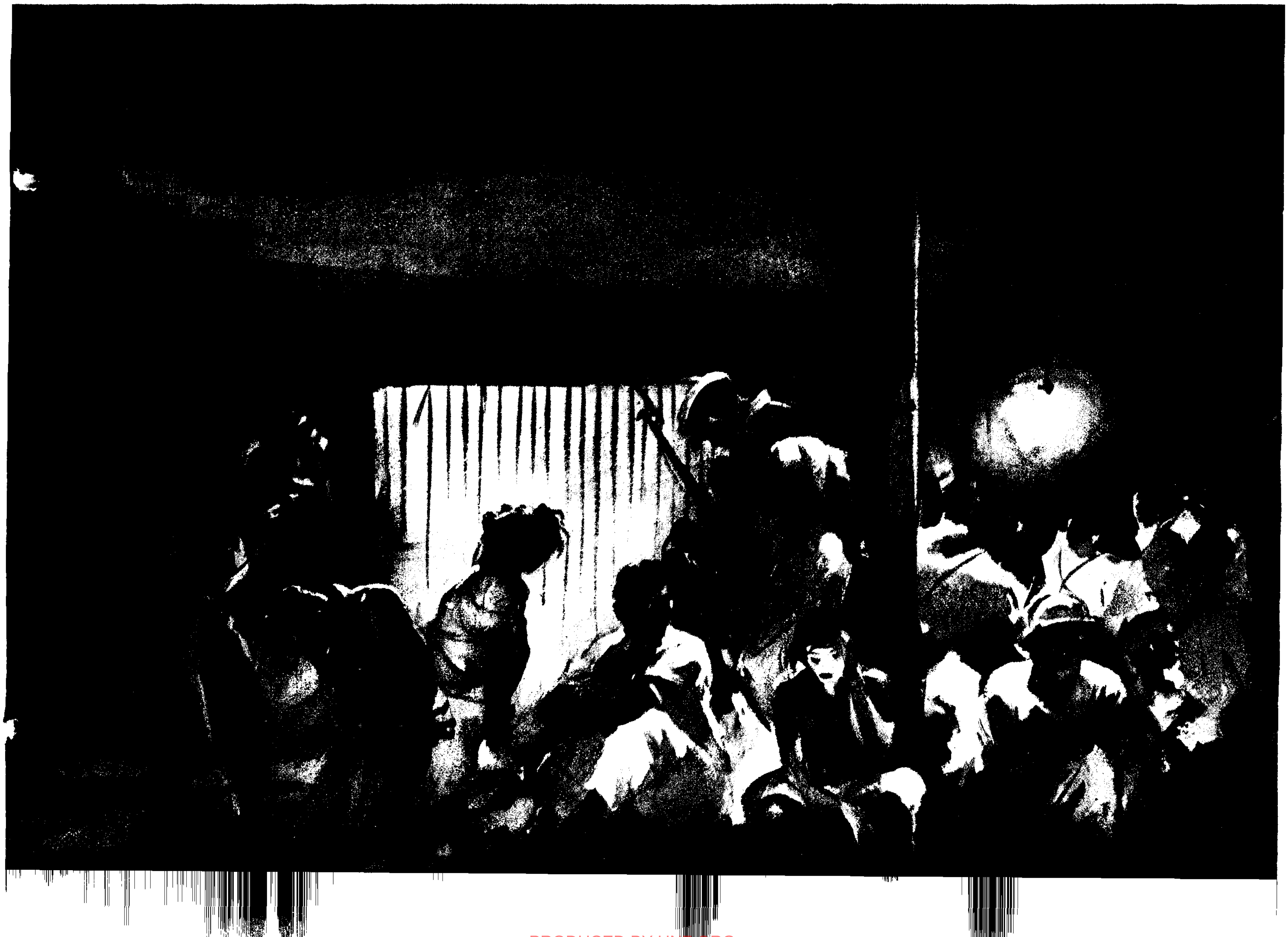
He spent one night walking up and down, reciting part of the Ancient Mariner until the guard growled, whereupon he tried to explain that he was only reciting the classic for himself, but quickly resumed his seat on a blanket at the back wall. Here foreigners sat all day with only thoughts and whispers to occupy themselves, outside of their interest in the tiniest actions of the guards or the ingress or egress of new and old guests through the door of the building which faced our cage. This door let in cold drafts and blinding light whenever opened, although it permitted us to see the courtyard and note activities in the new block.

Two terrors plagued our existence. One was the sergeant warden, whom we called the Big Bad Wolf, and the other was a corporal we called "Sadist," who came on duty twice a day, smiling cruelly and flaying anyone incurring his displeasure. One midnight when two Chinese talked, he woke up everyone in the cage to find out who had talked. Naturally, no one knew, whereupon he made us all kneel and take off our shirts. Then, after insistent demands that the Chinese reveal the talkers, he took all the men out one by one and beat them with a rubber hose, six lashes for each.

No one made a sound while being flogged. I recall how the guard opened the door, called out my name and laughed, knowing what was ahead.

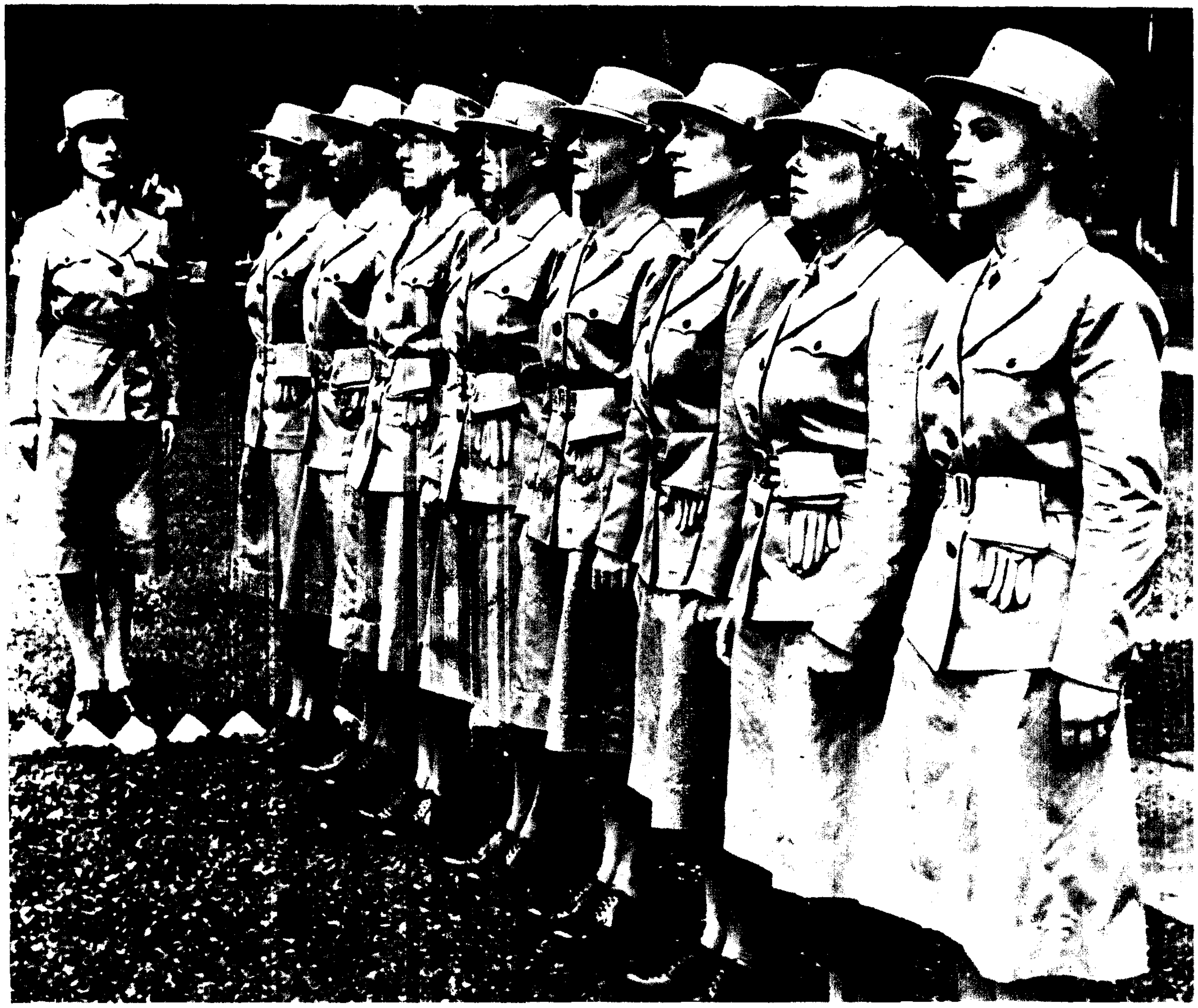
The Chinese with malaria lay for weeks, unattended, until finally they were given creosote powders, after examination by a nurse. One night an educated, English-speaking Chinese returned moaning, with cigarette burns all over his chest, which was the favorite torture. Guards constantly called on someone to step down to the trough, and directed him to bow while a guard administered blows on the head

(Continued on page 32)



The party, including four U. S. Marines and one British woman, were belabored with sticks, the Leathernecks suffering badly

OFFICIAL WAAC PHOTOGRAPHS



Above (l. to r.): Waac recruits Gertrude Olney, Mrs. M. Hill, Ruth Ginns, Ruth Morton, Dorothy Benson, Alice Williams, Mrs. M. Hawthorne, Mrs. J. Fincke, Mrs. H. C. Stout. Below: The same Waacs in uniform show results of Army training

She's in the Army Now

By Octavus Roy Cohen

You can forget the gags about the Waacs. These girls aren't fooling; they mean to make the nation's greatest wartime experiment something to be remembered for all time

"ONE, two, *three,* four; *one,* two, *three,* four . . . Column right, *march!*"

There they came; sharp, precise, serious, military, across the parade ground: eyes straight to the front, feet beating a regular cadence to the commands of a trim young officer.

They swung into the relatively simple maneuvers of close-order drill, but they did it in a way that the venerable Army post had never before seen; they did it in uniforms which were new to the forces of the United States; they did it with an intentness which proclaimed that here was the latest and—in one way—the greatest step forward in an all-out war.

Look north, look south or east or west on this vast parade ground that was once a cavalry plain; move from group to group. You'll find no inattention, hear no grumbling, detect no regret that each person here has voluntarily abandoned an existence in which one was privileged to do as one wished. You'll find instead an enthusiasm which is contagious, and a great pride.

The place is Fort Des Moines, Iowa. The outfit which is drilling is the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—the Waacs—who seem in a fair way to be the most joked-about and the most admired branch of America's stupendous war effort.

Just a brief while ago these women were scattered throughout the country: housewives, businesswomen, teachers, ordinary job-holders. They had watched their men go to war, and most of them had served as best they could in the ranks of the volunteer organizations. But this was not enough for them, just as it has never been enough for the women of America to give less than their best when the need for it is apparent.

The bill creating the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was passed amid the mingled jeers and cheers of the public. For a long time, few people seemed to see the serious purpose behind the thought, nor did they bother attempting to understand what it was all about. It was something untried in this country and therefore to be considered with tongue in cheek.

Today it is an actuality. Tomorrow it will be an actuality, and for many tomorrows, so long as the need exists. It is the answer of American women to the expressed need for their services. And no matter what impressions the general public may have had, these women at Fort Des Moines have no illusions, any more than the soldier on the fighting front has illusions. They understand the job they've undertaken, they know now what it is to be subjected to rigorous discipline.

A Women's West Point

Week after week their ranks are being augmented; week after week the trains rolling into Des Moines are bringing clear-eyed, clear-brained, clean-bodied women from every corner of the United States. They're a trifle apprehensive, even a little frightened . . . but never lacking in courage. And, with the same speed that prevails in the great Army induction and training centers, they find themselves precipitated into one of the greatest wartime experiments this nation has ever undertaken.

Under the present plans, every woman in the organization—and they're proud to be called Waacs—will be given her basic training at Fort Des Moines. The venerable old cavalry post has become a women's West Point.

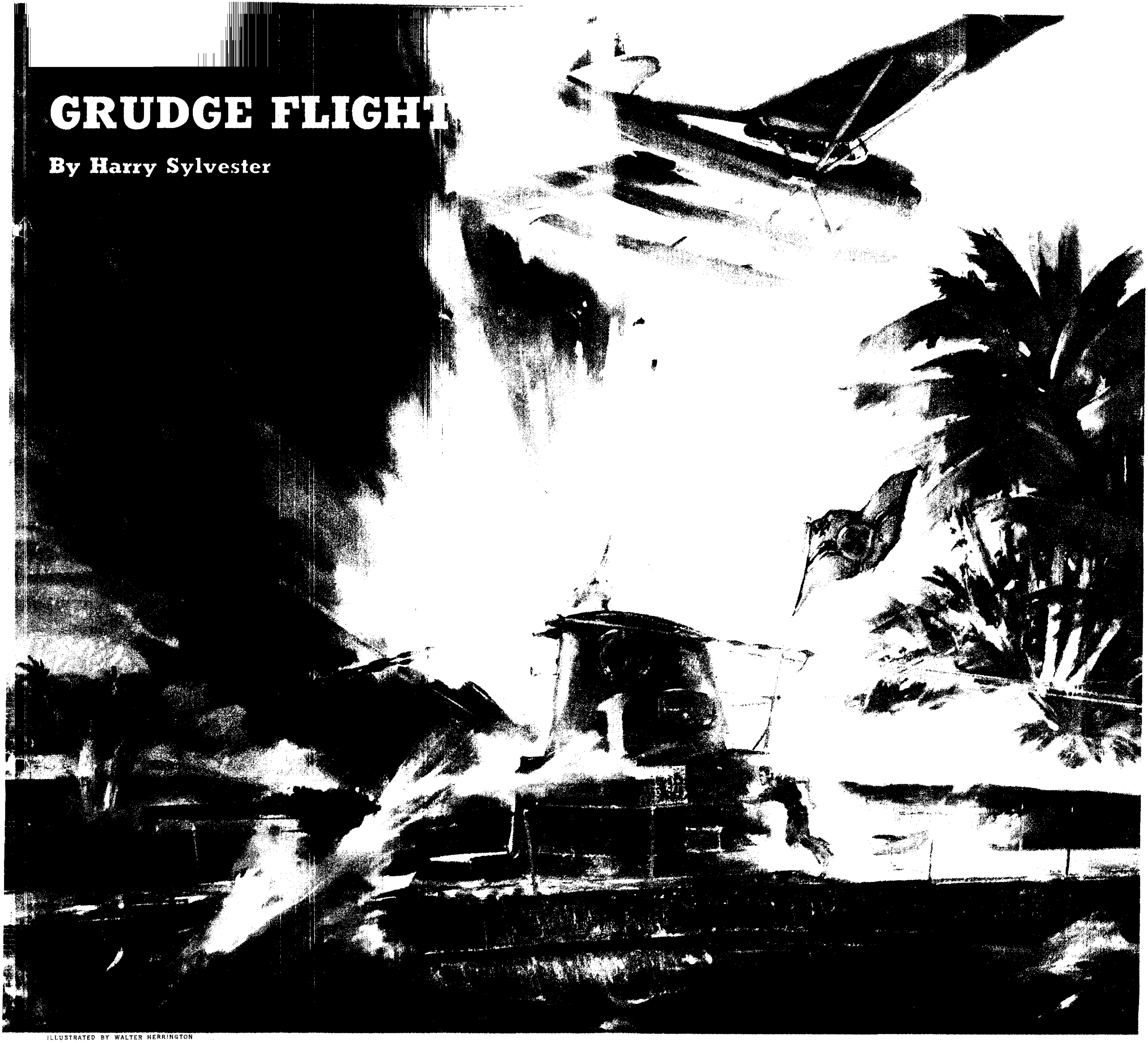
The selection of Fort Des Moines as the Waac training center was little short of inspirational. The post surrounds a huge emerald plain where for many decades United States Army cavalry trained. It's a grand parade ground, so big that it was once divided up into two polo fields. Framing it are four paved avenues, each shaded by two rows of stately elms. Across the east road are the administrative buildings: Headquarters, post exchange, theater, guardhouse, church, recreation rooms. North and east are the homes of the married officers of the post. To the south are the rows of brick barracks, converted from masculine havens into living quarters for some of the women.

Fort Des Moines is not a camp that was built especially for women. Changes were made in the living quarters to assure a greater degree of privacy than was given the men of the old cavalry outfits, but these are Army barracks, the atmosphere, and tradition of the post are old-line *(Continued on page 35)*

Colonel Don C. Faith (right), commandant of the Waac, reviews the trainees at Fort Des Moines

GRUDGE FLIGHT

By Harry Sylvester



The bombs going off had varied tones . . . but those two booming ones, like giant drums bursting — those had *struck* home

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

A man's anger must be great for him to betray the land that gave him birth

HE WAS a man with an obsession. It had not marked his face as such things mark the faces of most men who have them, but those who knew him knew that, with him, flying had come to take the place of wife, family and religion. His eyes were not too good and, as fliers go, he was not young, nor had he a good record, his license having twice been suspended; so that for these reasons, as well as for others more incidental to a bureaucracy, he had not only been refused admission to the Air Corps, but had not been allowed to do such work as ferrying bombers or instructing. The reasons for this were good reasons, he knew, but now he stood in the fisherman's bar in the Florida gulf coast town and was not reconciled.

Through the open door of the bar he could look through the warm May light and see the harbor with the sun on it and a few small yachts and sailboats with here and there a seaplane, new models and sleekly kept. Among the planes, Tarrant's own looked like some gray and comparatively awkward gannet or gull among sharp-winged and graceful orange-and-white terns. Tarrant's plane had water in one pontoon and listed to the right.

He really needed new pontoons or elaborate repairs, he thought again and uselessly. Not that it would do much good with all civilian planes grounded for the duration of the war. He had made some money in the late fall from flying tourists over the Everglades, but he hadn't been aloft since the war had started. He thought again, with increasing bitterness, that if they had had to take his livelihood from him, they at least might have given him some sort of job in return. Flying was nice work, if you could get it.

"Hello," the man in the white suit and Panama hat said, easing toward Tarrant along the bar. "Your plane looks like a lame duck." He laughed. "Or that's only for congressmen that have been defeated in the election, isn't it?"

"It needs pumping out, that's all," Tarrant said ungraciously. He drank out of the glass of rye and water he held in his hand. The man in the white suit had much hard fat on him and Tarrant did not like him, but wondered vaguely how the man knew it was his plane. But then, most people in town knew it was Tarrant's plane. Only this man was a stranger.

The man smoked a cigar and sipped the elaborate drink in front of him and Tarrant turned slightly away. "Charles P. Tarrant," the man said, looking reflectively over the mirror in back of the bar. "A fine name in American aviation. I was talking only the other day to one of the men in your club, you know—the Quiet Birdmen, no?—and he was saying he would rather fly with you drunk than with most pilots sober. Quite a compliment."

It didn't sound like a Quiet Birdman, Tarrant thought, but he said, still ungraciously, "That was awful nice of him, wasn't it?"

"A great name in American aviation, all right," the fat man said, and paused, as though reflectively. In the pause Tarrant thought what he had often thought before and what his colder moments through many bad years had taught him was true: that it wasn't a great name in aviation, but it might have been, even should have been. The fat man said: "I am surprised you are not engaged in some way in the war effort."

Suspicion and anger stirred in Tarrant, then his own feeling of injustice made him more gracious. "I guess they know what they're doing, even if I don't like it."

"That, too, is debatable," the man said, and stopped. After that he was quiet for a little while and did not look at Tarrant. There was no one else in the bar but the barkeep at the other end. The stranger glanced at his watch and said: "I forgot to tell you my name. Glick. J. G. Glick." He put out his large hand and Tarrant reluctantly shook it.

"Is your plane in shape to fly?" Mr. Glick said.

"Except for needing that pontoon pumped out and one or two little things."

"And when that is done you could take me and my companion to—our destination?"

"Where would that be?" Tarrant said.

"But surely it doesn't matter to the Tarrant who made the nonstop flights around—" Mr. Glick said, somewhat unctuously.

"It matters this much—that I can't take you any place that the plane will not fly with its gas load. I have an auxiliary tank, but it would take hours to mount that and—"

"Not necessary," Mr. Glick said. "Not necessary at all," holding up his hand. "To Cape Sable and back is easy for a plane like yours."

"Cape Sable is easy," Tarrant said. "But what do you want down there? This time of year even the alligator hunters— And among other things it happens to be against the law to fly a private plane now."

Mr. Glick held up his hand again, partly to admonish, partly in a kind of false humor. "But it doesn't really matter, now, does it? Not to Tarrant?"

"No," Tarrant said slowly, "it doesn't really matter. So long as we're not breaking too much of the law."

"Oh, on the contrary," Mr. Glick said. "Quite the opposite. It is more of a humanitarian mission than anything else. I am taking a doctor down to friends of mine who have been injured—that is to say, who are ill on a boat there."

Tarrant had a strong sense that Mr. Glick was kidding him in some obscure and complicated manner.

"And how much would such a trip cost?" Mr. Glick went on.

ORDINARILY and done legally in peacetime, such a flight would be worth not much more than two hundred dollars. Now, Tarrant was going to say four hundred, but when he spoke he said: "Six hundred," because just then the top button of Mr. Glick's white coat slipped open and Tarrant saw the narrow leather strap that ran straight across Mr. Glick's chest. Mr. Glick's fat rolled so under his coat that Tarrant had not noticed the bulge of the shoulder holster under the left arm.

"That is satisfactory," Mr. Glick said. "That is fine. There might even be an opportunity to make still more money."

Tarrant raised his glass and finished the rye and water that had grown warm under his hand. Mr. Glick said, "Success," and finished off his drink, a tidy item of a daiquiri with a dash of crème de menthe in it. What a drink, Tarrant thought, for a May day in Florida. Yet he found it somehow reassuring that Mr. Glick, shoulder holster, faint accent and all, should be drinking such a drink on such a day. It spoke of a soft spot in Mr. Glick who was not, Tarrant knew, a soft man in spite of the fat and the fond, false humor.

"And then, of course, there is the matter of gasoline," Tarrant said, almost softly. He was as certain as he was certain of anything that Mr. Glick would take care of the gasoline.

And again Mr. Glick held up his hand. "I am in the filling-station business. Or anyhow"—he chuckled—"my friends are. If you would leave your plane alone for a little while after dark, I am sure the tanks would be filled when you returned. We will have to journey by night, of course. And now—" He opened a wallet, thick with new bills and counted out five fifties. "Will that be enough for now?"

"Plenty," Tarrant said.

"And at, say, three in the morning, I and the doctor will meet you at the plane. I suppose we will have to arrange for a rowboat to pull it out of the harbor."

"At three in the morning," Tarrant said, nodding. His voice, his manner had taken on a kind of false tolerance. He did not like Mr. Glick. When Mr. Glick had gone, Tarrant called for his tab, three months old, and paid it out of the money. "No hurry, Charlie," the bartender said.

"I may as well clear it up," Tarrant said. "I may not be back—at least for a while. Know who that guy is?"

"Never saw him in my life," the barkeep said.

AT HALF past two in the morning Tarrant was aboard his plane for the second time since meeting Mr. Glick. He had worked on it all afternoon and then had gone ashore for supper. Now, returning to the plane, he brought with him a suitcase filled with his few belongings. It was quite possible, even likely, he knew, that he either would not or could not return to his own country after the illegal flight. He thought he might go to Cuba or one of the smaller islands.

Tarrant's eyes grew accustomed to the dark and less than five minutes after three, he saw before he heard the rowboat approaching the plane. Mr. Glick was rowing it and in the stern sat a thin, huddled figure who carried, as Tarrant helped it aboard the plane, a doctor's bag. Peering at the man in the starlight, Tarrant finally recognized him as a Dr. Cawthorn, who lived alone in a bungalow on the edge of town and did not practice. No one knew how he managed to live, and there was a story that he had been a successful doctor in the North before being barred for illegal practice.

Mr. Glick stayed in the rowboat and said, "Ah," in a kind of booming whisper. "Everything ready, no? I like efficiency. You found the gas in the tanks as I said it would be, no?"

"It was there," Tarrant said.

"And now, if you will pass me a rope," Mr. Glick said, "I will row us out of the harbor."

It was a good half hour before they were well clear of the harbor, and Mr. Glick came aboard the plane and cast the rowboat adrift. The east was lightening and the tide going out, carrying them southward. In the first light, Tarrant noticed the still seemingly huddled figure of the doctor. He had forgotten about the doctor while he watched Mr. Glick row through the darkness.

"Do you know my friend Dr. Cawthorn?" Mr. Glick said.

"Hello," Tarrant said. Neither he nor Cawthorn offered to shake hands. He felt pity and a little scorn for the doctor, so obviously frightened. Tarrant turned away and started the motor.

"We ought to be in soon, shouldn't we?" the doctor said to Mr. Glick.

The fat man nodded, pursing his lips contentedly and looking out through the windshield of the plane to where, ahead of them, dimly seen through swamp mist, Cape Sable lay, a blunt wilderness pointing south. "You could start to circle down just south of the tip," Mr. Glick said.

Tarrant put the plane in a long, curving glide. When they were resting on the water, he looked around and could see nothing but mangroves near the shore and here and there a spit of sand. Mr. Glick had half risen. They both saw it together, a staub of wood, newly pointed, so that the fresh white of the wood showed against either mangroves or water. It was stuck in the bottom near the shore and it pointed toward mangroves. "I guess there we are," Mr. Glick said.

Feeling the tautness grow in him, Tarrant nosed in toward the mangroves, taxiing slowly. He could see nothing, no opening, until he was within sixty or seventy yards of the shore. He noticed first the new, swift current, then saw it issuing from the *boca* or pass in the mangroves. Part of the shore was really an island. The wing tips brushed the mangroves on either side as the plane moved slowly up the deep, swift pass. It was awkward work and Tarrant did not realize how tense he had become until they rounded a bend and he saw what he had come finally to know they would see. It was a relief at last to see the submarine, even with the riflemen on it and the machine gun trained on the plane.

Mr. Glick had opened a window and was leaning out of it, waving an arm furiously and screaming joyfully in German. The men on the boat lowered their rifles and one, an officer in a white cap, but stripped to the waist, waved back as he stepped from behind the conning tower, a heavy automatic in his hand.

Tarrant brought the plane slowly up to the boat and as close to it as he could. Mr. Glick had stepped out on the wing and thrown a mooring rope to one of the men on the sub. Tarrant followed him onto the wing and then remembered the doctor because he could hear the man's almost anguished breathing behind them. It was curious, Tarrant thought, the way he and Mr. Glick had consistently forgotten about the doctor throughout the trip. Tarrant helped the trembling man out along the wing and the officer helped him onto the rounded deck of the boat, Tarrant following. The officer looked at Tarrant curiously and spoke to Mr. Glick in German.

"But I cannot fly," Mr. Glick said in English. "I had to get someone and I was most fortunate in that. Mr. Tarrant here is one of the great American aviators, but one who feels as we do."

ANGER, cold but shockingly brief, came and passed in Tarrant. The officer smiled and extended his hand. "Herr Oberleutnant Steifel," Mr. Glick was saying, "this is Charles P. Tarrant, a great name in American aviation."

"So glad to see you," the lieutenant said, in rather good English. "I am surprised and pleased to find that you are sympathetic to our cause."

Tarrant shrugged slowly and smiled with his mouth. Out of the edge of one eye he could see Mr. Glick watching him and so Tarrant said, "I know where I am wanted and where I am not wanted."

Fear had always been so foreign to Tarrant that now he had trouble recognizing it and giving it a name. And if I said I was not sympathetic? he thought. Mr. Glick had taken him in good. He began to see why the doctor was so very frightened. And yet something had given Mr. Glick the idea that he, Tarrant, would be sympathetic to Mr. Glick's cause. Something like amazement was on Tarrant as he recalled the many times he had expressed his own discontent along the water front of the Florida gulf coast towns.

The lieutenant was saying, "One of your, or should I say one of their patrol boats almost got us the other day with depth charges. Some of our men were rather badly shaken up and I thought that while we were making repairs here, I would have a doctor look them over.

(Continued on page 43)

ACME

Rep. Hamilton Fish (R., N. Y.), cornered

Collier's authority on things political probes the records of Senator Brooks and Congressmen Short, Fish, Bennett and Rankin—who are hoping for re-election despite everything

ONCE there was a member of Congress who, although apparently certain of re-election, decided to decline job and honor because, having studied his opponent carefully, he became convinced that the other fellow was better fitted for his seat. He was about to make public his decision, adding thereto a promise not to set up a lobby shop in Washington. But he never got around to it.

A group of his colleagues, fearful of the consequences of such a precedent, had him committed to a private sanitarium at their own expense and, as far as we know, the dangerous fellow is still in his padded cell making his announcement to a small, indulgent public composed solely of four ear-weary keepers.

Of course this may be legend only. We mention it merely to emphasize the

HOT SEATS

By Walter Davenport

ship's barbershop on return from Germany in 1939, called Nazi claims just

ACME

Rep. Dewey Short (R., Mo.) was America Firster and 100% wrong about Japs

ACME

Sen. C. Wayland Brooks (R., Ill.) liked America First, fought Lend-Lease

lunatics in the 77th Congress. On the contrary, all members of our current Congress have been warning their constituencies that they will not accept responsibility for the disasters which will surely ensue if they are defeated. Even those few who already have been retired by popular primary vote to private life are washing their hands of the whole thing, understandably saddened that the people responsible for such national disasters should be their own hitherto intelligent neighbors.

Before November 3d, the day when an entire House must be elected and a third of the Senate, a few more members of the current Congress may fail to be nominated —but only a few. And while Mr. Roosevelt has told us with asperity that he is far too busy with the war to bother about the approaching elections, it is nevertheless true that the Administration would be definitely pleased if the 78th Congress contained none of the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists and none of those gentlemen whose votes against the Administration's war measures have classified them as obstructionists.

Probably nothing would revive Mr. Roosevelt's once famous smile faster than the defeat of the Honorable Hamilton Fish of New York, unless it might be the unlikely licking of the Honorable C. Wayland Brooks, senator from Illinois. These gentlemen are shrewd legislators whom the Administration has found difficult

We made earlier mention of Senator Brooks, better if not more affectionately known as Curly. He is built on the general lines of a large, slow mine layer and is accused by the Administration of being just that. Since Pearl Harbor, Mr. Brooks has said nothing and done little to warrant the Administration calling him either isolationist or obstructionist. But the record discloses utterances and votes by Brooks which encourage the President's friends to regard him with little enthusiasm.

Senator Brooks' Fiery Words

He opposed Lend-Lease, saying, "I am opposed to the bill because I believe it un-American. It is not only a step but a leap toward dictatorship."

Later, he included in a Senate speech a paragraph from the Saturday Evening Post: "Whither now, America? To save yourself you must save the world . . . That road, whatever else you may make of it, is the totalitarian road . . . There is no way back but through futility, confusion and disaster." Senator Brooks said that he wanted to see England win, but that this was not our war. Apostrophizing the interventionists, he said, "The blood of American boys will be on your hands whether they wear khaki, forest green or navy blue." He was an America Firster, lung, tongue and larynx. He has had the support

Mobilize for America, an outfit which was all out for a negotiated peace, which they sweetened with a mighty protest against sugar rationing.

One of his loudest advocates, aside from the Chicago Tribune, was Mr. Newton Jenkins, editor of the Prairie State Republic and organizer of the Prairie State Republicans. Mr. Jenkins, loudly applauded speaker at many a Bund meeting, published a letter from Senator Brooks: "My dear Newton: At the first opportunity I hope you and I will be able to sit down and discuss plans for the fall campaign." Mr. Jenkins speaking at a Bund jamboree in New York said: "You are doing the right thing at the right time. I am familiar with your ideals." Nice people!

The Honorable Ham Fish has never been at loggerheads with himself. He's fifty-three years old but still looks almost as fit as he must have been when he captained the Harvard football team and twice won All-America honors in the Percy Haughton "Pierce-the-line-fiercely,-fellows" era at Cambridge. He voted against fortifying Guam, against Lend-Lease, against draft extension, against lifting the ban on belligerent ports and combat zones.

In March, 1940, after our ambassador to France, William Bullitt, had denounced as a lie the German White Book's assertion that he, Bullitt, had stated that the United States would enter the war against Ger-

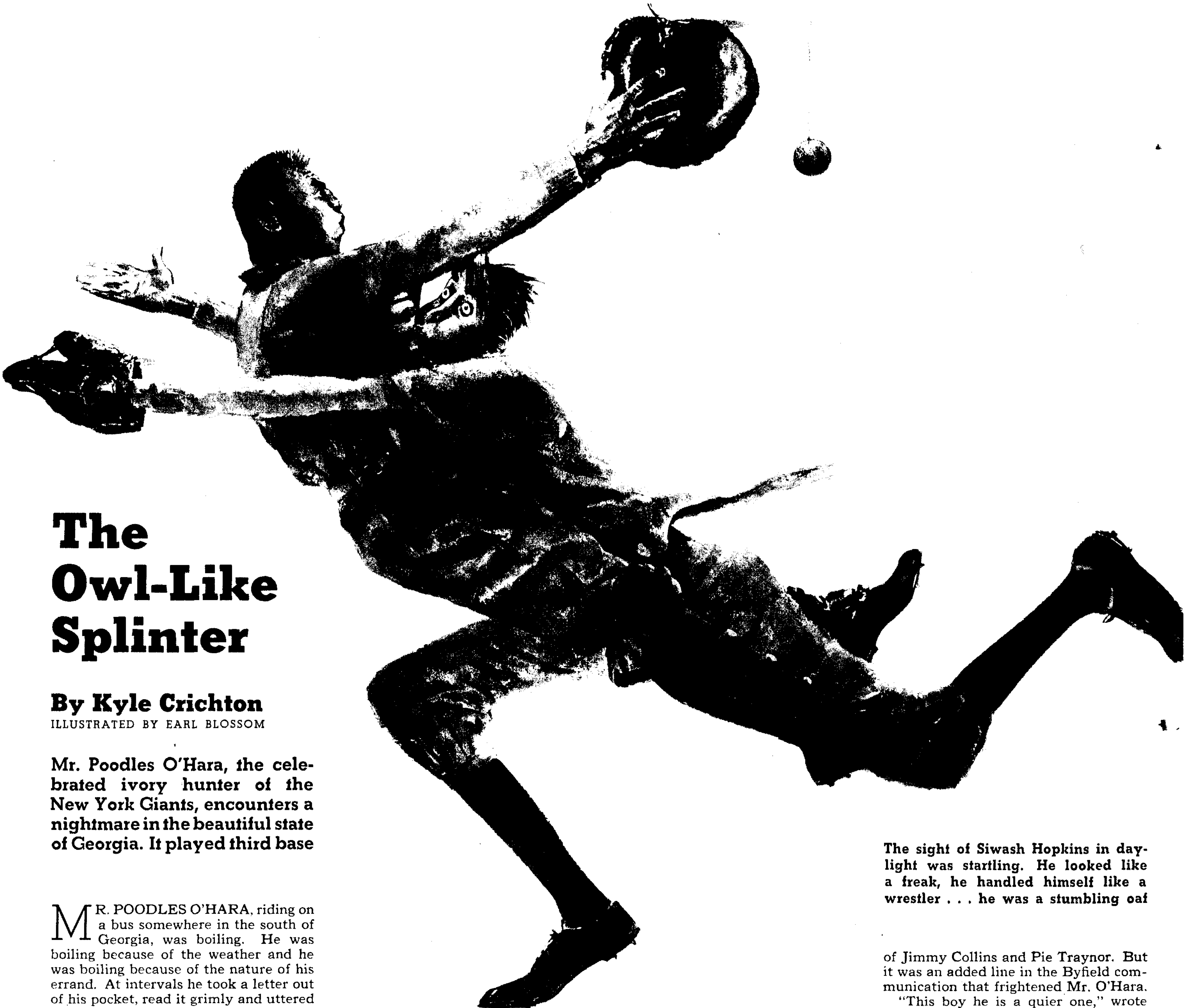
that the German Foreign Office should fabricate or forge statements."

Mr. Fish was in Germany in 1939. In Berlin he told the press that he believed that Germany's claims were just, that he favored the liquidation of the Versailles Treaty and that he believed that all could be settled by arbitration if Hitler were given Danzig, the Polish Corridor and whatever else of that nature the two-armed paperhanger with the itch wanted. Several important Britons agreed with Mr. Fish, too. But returning from Germany, Mr. Fish told the House while discussing the Navy appropriation bill, "Just how we can use more than two thousand planes in America I cannot understand."

The Energetic Mr. Fish

Of Lend-Lease he said, "The proposal can well be compared to Hitler's demand for full dictatorial powers to pursue the war in Poland without legislative restraint. I believe that once the American people understand that the Lend-Lease bill in its present form is not primarily to aid Great Britain but to set up a dictatorship i America they will demand its repudiati . . . We have much more to fear from war-makers within than from our ener without."

Mr. Fish does a great deal of loud lic speaking. He did some of it at



The sight of Siwash Hopkins in daylight was startling. He looked like a freak, he handled himself like a wrestler . . . he was a stumbling oaf

The Owl-Like Splinter

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Mr. Poodles O'Hara, the celebrated ivory hunter of the New York Giants, encounters a nightmare in the beautiful state of Georgia. It played third base

MR. POODLES O'HARA, riding on a bus somewhere in the south of Georgia, was boiling. He was boiling because of the weather and he was boiling because of the nature of his errand. At intervals he took a letter out of his pocket, read it grimly and uttered little sneering words to himself.

"You sucker!" he said bitterly. "You poor interlarded sap!"

Having unfortunately never progressed beyond the seventh grade of P. S. 148, the Bronx, city of New York, Mr. O'Hara had no faintest idea what "interlarded" meant but he cherished a regard for erudition that periodically left him stupefied.

Mr. O'Hara was en route to Avisa, Ga., to see a third baseman. The thing Mr. O'Hara least wanted to see in all the world was a third baseman. The thing he next least wanted to see was a ballplayer. After twenty years as a scout for the New York Giants, Mr. O'Hara loathed all ballplayers. Since Mr. O'Hara made his livelihood by discovering ballplayers and was considered an unrivaled judge of athletic flesh, this was a curious development in the O'Hara career.

What had brought it about were the cruel blows of fate. For the past several years Mr. O'Hara had been tortured by circumstances that no mortal should be required to bear. Whenever he dug up a pitcher, the prospect would invariably arrive for spring training with a broken arm; and the power hitters he found would develop running eyes which kept them weeping when they should have been slugging.

This had soured Mr. O'Hara on life, and the present trip to Georgia in the first blast of summer was not making existence any sweeter for him. He looked viciously at the landscape as it hurried by. He looked again at the letter and muttered bitterly to himself.

It was the usual stuff but it came from Mr. Hiram Byfield and whenever Hi Byfield took his stub pencil laboriously in hand, club managers paid prompt attention and sent their scouts riding furiously through the countryside. It seemed that all Mr. Byfield had to do was plant himself in a wooden grandstand, peer cautiously out on the diamond—and men who had been truck horses all their lives immediately took on the agility of mountain goats, made impossible plays in the field and swatted the ball with murderous intent. Mr. Byfield made his living selling such individuals to the big leagues.

The point was that you never knew about a Hi Byfield find. He might look like a million dollars in Avisa and ever thereafter be so terrible that not even his wife's folks would pay to see him play. But just when the baseball world decided to ignore Mr. Byfield, he would come up with somebody like the famous Ducky Brandon of the Giants or Herbie Abernathy of the Cubs, the best shortstop in baseball.

"I know what I'm gettin' down here," said Mr. O'Hara to himself bitterly. "I'm gettin' the unpremeditatible runaround. He's palmin' off a bum. I can smell it."

The Byfield letter had been even more cryptic than usual. He said flatly that he had a new boy, one Siwash Hopkins, who was a third baseman such as had not been seen in baseball since the days of Jimmy Collins and Pie Traynor. But it was an added line in the Byfield communication that frightened Mr. O'Hara.

"This boy he is a quier one," wrote Mr. Byfield strangely.

The Byfield ones were always "quier" ones. Ducky Brandon had been so queer he had almost driven Mr. O'Hara to his grave. But far more serious had been the two horrible specimens Mr. Byfield had foisted on Mr. O'Hara no more recently than last year. Seen in the presence of Mr. Byfield they had looked like nothing other than wonders, but in spring training camp Mr. Bill Terry had taken one glance at them and then had turned to Mr. O'Hara, suspecting a hoax.

"Those are very nice boys, those boys Hi has sold you," said Mr. Terry, "but the one named Watson will obviously be killed by the first curve ball he sees, and the other, that Grimsby person, throws like your grandmother. Get them out of here before they infect the camp."

Mr. Terry's place as manager of the Giants had since been taken by Mel Ott, but Mr. Terry remained in charge of the chain system. Mr. O'Hara was hoping that the move might give him an excuse

(*Continued on page* 40)

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY before Loveday Gurney is born in her wealthy grandfather's house near Indian Hill, California, her small brother—Hugh—wanders away from home and is lost.

Later, what is left of his little body is found on a near-by mountainside.

As she grows up, Loveday hears that tragic story often from the lips of her grandmother and mother. She hears, also, the story—the truly amazing story—of her grandfather's fortune which, after his death, *had disappeared!*

When she is twenty, Loveday loses both her grandmother and her mother. Whereupon, Warren St. George, an old friend of the family, takes her to his home in San Francisco. There, she meets Mrs. St. George; the two daughters of the family, Fanny and Nini; the two sons, Rodney and "Chris" (a noted playwright); and young Doctor Marc Villard. Villard is a Frenchman; orphaned at an early age, he had been educated and mothered by a generous American woman—Mrs. Rose Weir; and he is now living in this country.

Rodney, Villard and Chris (who has a wife, Merle) are all markedly attentive to the newcomer. But Loveday has already fallen in love with a boy—"Larry" Ingersoll—who lives in Bakersfield; and, shortly after he recovers from a very serious illness, she marries him.

Larry, a pleasant enough young fellow, does this-and-that (earning very little); and after Loveday has borne him three children, he is without a job. Finally, to save money, they go to Friends Haven (the Indian Hill place). By this time, Chris is a widower. . . .

The St. Georges, accompanied by Marc Villard, call on the young couple. Looking around him, Villard is astonished to find that everything is strangely familiar. Then he and Loveday compare notes, and it becomes fairly obvious that he is not a Frenchman; he is not Marc Villard: he is—*Hugh Gurney!*

Mrs. Weir, it appears, is now in a sanitarium in Santa Barbara. "We will have to go to see her," Mr. St. George says. Crossing the room, "Marc Villard" kneels down and takes Loveday's hands. "Will you have me for a brother, Loveday?" he asks gently. Loveday lays her forehead against his. She does *not* speak.

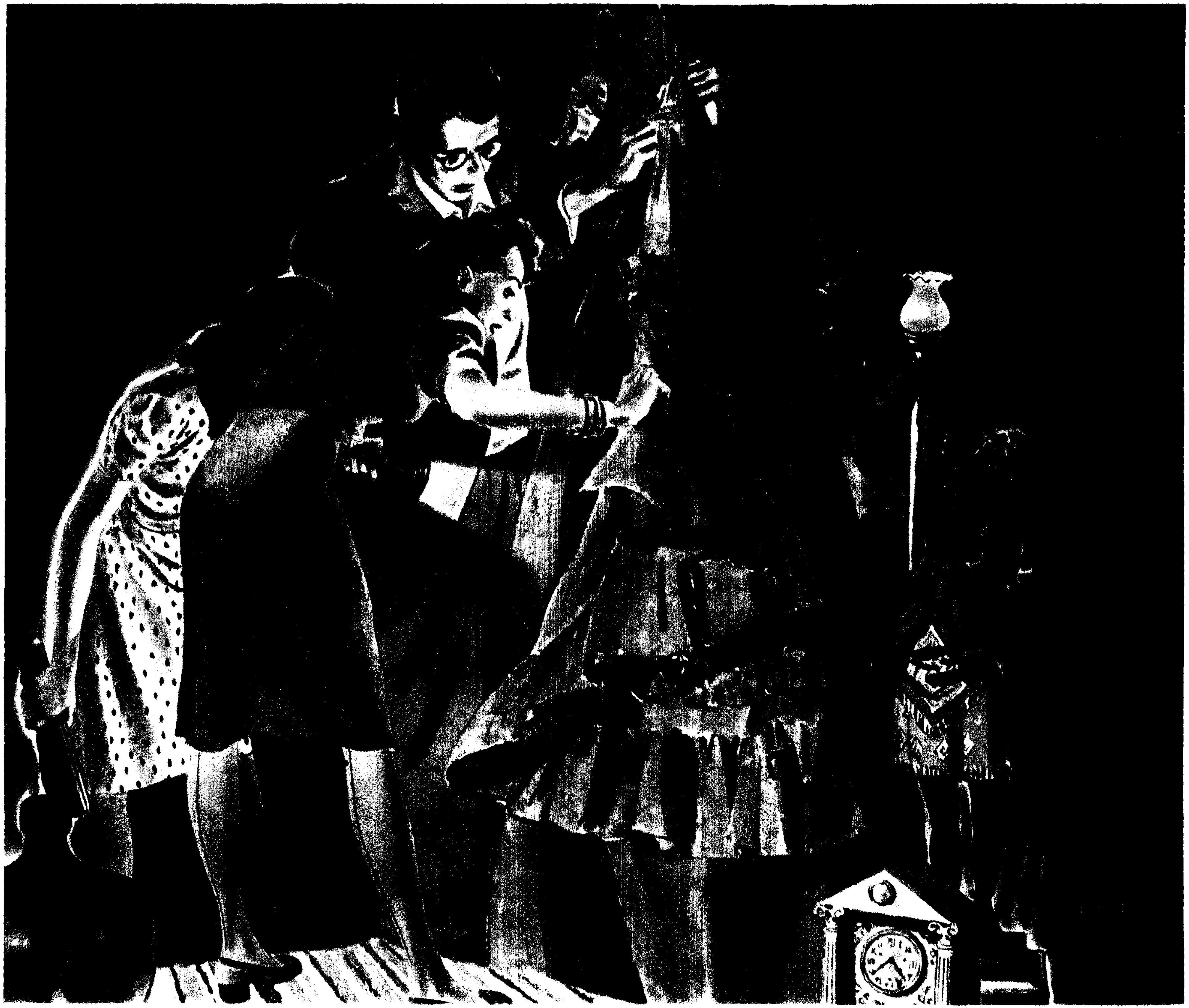
VI

ROSE WEIR, seventy years old, received her callers with great dignity. Her nurses had done their best for her in the way of curls, rouge, powder, filmy lace and silk bed wear, and she made an imposing picture, against her mountain of pillows. It was so swiftly to be observed that the old lady—in a magnificent sort of way—was feebleminded, that Warren St. George, prepared to put her through a rather sharp cross examination, found himself disarmed.

Yes, it was quite true, she said, smiling childishly, after apologizing in parenthesis for receiving these strangers while in bed and holding with a rather pathetic affection to Marc's hand while she talked as if he anchored her to reality, quite true that Marc was an American child; a Californian too.

"It was when I was going back to Paris—my adored Paris, before America was in the war. My little snuggery at Saint Cloud had been locked for a year and I'd been so homesick! I had my maid, Valerie Villard, a poor girl who'd been widowed and had lost her only child, and a Filipino driver, but I didn't want to drive all the way to New York from Santa Barbara, so I went by train, and Valerie and Bonfacio brought on the car. I was taking it to France.

"Valerie was of course going with us, and our arrangements had been to take her poor little boy, Marcel, with us. His picture was with hers on her passport, and that was probably what put it into her head when she and Bonfacio found this poor little fellow, half-starved, feverish, almost half-witted after wandering about alone in the woods. Valerie said that he looked like her child, Bonfacio didn't interfere, and they brought him straight on to the hotel and put him



It was fun to discuss the long lost fortune with Nini and Hugh and to go through the house prying into corners and crevices

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

to bed. It was days before he was well enough to talk and then he had forgotten everything, poor baby! Valerie had told me he was her cousin's child who had gotten ill on the way—wasn't that," old Mrs. Weir said in coquettish appeal, "too naughty of her? But we both adored him from the beginning, and we got him on the ship with no trouble at all; it seems to me I didn't have to have a passport then, or did I, Warren?

"Anyway, nobody asked any questions and we got him to Paris without difficulty. I always called him my 'war orphan.' When Valerie died Marc was just like my son, and I hope I gave him every advantage a son could have. But Warren," Rose Weir went on, with a pink-cheeked, reproachful smile, "I've got a bone to pick with you! You never come and see me. It takes all this silly business about Marc to get you as far as Santa Barbara!"

And she patted Warren's hand with a fat white heavily ringed hand.

"It's all a beautiful vague dream to her," Hugh, getting used now to the sound of his rightful name, reporting to Loveday, said later. "But there isn't any question that she told us what happened. The Filipino chauffeur wouldn't have interfered, and Valerie evidently thought she'd gotten her child back."

"You'd think the radio would have had every child in the country checked," Larry put in at this point.

"War time. And twenty-five years ago there practically wasn't any radio co-operation."

"THAT'S right," Larry said, thoughtfully. "But what about the suit—the one they thought was yours, Hugh?"

"They made a mistake, that's all. Remember: that suit had been out in the open a long time. It was in terrible shape, but it must have looked like the one I had worn. Anyhow," he went on, "they didn't find me, and Valerie arrives in New York, gets me safely into bed in Mrs. Weir's apartment, takes a quiet, dazed little boy on board a steamer a few days later—passports all in order, nobody's business to question her relationship. Anyway, whether it could happen or not, it *did* happen! It was during the war, ships' sailings and customhouse checking were probably irregular; lots of Frenchwomen were going home and lots coming over here with children who had been taken out of the country—considerable confusion everywhere."

"But you'd think that in all these years suspicion might have been awakened," Loveday said musingly.

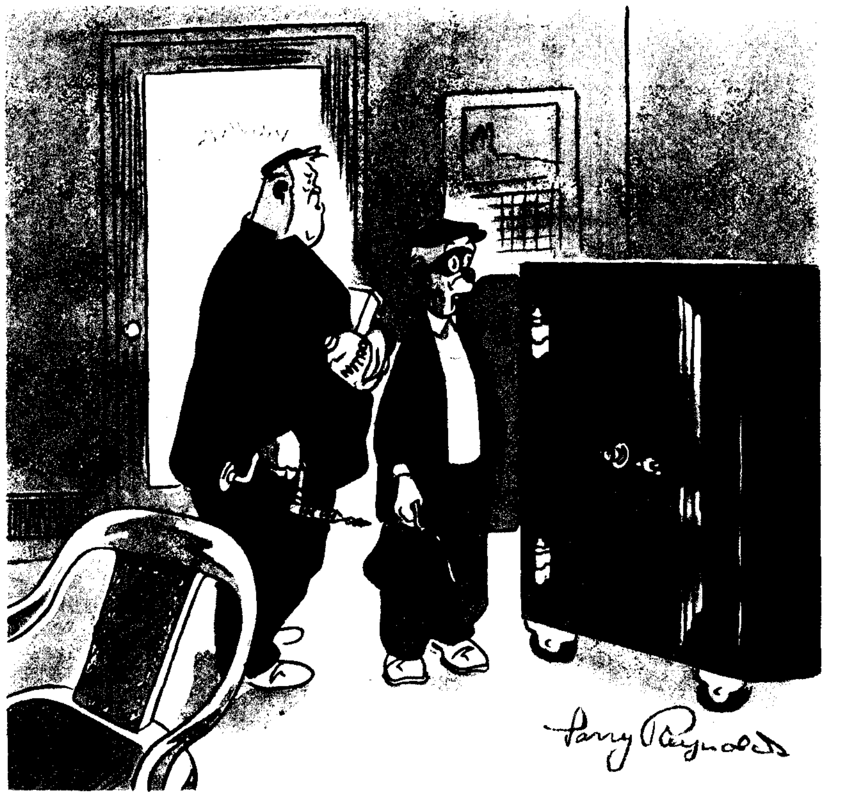
They were at dinner, she and Marc—whom they were learning to call Hugh now—and Larry. The children were in bed. The day had been as warm as summer; the windows to the terrace were open, and a lingering radiance lay graciously over the garden and the old red-brick steps and the tall trees. Life had been strangely sweet to Loveday in the past few weeks, and her face, in the mingled daylight and candlelight, shone with the beauty of content.

"Someone of my own, someone who belongs to me!" she had said marveling, when first the full realization of her brother's identity had come to her, and she had openly reveled in the relationship ever since. A true flesh-and-blood brother, a true uncle for her children, a claim upon the man who had always been so especially her friend, all this was a miracle to her.

But there was more. Indian Hill was a small village; old Doctor Owen Hugh Gurney and his soldier father before him had long been its most distinguished citizens, and they were not forgotten. His namesake was made welcome by all the older folk; the town rang with anecdotes of the "Old Doc," and that Owen Hugh Gurney, the younger, was a doctor too and to be stationed not far from the town, supplied inexhaustible material for rejoicing and congratulation. In all these Loveday had her happy part.

Hugh came and went in her house familiarly. Larry liked him, enjoyed discussing farm affairs with him, and presently Hugh had his own room, and was contributing to the family exchequer as if it were the most natural thing in the world. His was a joyous nature, everything was exciting to Hugh, the old house rang with laughter and chatter when he was there. The children adored him, and his manner with them was that of an equal; he talked to them seriously, brought them small gifts in his pockets.

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Aw—they left it open!"

"But you must remember," he said to Loveday now, "that 'in all these years,' as you say, the body of a small lost child had been identified as mine. That would take it off the police calendars and close the case, of course. And that reminds me, Loveday," Hugh went on animatedly, "what of this large fortune that our grandfather was supposed to have lost or given away? Uncle Warren told me of it long before I dreamed that I would have any interest in it. I suppose they hunted for it? And asked questions everywhere as to where he might have put it or to whom he might have paid it?"

"Everywhere! Everybody! My mother and grandmother told me that not so long before Mother died. They had detectives here, poking in rafters and taking up floor boards. They went upstairs in the barn and to the top of the windmill, but nothing was found."

"How old were you when your grandfather died?"

"It was—oh, ten years ago. I must have been about fifteen."

"And he never told you anything about how he was going to leave all this money?"

"Oh, there was a will, written when he was quite himself, but he was a little queer before he died. He'd had an accident. No; he never talked to me about it."

"But there's another thing, Loveday," her brother said, leaning forward to extend his coffee cup for a second helping. "Wasn't there a reward offered for the discovery of the lost child—of me, queer as that sounds! Was that reward claimed?"

"Well, I don't know, Marc—Hugh, I mean," Loveday said. "Hugh's body was found for they brought my mother his little blue playsuit. She sent all his clothes to the hospital, but she always kept that muddy little torn suit. It's upstairs now."

"I suppose we could find out if that reward was paid. Wasn't Annie Lum here then?" Hugh jerked his head toward the kitchen, where Annie Lum was once more slowly yet thoroughly plodding through dishwashing and sweeping and the baking of the children's noonday potatoes.

"Oh, yes; she was here until after I left. But you'll get nothing from Annie Lum. She just isn't—alive."

"She's honest, I suppose?"

"I'd trust her and Wing Foo as I would you. The Chinese are honest. They think anything else doesn't pay."

"And it isn't likely that he'd put it where anyone could casually find it."

"Perhaps the man who got the reward might know something?"

"I should imagine they'd have questioned him. But let's try to find out who he is and get his end of it."

IT WAS all so exciting! It was like living in a story, with the beautiful old place and the rioting children for a setting. Loveday hardly knew herself in this happy change. She seemed a completely different person from the woman who had struggled with nausea, fatigue, ignorance, grinding poverty in the little cottage in Buckingham Way.

Larry was still unemployed; they had not much more money in these days than in earlier days. But even without Hugh's contribution they would have prospered; as it was, this and less regular help gave Loveday a sense of actual independence. For whenever the St. Georges came to see her it was with a gift of some sort. Boxes of oranges came, directed to the twins; Fanny sent her a sack of Irish oatmeal; Rodney "picked up" a coarse net sack of potatoes at one of the highway stalls; Nini "wondered" if Loveday could use a turkey. Mother was ordering four, and Nini would bring one down on Saturday.

For Loveday was back in Nini's capricious graces now; the two had met for the first time in almost five years when Nini had come with her mother to Friends Haven. There had been only a moment's awkwardness, then Loveday's native good sense and good nature and Nini's undisguised delight in the place and the children had sealed the new friendship on the forgotten scar of the old.

Altogether the world was brimming with thrills and pleasures now. Loveday did not need the lost fortune to complete her happiness, but it was fun to discuss it with Nini and Hugh, and punctuate all their adventures about the house with sudden pouncing and prying into corners and crevices.

Hugh reported regularly to the Medical Station at camp, leaving the house before six each morning; Rodney appeared occasionally, handsome in his first lieutenant's uniform; the twins were four; summer came on in green majesty to Friends Haven, and breakfast and supper were served on the terrace. Living quarters were beginning to be scarce in Indian Hill, fleets of little dwellings went up on the meadows east of the camp, and still the war clouds gathered over the world, and defense workers, soldiers and their families came flocking into the town.

LOVEDAY discussed with Hugh and Larry the suggestion Miss Violet at the library had made: Couldn't Loveday turn some of those empty rooms of hers into an apartment for Violet and Maude? Then they could rent their house for a boardinghouse, and perhaps Maude could retire from school teaching and take private pupils. Loveday walked over the house with her men, murmuring, "a door here—and this room turned into a bath, and they could come in by the outside stairway—"

And then one day Chris came.

Loveday had heard from various members of the family of his travels in the past few years, to China, to Europe, to Rio, and she had heard of a play that failed and a play that was a success. But she had no very clear idea of his movements or whereabouts when on a hot July day he was suddenly at Friends Haven, stopping his car among the overgrown rosebushes and towering pampas grass of the shady front garden, and coming around the corner of the house toward the barns and the berry bushes where she and half a dozen other fruit pickers were busy spreading apricots to dry under the heavily leafed orchard trees.

"Oh, Chris, how wonderful!" Loveday said, leaving the barrel that had been her seat at the head of the table, and waving blackened hands as visible excuse for no more formal greeting. "Look at us! We're saving the fruit crop but just look at us!"

"The one thing I want to do is look at you," Chris answered. "I've never seen such color out of a Turner sunset. Seriously, what goes on?"

"Drying 'cots. We've had a bumper crop and Larry says he can sell all we can dry. But we're just about done. No more tonight, Carmela, what you think? These keep good for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow early, early, early," the big Portuguese woman addressed as Carmela agreed, dropping her knife, rolling down her sleeves and smiling broadly. The other women and the children likewise stopped their work, stretched luxuriously, helped themselves to dipperfuls of water from a bucket.

"I'm stopping you," apologized Chris.

"Indeed you're not! It's time for my girls' dinner. Look, Chris, this is Owen, just walking and perfectly wild over the idea, and this is Betsey and here's Martha. Girls, you are sights!"

She drew them about her, her flushed tumbled daughters, with their sunbrowned handsome little faces and shining hair, and the sober dark little boy, and smiled at him above their heads.

"Aren't they nice?" she asked.

His little second of hesitation, his thoughtful glance were the same as they had been years ago, and as always they made her heart beat faster.

"Yes," Chris agreed, "they're terribly nice. And you—you're simply grand with that gypsy thing on your head and your Chinese regalia." His laugh was full of surprise and admiration. "You're simply grand!" he said. "But then you were always that."

"Take him," she said of the smaller child, handing him over as a matter of course. She gave a hand to each of the small warm sticky girls. "Come on down to the house," their mother directed them, "it's suppertime."

This was routine. It must be observed no matter what company was waiting. Little forms trailed upstairs, the bathtub was half filled, small dirty garments were stripped away, soapsuds and cool water applied to every inch of the lilliputian bodies, nightgowns and wrappers and slippers found and placed in waiting.

When they all came downstairs and out to the warm terrace that was still flooded with clear shadowless light, they were as fresh, Chris told them, as pink roses. Loveday put the baby into his high chair; Annie Lum stumped out with his bowl and mug.

There was neither apology nor explanation; it was a full hour after his arrival that Chris could have a word alone with her. In that time she had bathed the children, fed the smallest one, carried him upstairs, returned to see that the twins had their supper, made a dozen trips to and fro between the kitchen and terrace in the process of superintending certain details of the dinner and setting the table under the great oak that shadowed the southwest corner of the house.

MEANWHILE Larry had come home, somewhat tired and silent, and Hugh, still "Marc" as Chris greeted him, had come up for a few minutes' visit before going on to camp.

Hugh was gone and Larry had gone upstairs to freshen himself for dinner. Then Loveday came out with a great bowl of fruit and stood with it in her hands looking critically at the table.

"I wish you would stand like that for a couple of centuries," Chris said. "The goddess of plenty—of fruition—the eternal mother of the world."

"How nice, Chris!" she said absently, putting the fruit down in the center of the plates and glasses. "Water—butter—and then we're through," she murmured. "I think I'll wait for those until Larry comes down."

And she dropped into a chair, a little breathless, and turned her smiling eyes on her companion.

"Well, so you're really here! After China, and going to Rio, and writing 'The Odd Chance!' How you've been *living*, Chris!"

"You've been doing the living, my dear. I've been wasting my time. You've lived every minute of it."

"They told you all about Hugh, of course; Marc—you know. Wasn't that an extraordinary thing?" Loveday was peeling peaches, piling them whole in a smaller bowl. She sugared them, her eyes narrowed judicially, went away to the house again. When she returned Larry had come down and the conversation and the meal began together.

Loveday did most of the talking;

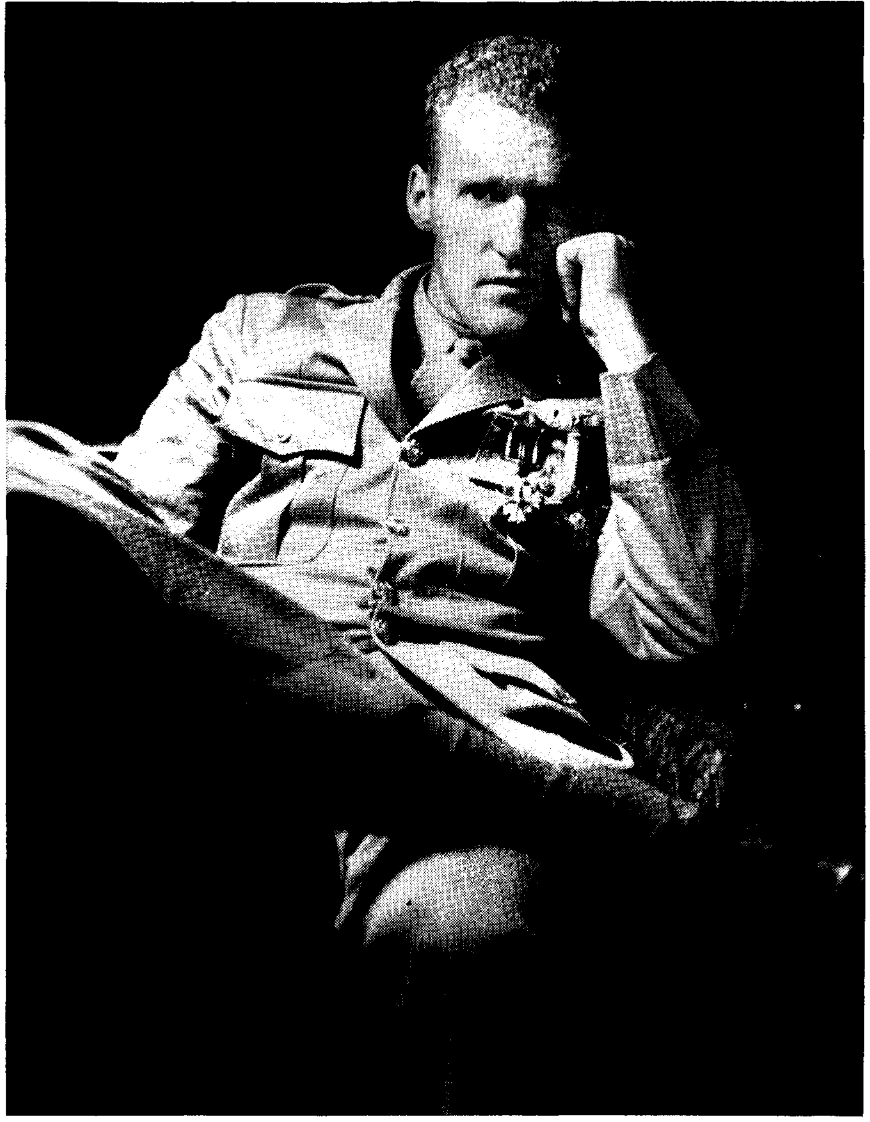
(Continued on page 28)

CONVERSATION OVER KOBE

By Gene Casey

Here's what went on in the interphones of an American bomber while the boys were pasting Japan's biggest seaport. They seem to have enjoyed it

ARTHUR GRIFFIN



Lt. Howard A. Sessler, navigator-bombardier, was one of those lucky American fliers who made a little jaunt over Japan; he dropped the bombs on Kobe

WE'RE riding in the nose of an Army bomber, listening in on the interphone with the navigator-bombardier, Lieut. Howard A. Sessler of Arlington, Massachusetts. It's the morning of April 18th and we've just taken off from Shangri-La. The weather's clear, visibility unlimited. It's a little windy, though, and the seas, just fifty feet beneath us, are choppy. There's nothing in sight, and then Lieut. Donald G. Smith, the pilot, spots something ahead that looks like a submarine surfacing. "Sgt. Saylor from Lieut. Smith," he calls into the interphone. "We're entering the danger zone, now. Keep on the alert. Surface vessel on our right-hand side."

"I see it, sir," comes from Sgt. Edward Saylor in the rear gun turret. We draw closer and it turns out to be a fishing boat with a square white sail. Then we see a lot of the boats and the Jap fishermen wave up at us with both hands. We can't tell whether they are afraid or think we're friendly planes.

Lieut. Griff Williams, the copilot, sings out: "Oh-oh! There's the land." It's Fujiyama, and Doc White, the flight surgeon, chips in, "We ought to be seeing some action pretty soon." We're flying down along the coast now, toward Nagoya Bay, and there looks to be a thousand Jap fishing boats out on the water. Howard Sessler, up in the nose of the ship, finds his trigger finger getting itchy.

He pleads with the pilot: "Here's a good chance to sink some of these ships, Smitty. Fly over them and I'll give them a few bursts."

"Better not." Smitty's voice comes cool and calm over the interphone. "They may think we're friendly aircraft if we don't fire. This is supposed to be a surprise."

Sgt. Saylor coughs. "Guess I'll unbutton my collar," he announces. "Getting a little tight."

Sessler sees the first landmark, the brick lighthouse on the point at Nagoya Bay. He calls into the interphone, "There's the lighthouse, Smitty. Here's where we turn in." Col. Jack Hilger is flying beside us and he dips his wings to let us know that this is where we part company. He heads off toward Nagoya.

Smitty climbs to 4,000 feet to go over the mountains and heads due west for Kobe. The weather's still clear and it's not bumpy over the mountains. But after skimming along the water and the ground, it feels like we're not moving at all when we get up to 4,000 feet. Williams pipes up, "Say, Saylor, start pushing. Seems like we're stopped up here."

The interphone gurgles with an assortment of laughs. Then everyone sees Kobe. It looks just like it does on the map.

Sessler spots the flames from the blast furnaces. "There's the steel foundries straight ahead, Smitty," he says. "That's where we'll start our bombing run from."

Smitty's voice sounds grim over the interphone: "I see it. Give 'em hell!" He dives down to 1,500 feet and levels off. It gets pretty tense, now, and nothing's being said. Then, as we pass over the foundries, Sessler sings out: "Bomb bay doors open, Smitty."

"Okay."

Sessler lets his first bombs go at the Kiwasaki aircraft factory. They burst and a shower of smaller incendiary bombs rain down.

Scores a Direct Hit

We're doing better than 300 miles an hour. You can't see much of what's happening below, but Sessler flicks the switch with his finger and the second train of bombs go straight at a big machine shop.

There's a red light on Smitty's instrument panel that's supposed to flash on every time Sessler lets a bomb go; but it's stopped working. We're about halfway through the course when Smitty's voice comes over, kind of edgy. He's waiting for the ack-ack to open up and he doesn't know we've laid an egg yet.

"Hey," he yells, "when you going to start dropping those things? It's getting kind of hot up here and I'm starting to sweat."

Sessler's lining up his next target. "I've already dropped them," he tells Smitty.

"Okay. Guess my light doesn't work."

Sgt. Saylor chirps up, when he hears Sessler report dropping the bombs: "Bet they got a bang out of that!"

Smitty laughs. "Hope they don't lose their heads over it." Sessler drops some more bombs on the dockyards and still more on another aircraft factory at the edge of Kobe Bay. Doc White is flat on his stomach, looking out the camera door and taking pictures. He sees the bombs dropping but doesn't recognize what they are. "Hey," he complains, "who's throwing bottles out?" Then he spies a ship under construction. "Boy!" he gasps. "Take a look at that aircraft carrier! Too bad we haven't got a hundred bombs—we could really do a job!"

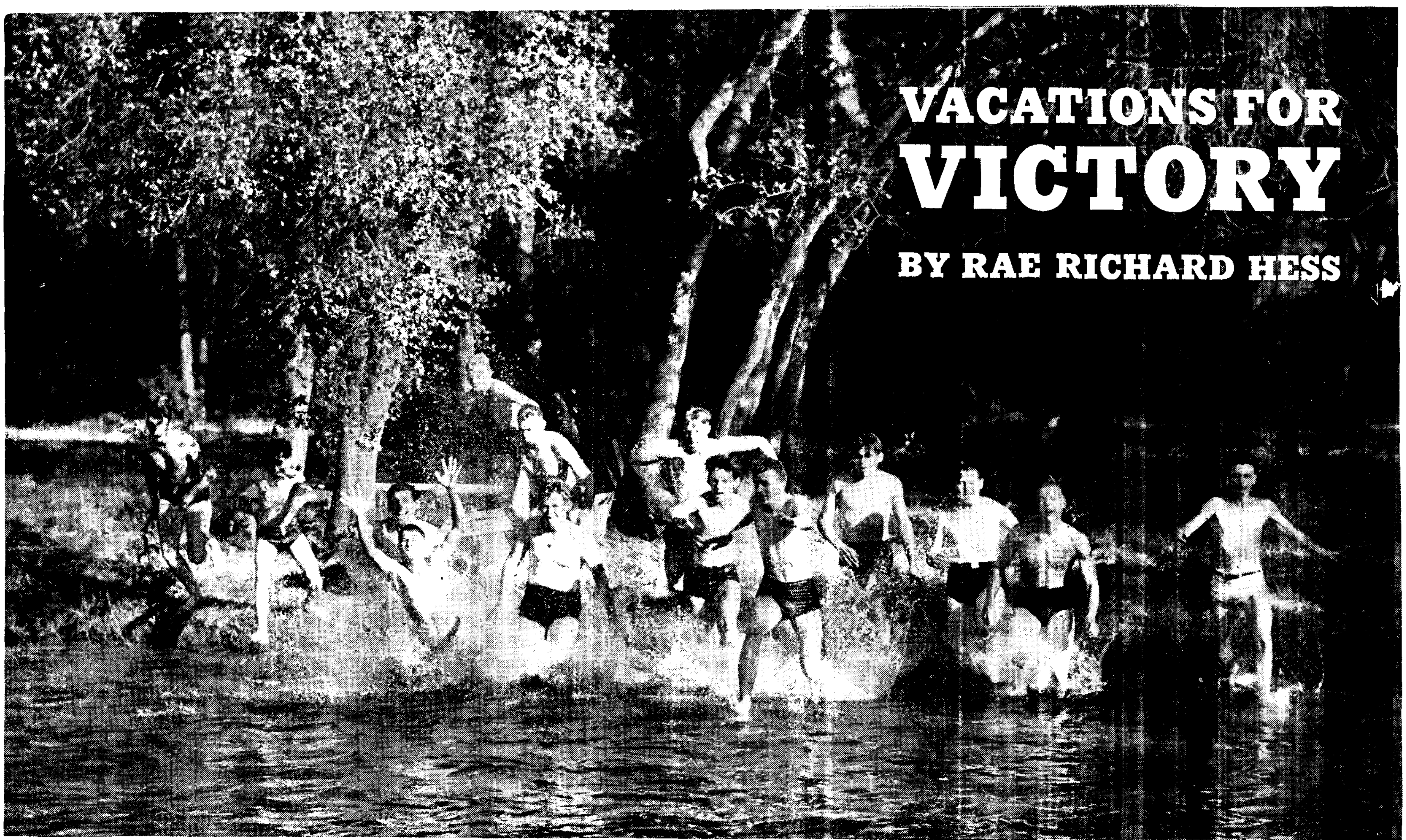
"Bombs away," Sessler sings out. "Doors closed." The plane picks up a little speed after the bomb bay doors are shut.

The antiaircraft opens up. We can see bursts too close for comfort and the tracers going by. "About time," Smitty observes, "that we got out of here."

Griff Williams tells him: "Guess we better not stick around too long to watch the fires. We probably wouldn't like it too well."

Smitty dives out over the harbor and we skim along about ten feet over the surface, doing 'way over 300. Doc White says, "Boy, I've got pictures of the whole thing! Sure hope I get them back okay."

We're just beginning to breathe a little more easily when Smitty catches sight of two Jap pursuit ships practicing dives at a Jap submarine. He calls out to Saylor, "Two pursuit ships on our left. Don't think they see us. Oh-oh! Here they come!" But he eases the throttles forward and in three minutes the planes are out of sight. He eases back on the throttle again and we're breezing along. We spot three Jap destroyers and don't pay much attention until they face to fire. Then Smitty circles around out of range and we head back to Shangri-La. "Next time," comments Howard Sessler, "We'll do even more—I hope." ★★★



VACATIONS FOR VICTORY

BY RAE RICHARD HESS

"Last one in—!" Boys at the Emergency Harvest Camp at Loomis, Calif., head for the swimming hole. The work prog[illegible]

They're as important as combat forces, these high-spirited kids who give up their vacations to help save the biggest food crop we've raised in many years. Here's how the Emergency Harvest Plan works in California

JACK ALLEN squared his shoulders and plunged through the tangled mass of restless boys in the camp train coach. They were bound for a victory vacation at the Y.M.C.A. Emergency Harvest Camp in Loomis, California. Jack was embarrassed by all the fuss and painfully conscious of the crowd of celebrities and anxious parents on the station platform.

"You'd think we were a laboratory experiment," he groused, watching a news photographer trying for an angle shot.

Jack was nearly right. This group of 130 youngsters from metropolitan Oakland was the first unit in America's Y.M.C.A. harvest corps of 'teen-age boys, probably one of the most important experiments brought about by the far-reaching influence of that frightful December 7th.

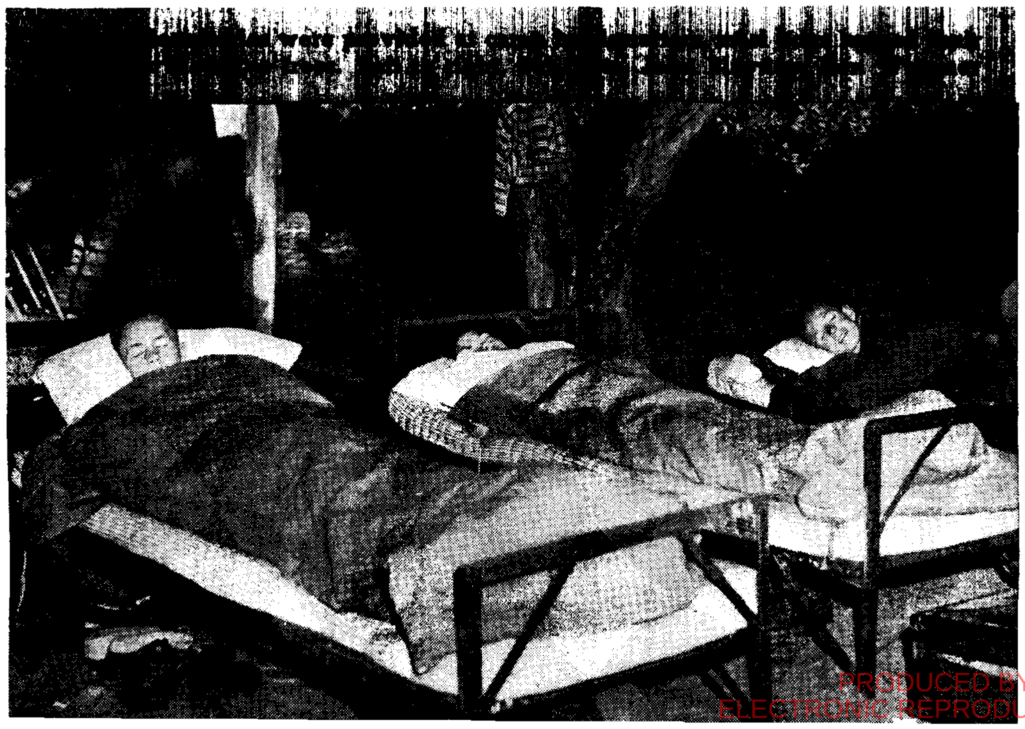
Important to you, as parents, who rightfully have been more than a little jittery over the welfare of your high-school boy. It is with a good deal of satisfaction that you will pack him off to a harvest camp next year, knowing that he will be safe, happy and occupied and know too, that as a member of the youth harvest corps, he will be participating in a vital phase of the national defense effort. Important to us concerned as we are with the problem of an adequate food supply.

Jack was seventeen, husky, and eager. A little while ago he graduated from high school. He was student body president and a football star. College was on the horizon for fall. But Jack traded his vacation for a full-sized job. He is typical of thousands of clean-cut high-school lads who constitute our first line of defense on the harvest front. Next summer may find the camps a national institution. And after the Nazis are properly processed, the camps may be continued as a vital part of our postwar program.

Neither Jack nor any of his fellow recruits for the Loomis camp had ever worked in the harvest and likely hadn't much idea of orchards, unless you count the trips into the country for a Sunday picnic. Tomorrow, they will be on the pay roll of the nation's growers. Canneries, dehydrating plants, and the fresh market can't be supplied without first of all having someone actually pick the fruit off the trees. Nature has done her part by giving us record-breaking crops, but there aren't enough hands to gather it. Yet today, for the first time in our history we must save every piece of fruit, every vegetable we can raise.

Of the 55,000,000 employable persons in the United States, there will be only 20,000,000 left at the end of this year who are not in the Army or Navy or in one of the war industries. Divided by 48, that means, if they were divided equally which they are not, 416,666 employable persons for each state. However, in California alone, there are 110,000 fewer farm workers available than last year.

Three major events have threatened



Armed with lunch boxes and pails for a day's cherry picking. Standard pay is two cents per pound; a fair picking average, about six 40-pound lugs

Work can be fun. These kids, hopping a ride on an orchard-bound truck, gave up their summer vacation to help save food crops vital to America's war effort

"Ooo—ouch!" Alvin Eustis applies lotion to Stan Isakson's sunburn. One thing the boys learn in a hurry is that it's much safer to wear a shirt

wartime food production on the West Coast. Shipbuilding and aircraft plants not only drew the skilled white mechanics, but also a very large proportion of the migrant labor from the rural districts. The Armed Forces got the balance of the prime farm manpower. But the most serious blow to agriculture was the loss of the expert Japanese growers and workers.

Agriculture was caught napping by the Japanese evacuation. Removal of approximately 120,000 Japanese to relocation centers produced a farm-labor shortage unparalleled in California's history and left growers faced with the prospect of millions of dollars in crop losses.

On the Japanese-tenanted farms, work stopped with the first rumors of evacuation. The transfer to white growers could not be accomplished overnight. And when the new tenants took possession, they found that weeds were ahead of them. There was desperate need for cultivators, root choppers, sprayers, thinners, and pickers. Failure to get them could mean impairment in the fulfillment of national emergency commitments.

Asparagus was the first crop to suffer. It is estimated the canned pack will be short about 250,000 cases. Important, when you consider what that shortage will mean on the grocer's shelves. In Merced County, some orchardists abandoned the thinning of peaches, and on the Coast, 5,000 acres in pea crops were threatened. More than two hundred sugar-beet growers in northern and central California had to plow under the sprouting beets and reseed to grain or alfalfa.

Shortage of labor to work sugar-beet farms in four California counties has resulted in loss of enough sugar to provide 21,000,000 consumers with a fortnight's ration.

Such a body of field workers as the need indicated was far in excess of the ability of ordinary procurement agencies when the earlier efforts of the U. S. Employment Service in enlisting schoolboys proved unsatisfactory. The Y.M.C.A. Emergency Harvest Camps for Victory Vacations came into existence.

In the 'teen-age youth of the country remained a vast potential army which, under proper supervision and training, might provide the necessary manpower.

Behind the history-making activity is Philip N. McCombs, Chairman of the Southwest Section of the Emergency Harvest Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Under his direction the movement developed rapidly. He believes no boyhood vacation is as important as one spent on a farm. From his own experience he was reasonably sure that boys over fifteen could easily master the tricks of harvesting. So he put the two together, surrounded them with safeguards, and stumped the country to get his idea across to the high schools.

Parents co-operated enthusiastically. McCombs got hundreds of calls from them, urging him to accept their boys. Many parents did not want their sons to get a taste of the big money in the defense industries, fearing the youngsters would be reluctant to return to school in the fall.

Response on the part of the growers was equally enthusiastic. They have always found schoolboys eager and willing workers, intelligent and more adapt-

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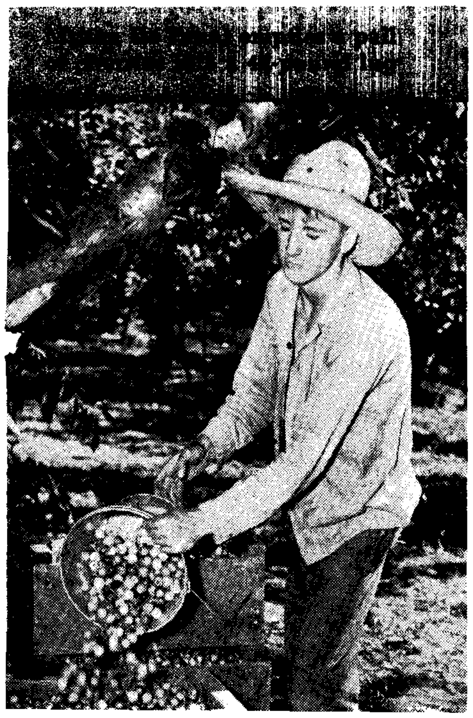

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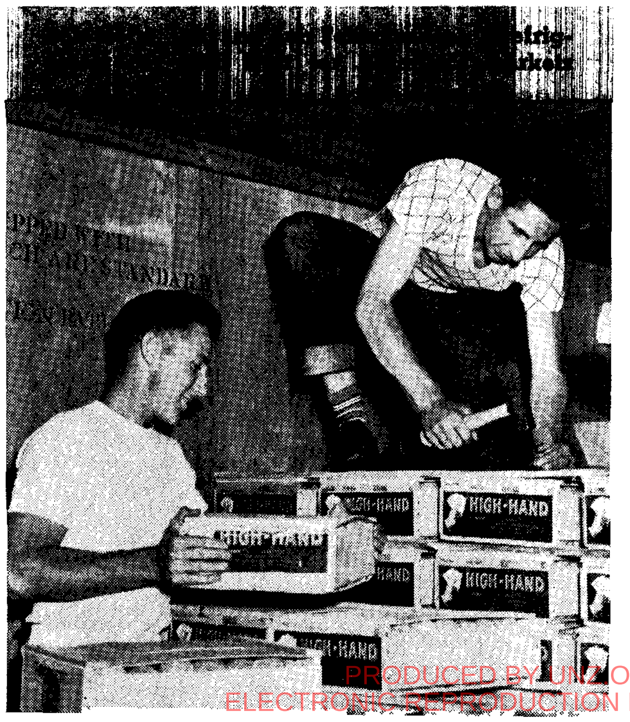

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able than the usual itinerant labor, which, incidentally, in normal years rises from a low of 1,000,000 to a high of 3,000,000 during the peak of the season.

Traditionally jealous of its character-building predominance, of which the camp is a symbol, the Y.M.C.A. wasn't going to recruit a lot of boys under the "Y" banner and dump them promiscuously into the orchards. So proper housing became a major problem.

The only places available, according to the standards set up, were the modern community schools with their large, airy rooms, proper sanitary conditions, cooking and dining facilities, and places for recreation.

For six months prior to announcement of the camps, surveys were conducted in the rural areas before schools for camp sites were finally selected. Then arose the difficulty of obtaining suitable leadership, men highly trained in the supervision of boys. A solution was found by enlisting, wherever possible, the services of high-school athletic coaches. Alert to the endurance capacity of boys, these men are safeguards against overwork due to a youthful tendency toward exhibitionism or imposition by the employer.

First in the Country

The nation's first Emergency Harvest Camp was set for Loomis, California. Placer County growers had already reported a ninety per cent loss in the cherry crop. With 2,500 Japanese, about seventy per cent of the farm labor, removed from the county, a bumper crop in cherries, plums, peaches, and pears, appeared doomed to rot with a possible loss of millions of dollars.

The Loomis camp is impressive. School or no school, it was pronounced "swell" after the Oakland unit had a chance to inspect it. Located in the foothills of the Sierras, under a canopy of olive trees, the camp gives these city youngsters a chance to stretch. The brick administration building contains an assembly hall and cafeteria. Classrooms, stripped of desks and equipped with rows of iron cots, fan out hacienda style to the rear of the administration building.

Collecting their bedrolls, suitcases, portable radios, musical instruments, and football gear, the lads moved into their quarters. Imagine 130 active fifteen-to-seventeen-year-old youngsters suddenly turned loose in your rumpus room, and you will have some idea of the noise, the excitement, the pulling and hauling. Camp Director Alvin Eustis watched them in sheer amazement for a few minutes.

"Well," he said, "they're active."

Alvin Eustis is a chunky little guy with a silvery gray "schlitzy" topping his weather-beaten face. Twenty-five years as a high-school athletic coach has lined his face with patience but when necessary he can be as tough as any top sergeant. He didn't pull any punches with these youngsters. He told them straight from the shoulder what they were up against; made it sound just as bad as he could. There would be eight long hours of work under a hot sun.

"It's hard work but you'll be expected to earn your pay," he roared at them, crouching, both fists clenched.

A little fellow leaped up on the stump beside Eustis, cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted: "Are we with him? Let's show him we are, fellows! A yell for Al Eustis! R-E-A-D-Y, hit it!"

During the night most of the cots migrated into the open under the olive trees. One lad, getting his first taste of camp life, found it so different he couldn't sleep. It was his cue for a little high jinks. Eustis stalked the culprit half the night, but the lad always saw him first and slipped into his bedroll. Always, that is, but the last time.

After breakfast next morning, Eustis announced that the offender would return to his quarters. A momentary hush settled over the dining room.

"Kicked out," someone breathed tensely. "Gosh!"

Heartbroken, the lad crept back to the dormitory and huddled on his cot. He was too young to keep back the tears.

"They can't send me home," he wept. "I like it here!"

Eustis went ahead with his job of assigning the boys to work groups. He knew the offender was watching until the last boy climbed aboard the waiting trucks. Finally Eustis called the lad into his office.

"This is a serious job," he said gruffly. "We haven't time for horseplay. You can't work an eight hour shift on three hours' sleep. You have a good record and your folks were anxious to have you come, otherwise. . . . You'll stay in camp today. If it happens again, you'll pack your stuff."

The lad's face glistened with tears of relief. "Yes, sir," he managed, thankfully.

Anyone who has ever worked in the harvest knows that the first stage of training new recruits is the bottleneck for growers. Green hands don't know how to take the fruit from the trees; spurs must be preserved for next year's crop, and only fruit of certain size and color may be taken. There's a right way and a wrong way to mount a ladder so it won't tip over with you and send you sprawling in the dust with a bucket of fruit around your ears. Riding one of those three-legged ladders is very much like riding a bicycle. All you have to do is learn how to balance it.

After a few days of practice, you'll probably get all your fruit into the bucket instead of hearing it thud to the ground. And after your eyes and fingers have mastered the trick of selecting the fruit, you can pick seven or eight plums in one motion as quickly as a novice would take two.

One thing the youngsters learned in a hurry is that you don't go without a shirt in the hot country. It's much cooler and safer to wear a shirt, and a wool shirt is better than a cotton one. It's protection, too, against the fine red dust.

The work program has been planned so the boys have plenty of time for recreation, football, baseball, basketball, and swimming.

Meals are under the supervision of a nutrition expert, emphasis being laid upon the foods most needed to build up strong resistance against fatigue, with salt tablets added as an extra precaution. Plenty of milk, eggs, meat, cereals, fresh vegetables and fruits, supply the energy they need.

The first meal in camp taught Eustis more about the appetites of growing boys than he will ever learn from dietitians' charts. Briefly, the youngsters are hollow.

Camp personnel consists of a director, assistant director, medical adviser, cook and assistants. Self-government is an important part of camp life for the Y.M.C.A. harvesters. Each camp has an experienced boy counselor, either a public-school faculty member of a Y.M.C.A. boys' work representative, who establishes the program and supervises the welfare and development of the boys.

Simple commissions composed of boys with an adult adviser to deal with various important functions of camp life, provide the camp government. Each evening the leaders' council meets with the chairman of the commissions to discuss the day's work and problems. At first, this seems a bit complicated, but the boys are learning to deal with problems democratically.

Good Pay for Picking

Rates of pay vary from 45 to 55 cents an hour in the deciduous fruits. Citrus fruits are picked on the basis of five, eight, and ten cents a box, depending upon whether it is the first, second, or third time over the trees and the scarcity of ready fruit. The standard rate for cherry picking is two cents a pound, and a fair picking average is about six of the forty-pound lugs.

Following the establishment of the Loomis camp, in rapid succession 100 boys from Sacramento high schools will go to Courtland in Sacramento County, to work in deciduous fruits; 350 boys from Los Angeles high schools will establish two separate camps in Kern County, to harvest grapes. Berkeley is sending 100 boys to Santa Clara County, and San Francisco has 300 boys going to Yuba and Sutter County camps for the plum, peach, apricot, and pear harvests.

The California Farm Bureau Federation has received many inquiries from other states for details as the camps swung into operation, and similar plans will be in operation in many states in a very short while. Emergency harvest camps are already being set up, along the California plan, in Washington, Wisconsin, Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. Others will be opened in various states as the peak labor load is reached in specialty crops.

The California camps have been inspected by federal officials from the Children's Bureau in Washington, D. C., and by state Department of Health officials as well as leading agriculturalists. All are agreed that the camps are a fine example of what can be achieved by good supervision, training and management.

THE END

Close cooperation—friendliness and good fellowship—this is America—a nation united—working together, fighting together, bending every effort to achieve victory over the foes of freedom.

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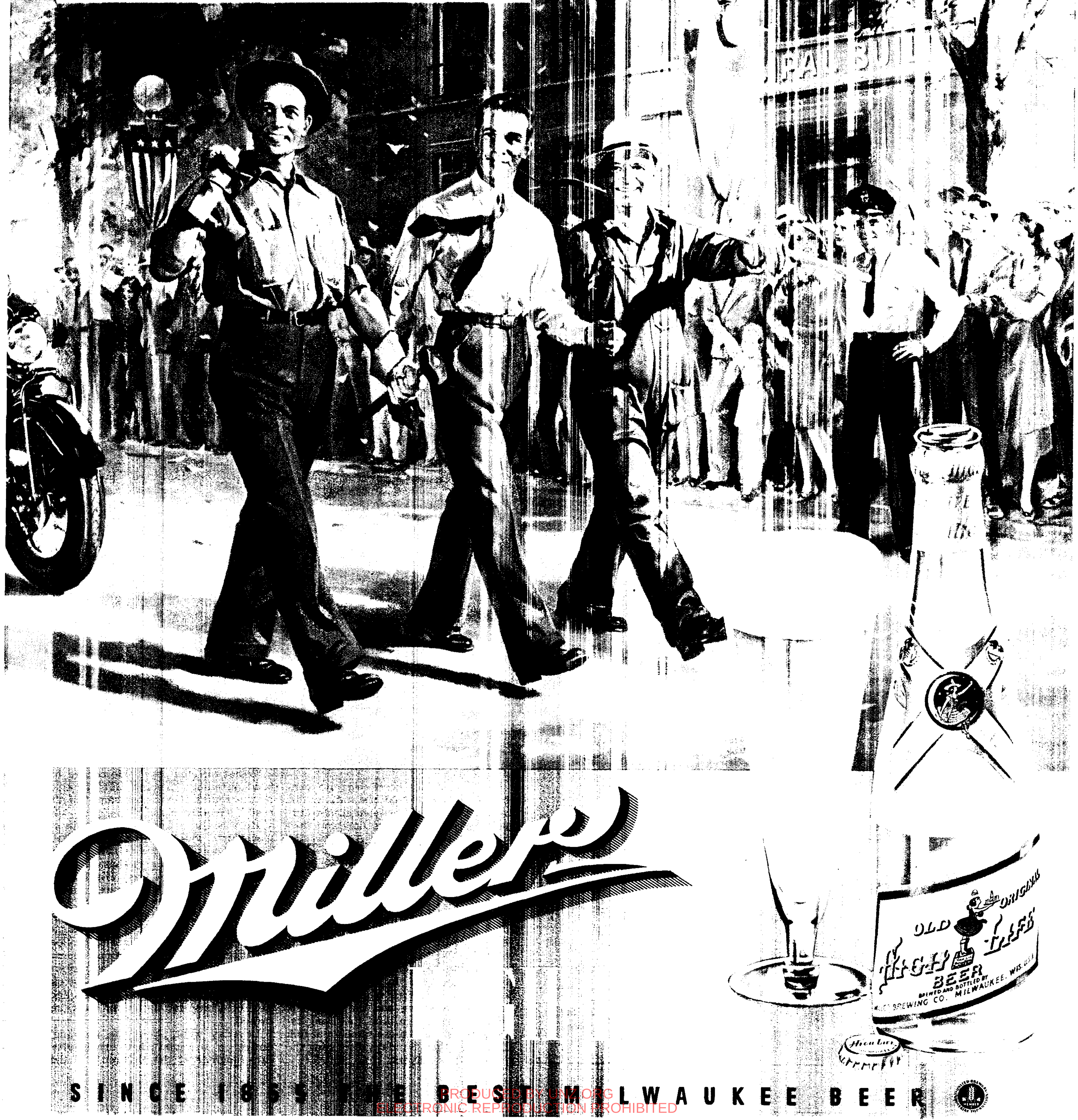
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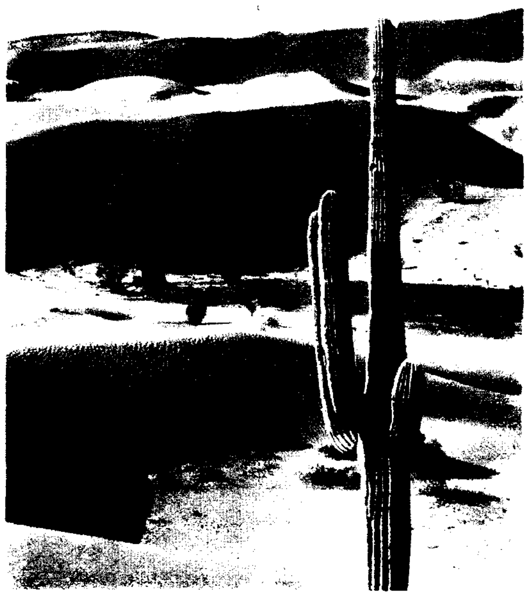

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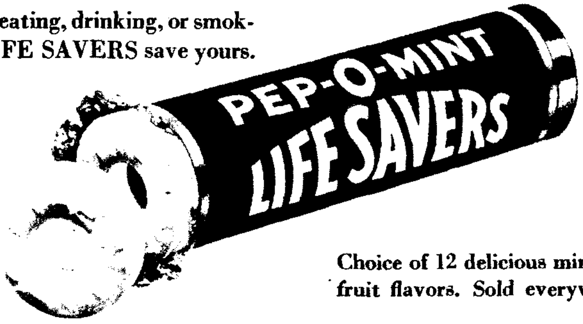


Choice of 12 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere.

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 23

Larry appeared to be in a silent mood, and Chris content to listen.

When the meal was over, Loveday gathered the dishes on a tray; Annie Lum stumped out. The women's voices could be heard in the kitchen; there was silence on the terrace. Loveday came to the dining-room door and called out, "Chris, are you staying overnight?

"Say no, say no, say no!" she said in her heart. Tomorrow was the day for fresh sheets in Hugh's room, and none of the other rooms were in order.

"Can't possibly!" Chris called back. "I'm dated in Burlingame at about ten; I've got to get going very shortly!"

"Ah—" Loveday said, disappearing again.

WHEN she came out Chris was pulling on his pipe, comfortably stretched in a long chair, and Larry was sitting on the railing, his back half turned to his guest, his gaze fixed on the sky, a cigarette at the corner of his mouth.

"What's happening in Burlingame?" Loveday lay back in a second shabby steamer chair, with a long tired sigh. "It's hot," she said.

"Nothing. Except that Joe Stubbs will be there. He wrote me he had to go to a dinner but he'd come around to the club as soon as he could."

"And with Larry acting this way the sooner you get going the better," Loveday said in her soul. "Was it hot in Redwood City, Larry?" she asked. "Making talk, and isn't it awful!" she thought.

"No, cool and comfortable," Larry answered sarcastically. But his tone was so quiet that Chris saw nothing amiss and commented cheerfully:

"It was frying, coming up the valley."

"I should think you'd take the coast road," Larry said briefly, "shorter and better."

"Ah, but I wanted to see your wife, and all of you," Chris added the last phrase after a perceptible halt. Loveday noticed it; she could only hope Larry did not.

"You can come by the coast road and cut over the ridge—what on earth are we talking about?" Loveday said, the question being framed only in her thoughts.

"I think I'll turn in," Larry muttered abruptly, rising.

"And I've got five minutes," Chris said, with a nod for good night. "I must be on my way."

"Being out in the open air all day, I get so slee-ee-py!" Loveday contributed with an apologetic laugh. But when Larry had gone, and a pale square of light from his upstairs bedroom fell upon the dark mass of a pine tree, she and Chris sat on in comfortable silence without moving.

Quite suddenly there was no constraint. Chris opened the talk in his own easy yet hesitant fashion, not hurrying his words, pausing now and then to choose one carefully. And immediately she was transported to that world that was his world. She saw the decks of a great ocean liner tipping gently in glorious spring weather, and the laughing and talking men and women who walked on the decks. She saw smoky London in the days of peace only a few years ago; the smart bright restaurants where the sweets were wheeled about on little trucks, the yellow fog that curled softly about the lions in Trafalgar Square. Chris talked of first nights in Broadway theaters, and the great folk who attended them, and the Long Island estates where these same great folk idled away their Sundays discussing the plays and the players.

It was so easy to talk to Chris! Everything she said sounded right, and he took up everything she said eagerly as if it was important, as if she inspired him as he did her. But it was going to be too short—the enchantment of it; he would have to go! Loveday felt that she could linger here on the terrace all night, hearing his brief laugh, watching in the soft gloom the movement of his pipe in his long fine hand, catching the hesitant deliberation with which he spoke.

"What a life you've had—are having, I mean!"

"Nothing," he said, "as vital as this. Children, home, drying apricots."

"Exactly what five million other women are doing in America at this moment—with the possible exception of the apricots!"

"Well, perhaps." He did not dispute it. He said that he must go, and Loveday walked with him to his car and asked him when she would see him again.

"But of course you don't know, you never know where you are going to be, do you? I don't wonder people think they would like to be writers, because wherever you can carry your typewriter you can have your whole business." She looked up at him. "It's been great fun having you here, Chris," she said, her heart beating fast.

"I saw what I came to see," he answered her, getting into his car. There was no other farewell except his casual call of "Good night!" as the car started.

Larry was asleep when she reached her room but Loveday was awake for a long time. Chris had the effect of making her feel charming; it was a delightful feeling. Loveday was thrilling with it. . . .

IN THE morning there was the usual scramble. The day was going to be hot. She heard the apricot cutters in the orchard before six. She went downstairs with little Owen at seven and tried to hurry along breakfast preparations. They were shorthanded in the post office at Redwood City, and Larry had a temporary job there.

Presently they were all breakfasting together on the terrace, and Annie Lum was padding back and forth with butter and cream.

"Another scalding day, Larry."

"Scorcher."

"Headache?"

"No. Why?"

"You seem so quiet."

Larry made no answer to this, and Loveday, uneasy, busied herself with the children.

"We'll finish the apricots this morning."

"What did you say?" He cocked his head, listening. "There's Bill," he said, as the sound of a motor came up the road. "Goodby, kids."

He was gone. Loveday sat on in silence for a while, scowling faintly into space. It was not a quarrel, but she had had quarrels with Larry that had been more bearable than this. His manner had given her a snubbed, scared feeling.

But she would not worry about Larry. Subtle, sweet, stupefying, the thought of Chris came back. It was all vague, inconsequential; she let her spirit float about in it unguided, sometimes merely dreaming an unformed pleasant dream, sometimes waking to thrill and ecstasy as an especial second, with its recollection of Chris' intonation or look, returned.

Loveday went about the morning's duties in a mood that broke often into laughter at the children and that found the familiar routine strangely light, strangely easy. At noontime, after Owen had been fed and put down for his nap, she was superintending the small girls' midday meal when Chris came up to the terrace. The world thrilled for her as if a resonant note had been struck on some great cosmic harp, resolving her confused moods into one harmonic whole; everything broke into stars and sparkles. But when she spoke it was naturally enough:

"Oh, listen now, weren't you supposed to be in San Francisco this morning?"

"It wasn't important," Chris answered. "Hello, ladies! I asked the man in the candy store what sort of sweets you could eat, and he said molasses taffy. So here it is."

"And what do you say?" Loveday broke a bar of the candy in two, wrapped the segments in cuffs of oiled paper. "Sit here nicely and eat these," she directed the twins, "for I don't want you to get your beds all sticky."

"Do they go to bed now?"

"Naps. That's the general idea," Loveday said, gathering mugs and bowls and fragments of bread neatly on a tray; "but insurrection is going on and how long I'll be able to keep them at it I don't know. This is just about the age when they rebel, and consequently it's about the age when they get started to school."

"I never saw the connection there before," Chris admitted.

"Otherwise all mothers would take their throats into the nearest bathroom and cut them," Loveday assured him. "That afternoon silence saves our lives! Sometimes I go to sleep, too. But days like this I get a sandwich or a cracker and a glass of milk and a book, and sit out here, reveling in peace and quiet."

"They're worth it, I suppose?" He was half laughing.

"If anything in this world is," she answered seriously.

"I would like to have had a son; I always wanted a child," Chris said. "But Merle used to say, when we were first married I mean, that it would hinder my profession, cramp us both in our plans of travel and entertainment—that sort of thing."

"I have no doubt she did," Loveday thought. She gave him a bright-eyed glance but said nothing aloud.

"How about a sandwich and a glass of milk for me?" Chris asked.

"Oh—well, of course!" Loveday answered, a little confused. "I'll take these children upstairs and settle them down and see what I can find."

"I suppose it would be completely useless to expect you to run off with me somewhere for lunch?"

"Completely. Oh, what sticky hands!" Loveday said to the little girls. "Come along, sweets. I'll be back in ten minutes, Chris."

"Take your time. This is entertainment enough." He was comfortably stretched in a wicker chair, his arms folded, his half-closed eyes fixed upon the greenery that was spread above him against the pale noon sky.

From where he sat Chris could see the farm horses, standing still in the shadiest corner of the paddock, their necks laid together. Now and then, from some region near by, came the sleepy mutter of chickens, fluffing deep in warm dust. There was a smell of peaches and pepper trees in the air, and of the curled bark of the eucalyptus that carpeted the rise of the lane behind the barns. Loveday's voice could be heard upstairs, and the voices of the children. Then there was an interval of complete silence before she came out on the terrace carrying a tray.

CHRIS jumped up to help her with it, drawing the table into the shade, and placing chairs.

"I thought you were going to try to make Burlingame last night," Loveday said, when they were seated.

"I was going to; but after I left you I decided to stay and take a look at the camp this morning. Rod's down at Fort Ord, you know; I went over all that with him and it's darned interesting. Marc—Hugh, I mean—has been asking me to come out here to Gurney any time I could. So I telephoned him this morning and I've been out there since ten o'clock. And I've been wondering why you couldn't take a little holiday and see New York. In October, say. That's the best month of the year. We could take a run up to Connecticut and you'd go out of your senses over the red leaves, and I'd take you to whatever first nights there were— Don't look so scared!" Chris interrupted himself, laughing. "I mean only for two or three weeks. It would be a break for you."

"A break!" she echoed, mildly scornful.

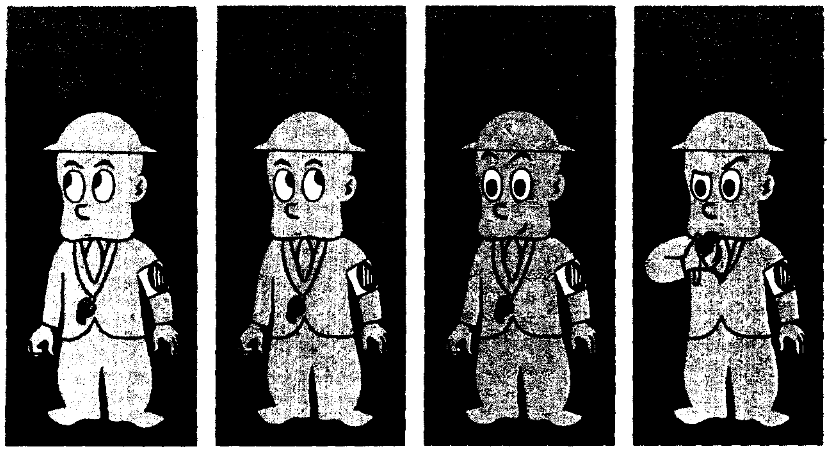
"Mother's going on with Nini for trousseau shopping," he reminded her. "My name doesn't have to come into it at all. I'd only have to say to Mother, 'Why not bring Loveday? She needs a holiday,' and I bet she'd fall for it like a ton of coal. I'd tell her that I might be there and might not, which is quite true."

"It all sounds too utterly open and frank and simple!" Loveday commented, and they both laughed. Then the light died from her eyes and she shook her head.

"But of course it's quite impossible," she said, spacing and stressing her words slowly.

"Nonsense!" Chris said. "We aren't traveling by covered wagon these days. You get on a plane here at five o'clock in the afternoon, and you have lunch with me the next day at some nice place. Then we'd walk up to the park, looking in all the windows—"

"Ah, stop, Chris! No fair! But some day I will—with Martha and Betsey to



Crack of Light CROCKETT JOHNSON

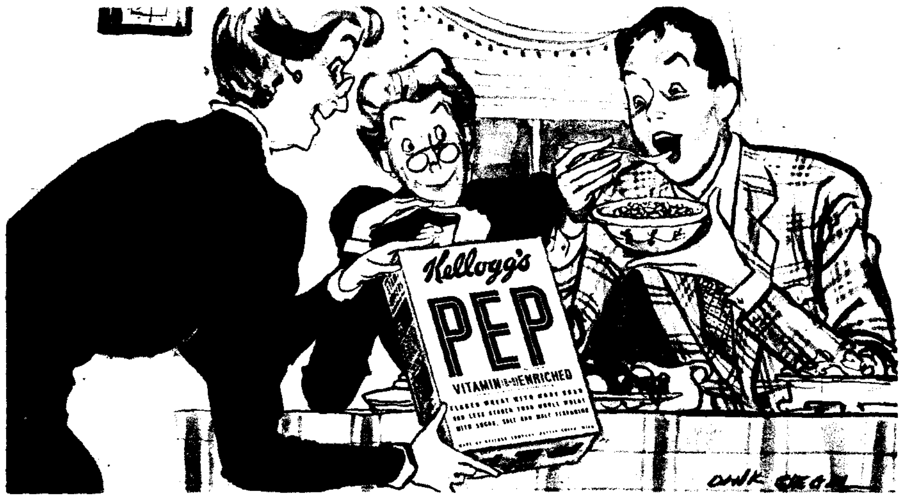
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegal

Auntie A: Sh! Take a look at Junior. It's shocking! He's become a he-wallflower!

Auntie B: A little job for us, Sister! Come on, let's go.

Auntie A: And now, my fine young relative, you're convicted of not having enough *pep appeal.* No oomph, you know. No zip-zip!

Auntie B: And you're sentenced to eating right and getting all your vitamins! You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. Come on to the kitchen.



Auntie A: Yessir, right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP—a cereal made of choice parts of sun-ripened wheat—you'll find extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Junior: Save the lecture, Auntie! If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'm going to be the most changed man you ever saw.

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Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

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OUR FLIERS called on a mechanism like this for help when American planes bombed Tokio. It gets a workout every time a U. S. bombardier sights his target.

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do the shopping. When Grandfather Gurney's money is found!"

She had turned the conversation deliberately; they fell to talking of the lost fortune, and of the extraordinary chance of Hugh's discovery of his own identity. Loveday's eyes shone when she mentioned her brother.

"You can't think how thrilling it is, to have this clever young doctor suddenly with a room in our house, quite free to come and go here, and to kiss me!"

"I MIGHT be able to have some ideas on that subject," Chris said dryly. He saw her bright color come up.

"Oh, well!" She dismissed the question cheerfully. "But Hugh is an absolute darling," she went on. "He is working much too hard. Now it's all the draftees and shots for typhoid and tetanus, and they keep sending new men in—and they had eleven cases of mumps! But as they get going he'll be a little more free. And to hear him on the subject of the lost money! He ferrets away like a regular detective—in fact, from the way he talks, I think Hugh reads a good many detective magazines. He's hunting around now for the man who found his body—I mean, found some poor child's body, up on the ridge. I can't imagine what that will have to do with discovering the money, but Hugh says every clue is valuable and that he is going to run every possible thing to earth."

"And how much is this money, Loveday?"

"We don't know, of course. We don't know how much Grandfather spent or lost or wasted or what happened. There may *be* no money," Loveday conceded. "But all that piled-up granite stuff you saw yesterday below the orchard is for the foundations of a hospital, and, of course, if we find enough, we'll build that hospital. One third and the house were to be for Mother and Granny and me, and the other two thirds to build 'and endow' the hospital. Note that 'and endow.' It must have been a lot!"

"Did you ever," he asked dreamily, looking toward the west, "climb to the balcony of that windmill?"

"Did I ever? I used fairly to live up there when I was quite a small girl. It's always cool up there with a wind blowing. I'm just waiting for the day when I can drag the twins up that ladder!"

"How do you get up to the ladder?"

"Stairs inside, two flights, smelling of grain and mice and with no railings."

"Let's climb up there now!"

"Oh, Chris, I'd love to!" Loveday's eyes danced. "Wait until I speak to Annie Lum," she said.

A minute later they crossed the paddock and took the eucalyptus-scented lane to the old barn behind which the windmill stood. Loveday led the way up the dark stairways inside, stairways slippery with long polishing from sacks and straw. Sometimes she turned and extended to Chris her strong brown hand.

Then came the ladder, with firm placing of feet and gripping of hands, and then they were out on the narrow balcony with the breeze lifting Loveday's loose gold-brown waves of hair and the water spattering them.

Below them lay the farm buildings, silvered with age; the roof of the house peeped through heavy foliage; they could see the green triangle of the terrace, and Annie Lum clearing away their lunch dishes. Beyond, and down the hill again, past the long line of eucalyptus and poplars on the drive, were the village roofs and the curve of the railroad tracks bright in the sun.

The air up here was aromatic and sweet. Loveday leaned her arms on the railing; Chris was silent; they fell into a moment of dreams.

And when they began to talk it was low and simple talk, of themselves, of childhood, and the things that had mattered in childhood.

"My daughters will be waking up," Loveday presently said, rousing herself. "I must go down."

"Oh, but this is so perfect!" Chris pleaded. "Hold it just a moment longer! I have been happy and proud in my life, but I've never felt like this, up here between the earth and sky with you!"

"I've always loved the mill." Her elbows were on the rail, her back half turned toward him, when she felt his arms about her, and felt him turning her about to kiss her on the lips.

For a moment she surrendered to the sheer breathless joy of it. Then quickly, with an abrupt manner and averted eyes, she started down the ladder again. When she reached the stairs below Chris was with her, and they descended the two flights in silence. But in the lane outside he took her hand, and their fingers were locked as they went toward the house. Neither spoke.

"What time would it be?" she asked suddenly, when they were almost at the house. "Owen's awake; I can hear him crying."

"It's only quarter past three."

"Quarter past three!" She made the three words three separate exclamations. Her face flushed and her manner became hurried and uneasy. It was as if she sensed then that she would find what she did find when they had crossed the paddock again and were in sight of the terrace. It was as if she had known that by some strange mischance her brother would be there, and that Larry, with the crying Owen in his arms, by a second mischance would have come home. His face a thundercloud, he was trying to fasten the dress of one twin while the other, undressed, crowded up against him, fretfully attempting to gain his attention.

A scene of confusion; a proof of neglect and bad management. Hugh filled a bad silence with the news that although he had not found any money he thought he had a sure line on the man who had claimed the reward so many years ago. Nobody heard him. Larry gave Loveday one look; he did not speak. And her heart sank within her.

THE shining nebulous glamor of the afternoon burst like some great soap bubble that had held too crystal a beauty in its trembling heart. Loveday felt an actual physical jar throughout her whole being as she crossed the terrace, smiling courageously, and took instant possession of the weeping Martha.

"Here, Mother'll button you!" she said. "But you must get out of your nightie first. Did you have a nice sleep?"

Proof of their deep sleep was imprinted upon the scarlet little cheeks of the twins. From sleepiness and the discomfort of their perspiring small bodies and the unprecedented terror of having awakened in a house with no mother in it, they were both still crying.

"Stand still!" Larry said sharply to Betsey, who would also have gone to her mother's knee. With Owen in his lap he was clumsily trying to reach about the big baby boy to button the garment of the older child.

"I'll do them both, Larry!" Loveday was scarlet with shame and embarrassment as she busied herself with Martha. Chris, looking on, had taken a chair; Hugh was sitting on the terrace railing. Burning hot mid-afternoon blazed over the world, but on the terrace there was shade.

"Stand still, Betsey, I tell you!" Larry growled. Betsey looked astonished for a second, then outraged, then burst into wild howling. Martha, bewildered, began to cry too without knowing why. "Do you want to go upstairs and get a good whipping?" Larry said harshly.

"They're half asleep, Larry!" Loveday pleaded, her heart standing still. He was not going to whip the soft little bewildered thing—!

"Yes; well, *I'm* not," Larry muttered sourly.

"Stay there, Betsey, and let Dad finish you," Loveday said in a quick warning aside to the child. But Betsey was past all reasoning now. She screamed in fright as she tried to jerk away from her father's iron grip.

PEN AND INK

A Westchester young man married a young lady last spring, joined the Armed Forces and was almost immediately sent overseas. Eventually he landed in Africa and his letters started coming back. They became increasingly pathetic, with the refrain being:

"Why don't you write?"

In the meantime his young wife was writing him every day and trying to get word to him by cable, without success.

The letters became increasingly pitiful.

"I don't think you love me or you'd write."

The young wife was frantic. She kept writing furiously every day. Another letter came from the young man.

"Why did you marry me," it read, "if you were going to forget me?"

Just when she had reached the suicidal stage, a messenger boy came to the door with a cable. It was from her husband in Cairo.

"This is going to cost me half a month's pay," it read, "but I must tell you the news. Today I got ninety letters."

Hugh, quiet, eyeglassed, watchful, came to the rescue.

"Here, give me Owen, anyway," he said cheerfully lifting the baby from Larry's knee before Larry could voice an objection. "Look, we'll get some milk."

He carried the child to the kitchen. Larry, his face dark, without a glance for Loveday, raised the writhing and roaring Betsey by a firm grip on an arm and a leg, and muttering that he was not going to stand for any kid acting this way, carried her into the house.

Loveday and Chris were left alone on the terrace except for the scared small girl whose sandals and socks she was putting on. Chris took out his flat gold case and lighted a cigarette. Loveday kept her fingers busy; she could not raise her eyes.

"Is Dad going to whip Betsey? Is Dad going to whip Betsey?" Martha demanded fearfully, over and over again.

"No; of course not!" Loveday answered, annoyed. But through the wild confusion of her senses she was listening for the sound of a whipping too. If Larry was mean enough to take out his anger on little Betsey—!

"I presume I should be tactfully disappearing," Chris said after a silence, in a tone of steel.

LOVEDAY, trembling, made no answer. She kept her face averted from him; finished up the tying of the small shoes. She did not want to talk; there was nothing to say. If Chris was furious at being caught in this cheap, humiliating situation, well, then he would have to be furious. If Larry was foolish enough—common enough, to think—to think that—

Shame swept up over her in waves; she felt a hot wind touch her skin. Christopher's kiss was still burning on her mouth. There would be nothing common, nothing cheap, in Larry's thinking anything he pleased. He had every right to be angry; she had given it to him, proud Loveday Gurney, who had always thought herself far above that sort of thing!

Yes, and she was above it, too. Why shouldn't she have had that heavenly hour on the mill? That hour in which she had murmured a phrase and Chris had picked it up; when she had raised her eyelashes consciously, as he and she had stood with their arms on the old weather-silvered rail, knowing that he had turned his head and that his downward look would meet hers? Yes, but he had kissed her—

"You didn't expect him?" Chris asked.

"Please, Chris," she muttered, suffocating. The husband was never expected, of course. The wife and her lover always felt quite safe. "Too bad to treat you to this nursery scene," she added in a pleasant conversational tone, as Hugh came back with little Owen, and sitting down, began to feed the baby crackers and milk. "Hot day, Hugh," Loveday went on, wondering what Larry was doing, and if this nightmare ever would end, "and Annie Lum up in the barn hunting eggs when she should have been listening for the children. Everything seems to go wrong on hot days!"

Calm returned to the terrace, if not to her shamed and frightened heart. Little Owen enjoyed his collation; Betsey, her face tear-stained but her manner indicating that she had been comforted rather than spanked, emerged from the kitchen, clothed and in her right mind, and with two round brown cookies for herself and her twin.

"Daddy said he was going to lie down and not to disturve him," Betsey announced. The simple statement indicated to Loveday that Larry was in a rage, and his anger always distressed her.

But now she really was to blame, and the unwonted sensation of remorse, and the realization that she had much explaining to do, made dissimulation almost impossible, and these moments on the terrace insufferable.

"If Chris would only go!" she thought.

(To be continued next week)

Slow Death in a Jap Cage

Continued from page 15

for some infraction of the rules: failing to sit right or talking or sleeping during the daytime. After two weeks I contracted fever and three days later was permitted to go upstairs to see a doctor. I had malaria. He prescribed powders which the guards gave me two days later when I was delirious, during which time, for days, the tune of Blue Hawaii kept running through my head. While I was lying in a corner one day the guard ordered me to sit up alongside of the sick Chinese, whereupon I sat up. Each night I thought I would die, but the morning trip to the hydrant refreshed me and renewed my courage.

My feet swelled up so that my shoes were unusable. Because of the habit of released Chinese walking off with any handy pair of shoes, the guards eventually constructed a stand with cubbyholes for shoes. One night some Chinese and a powerful six-foot Irishman were brought in and, not knowing the new setup, put their shoes on the cement floor opposite their cage. The Big Bad Wolf, discovering the shoes, opened the cage door and administered a terrific beating to the Chinese, who were made to stand near the open door as he struck their faces and arms with a rubber shoe. When the six-foot Irishman's turn came, the Wolf noted his belligerent attitude and wisely refrained from beating him.

The Questioning Begins

When I was recovering from malaria the questioning began. I was taken to the fifth floor of the main hotel with an escort who was careful to make me walk away from railings lest I should be tempted to jump. I was seated at a bench behind a table in a small kitchen while the interrogator and the interpreter sat opposite and sidewise. The questioner lunged at me with a two-handed samurai sword, demonstrating how he lopped off the heads of fifty Chinese during the capture of Nanking, where his brother fell. I ducked.

During ten days of morning and afternoon questioning I was never charged with anything, but only asked how I got news of the ramifications of their organization and whether I gave news to the United States Navy—which I was able to deny. They had the files from my apartment. The interrogator was puzzled over the word "carpetbagger" in a copy of a letter written to the United States about the Japanese. I was stumped, but the interpreter fortunately ventured a Japanese word meaning something big but which is described as small. I said I thought so too, but next day suggested the word was used to describe reconstruction, like the new order in East Asia, which definition was accepted.

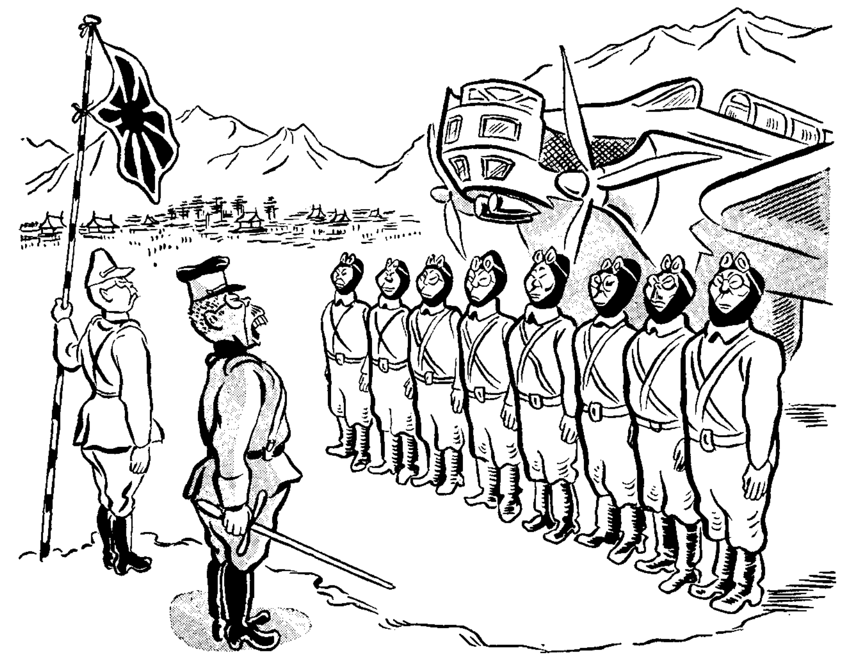
One day I came back too late for food, but my cagemates had saved some, which I was allowed to eat, while the guard tauntingly sang the lines of God Bless America.

"Why you always smile, Fordsan?" the interrogator asked me one day. My deportment had evidently gained their regard. I answered that I didn't know except that I realized the Japanese did not like sick or morose people. While returning from questioning one day, the guards as usual searched me before letting me into the cage; they found a bent paper clip and socked me in the jaw. Periodically, while sitting in my cage, I could hear the Chinese getting the "water cure," which was given to the patient by making *him* lie down and poking a water hose into his nose, filling his nostrils and lungs with water, after which the patient was expected to make whatever admissions were required. They were also strung up by the feet. I recalled seeing Chinese with legs and hips twisted from torture.

A friendly guard became angry one day at a Japanese-speaking foreigner who expressed love for dogs and asked to see them. I found that the high fever of my malaria drove out my lice and I knew I was recovering when the pests returned. I usually gave my clothes once a day to a Chinese coolie, who picked off and squashed the lice, in return for which I shared my rice and bread with him.

We quickly picked up the Japanese language, needing no urging. One swaggering subofficer who stopped anyone using English to address the guards said: "You must learn Japanese." One night a guerrilla arrived and next day was taken out for the water treatment, returning unperturbed. For several days he was handcuffed.

One evening the guard approached the guerrilla, sitting against the pickets, and pointed a revolver at his head, asking how the guerrilla would like to die—shooting or beheading. The guerrilla, answering with a smile, told him to go ahead and shoot, but the guard desisted. As with all newcomers, the guerrilla's story was quickly gleaned. He had been caught storing guns to send to his comrades outside of Shanghai, and someone had squealed.



"And I trust you will show the same gallant heroism against the Chinese air force as you did before it had any planes"

ERIC PETERS

When the Viennese boy was freed I inherited his toothbrush, which was still in pretty good condition. Next, there came in a Chinese who had been a bodyguard of a Chinese general of the Wang Ching-wei army. He was caught making his first attempt at armed robbery, which his fellow guards had been practicing because they had been unable to get any pay, and he reported that most of his comrades were praying for the day that Chiang Kai-shek's troops would return to Shanghai.

Another day the guards brought in fifteen youngsters of fourteen to eighteen years, four of whom were caged with us. They were recruits of Wang's army outside of Shanghai, but had been arrested because they had no "residence permits." They were bailed out in a few days. An old-timer of the cages was a captain of the Young Chinese League, which is a patriotic organization predating the war. The Japanese told him that patriotism was okay, but must be practiced outside of Shanghai because Shanghai was forever a Japanese city.

Upstairs, the gendarmes were usually more decent than the cage guards, and diverted themselves by learning English from prisoners, for which they often dispensed cigarettes and time out of the cage, and the person charged with doling out food parcels began giving us one cigarette during mealtimes. Although no cups were allowed in the cages, we had a coffee tin which held enough watery tea to slake my thirst many times toward the end of my malaria siege. I was surprised one night by being allowed to go upstairs with another foreigner for a real tub bath.

Staggering from that marvelous hot bath, I was permitted to sit in another room. I talked with the guards, one of whom identified himself as one of the men nabbing me. Foreign officers were not permitted to talk with me, although one asked what newspaper I represented and I answered I.N.S., after which one of the quartet reminded the speaker that he was not allowed to ask questions.

Seeing me fighting a relapse of malaria, the sergeant brought me medicine which, with good hot tea, broke up the fever, and when I returned to my cage the perspiration rolled off me in an all-night flood that the Russian newspaperman sleeping alongside me wiped off. Next day I felt better, but able to stand only with the greatest difficulty, owing to cramped muscles, from which I was a long time recovering even after my release.

Later I learned that British and American officers were being detained for trying to escape from Woosung internment camp, where they were unable to stomach the foul conditions. The officers were well treated at Bridgehouse, which was a big exception to the rule.

The favorite sport of the Wolf was using jujitsu. One night he took a Chinese from a cage because he had hidden money in the toilet and someone had squealed. But the squealer was beaten, and then the culprit, weighing no more than eighty pounds, was bounced around the floor until he was senseless. Later he died in the cage and was put in the trough overnight and removed in the morning. Most cages on the old side held from one to three Japanese, who were apparently subject to the same treatment as everyone. But blood is thicker than water and they were actually privileged. One read a Japanese magazine in his cage, unmolested, and guards also allowed them out of the cage for long periods to eat Japanese food and to smoke.

Two Japanese in our cage were detained more than a month and then sent up for military court-martial, which was a welcome relief from the cage. They were held for coming to prosperous Shanghai from Japan, to make money as chemists, without proper authorization or passes.

Late one night there arrived a dazzlingly dressed Chinese cabaret queen, and no one offered to produce an extra blanket or share one until the guard made room. Next day she was taken out to assist in the hunt for her boy friend, who had fled to Chungking. Late at night she came in again, the guard putting her alongside me where there happened to be a little room. When I managed to keep a cup of water in the trough through the night, she stopped the Chinese from stealing it.

The days and nights she spent in the cage were marked by the most heartrending Chinese wails I have ever heard, with piercing sighs of despair repeated over and over. I will always remember the big mandarinlike mustached Chinese who bossed the Chinese, due to his seniority in the cages, because one night when sleeping next to me he found an extra blanket and covered me when I was shivering with illness.

U. S. Marines Mistreated

Four United States Marines and seven Shanghai civilians of various nationalities came in another night. They had been captured five miles west of Shanghai, where for more than two months they were stalled, waiting for the Japanese mopping-up to end. The guerrillas fed them and tried their best to hide the cumbersome party, even sending a Chinese messenger to Shanghai to obtain luxuries. This proved their undoing. He was caught by a Jap patrol. The party included a British woman, and the group was questioned for four hours at the place where they were captured. One United States Marine, trying to ease his hands, which were tied behind him, got a bayonet thrust in his hand. The party was taken to a Bridgehouse branch where they were made to kneel and were belabored with sticks, the Leathernecks suffering badly. The inquisitors also applied electric shock apparatus to their fingers, making the victims dance.

I was startled one Saturday evening to hear the radio upstairs in the guards' quarters broadcasting "I'm Not So Good in a Crowd, but When You Get Me Alone . . ." Yes, indeed.

Gazing stupidly at the wall one evening I discovered some Chinese writing which the Youth League captain translated: "With rice so difficult to get outside, then jail is a happy place to be for Chinese during times like these." Near by was one written in Japanese, which Japanese cagemates translated: "There is no god who would treat foreigners or Japanese or Chinese like this."

THE END

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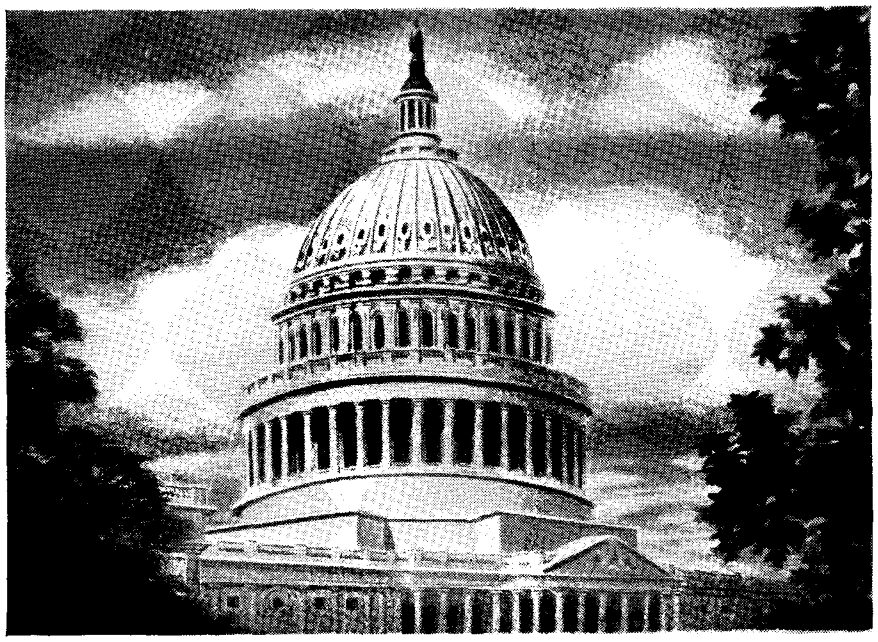

3. AT THE END OF 1941, life insurance companies had invested nearly 6 billion dollars in United States Government Bonds. This is about 20% of all life insurance company assets. Metropolitan alone now has more than $1,350,000,000 invested in United States Government Bonds. This represents over 24% of the Company's assets. In addition, Metropolitan has more than $115,000,000 invested in bonds of the Canadian Government.

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This is Number 52 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Weep No More

Continued from page 13

stallion's shoulder, looking up at Garet, carrying a lamp and shielding the chimney with one hand so that the shadows of her fingers barred her thin face as she smiled up at him. They had only been married since the last Christmas, and had had less than a week of days and nights together. "It's really you, darling," she said. "You are tired."

Garet threw aside his dead cigarette, and turned his mind abruptly away. He did not permit himself to think too much about Miss Sally, any more, nor of the sultry night she died in the house in the valley while the heat lightning flickered along the horizon beyond the river. And he not there. Only hearing of it months later, after Appomattox, sitting Bellarion among a rubble of scorched bricks, looking at the mounds of ashes of the house. He listened to what they had to tell him, and then pulled Bellarion's head around, and rode away. He had seen madness ahead, and futility, and he had turned away.

Four months had gone by, and he was still riding away.

THE smell of flapjacks in the pan awakened him next morning. The sun was up, coloring the opposite wall of the canyon. Lying without moving in his rolled blankets, he watched that early miracle of light and shadow among the stunted pines and the rocks. He hadn't realized how tired, how profoundly tired, he was.

That girl brought him a steaming tin mug. He turned his head on the saddle, and looked at her. Her dark eyes were less fierce in the morning light: under the slant of brow they had flecks of laughter in them.

"It wakes you up," she said. "You are tired, aren't you?"

It was a coincidence that this casual girl, too, should say that: he examined it with an indifferent mind. Her hair was smooth, it was like curved wings of lacquer over her temples, and looped in massive tight-pinned braids behind. He sat up pushing his blankets aside. He left the cup steaming on a stone, and went down to the creek, wobbling aristocratically in his cavalryman's boots. His rusted spurs rang on the stones. Her mouth was wide, and a bit grim with hard times, with only a little deepening of amusement and shrewdness at the corners of her lips. The cold water of the creek flew into drops as he scooped up handfuls of it to slash across his face. Bellarion bugled on a gravel bar in the sun, and came wading daintily downstream to follow him back up to the ledge like a well-trained setter.

"Nice horse," Jake said again. "Draw up and set, Captain. The cakes are hot."

The girl's face, bent over the iron coffeepot, seemed still to be amused. But she did not look at him again.

She was busy packing, in the full sunlight which had come to their side of the canyon, when Garet took out a square of cornhusk and began rolling an after-breakfast cigarette.

Scouring the skillet with his fingers full of creek sand, Jake asked him casually, almost timidly, if he'd care to travel on with them.

"Eh?" Garet said, looking at Bellarion. The great horse was standing with head flung high, but spoiling the effect a bit with wisps of creek-bottom grass sticking out on either side of his lips.

"Two is better than one," Jake said. "In this Indian country." He added placatingly, a little anxiously: "The mules travel real fast. It ain't as if we'd hold you up."

Garet blew out a lungful of smoke, blue in the sun:

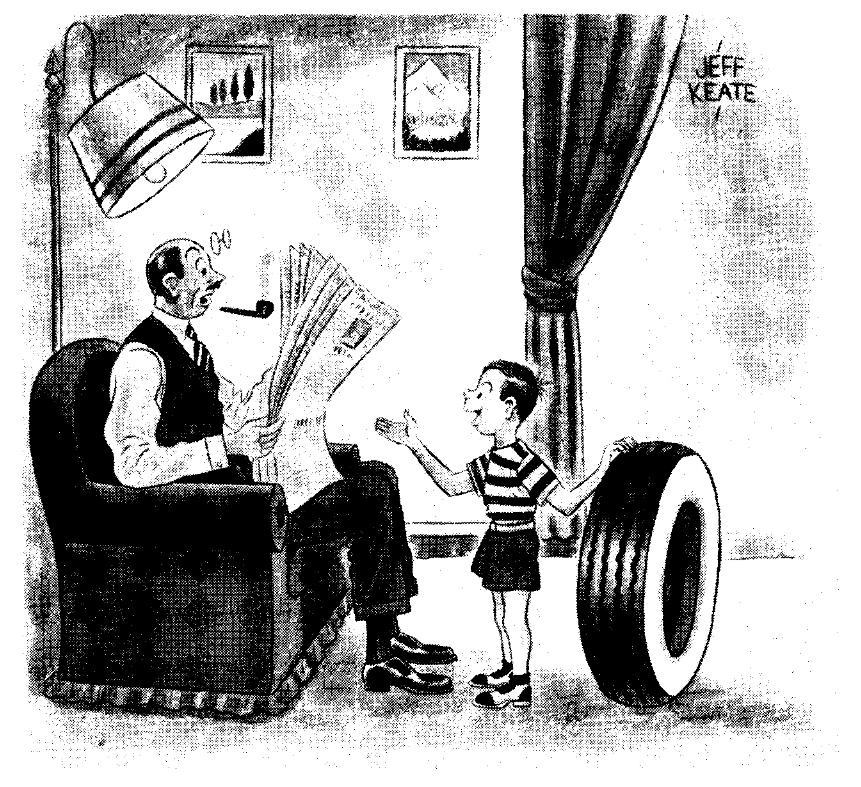
"I'm not going anywhere. Saddle your mules."

They rode all day, and only saw the Indian smokes for a little while in mid-afternoon, wisps of heat against the sky on the tops of the hills far away. But Jake, scouting busily on ahead on his lop-eared mule, always made it a point to crawl to the canyon rim at a turning, and peer earnestly over the country ahead. Riding beside the girl's mule, with Bellarion turning his head and shying delicately away from the poor relation, Garet said:

"Your father seems worried."

Hauling at her mule's stubborn mouth, the girl said with tight lips:

"Mister, people like us have been born to worry. We try to see it coming, and when it gets there we mostly do our own fighting."



"Dad, remember that chemical set you gave me last Christmas . . .?"

JEFF KEATE

He thought how strange it was this mountebank should have such a daughter. He admired the pride in the line of lifted nostril, the cool insolence of the voice. As of one who said: "Don't patronize me." Here was a woman for this country, this primitive and empty country. With miserable lips, he wished Miss Sally were still alive, somewhere; he could have told her about this grim and stubbornly believing girl, and it would have made a good story.

"A busted gentleman on a fine war horse," this girl said suddenly, "can't fight Indians. Not the way they fight. Not the way we know."

STARTLED at the quick enmity, he looked at her hard, sunburned profile in genuine dismay. He had not meant to be rude, or patronizing, but he also realized that it would be very difficult to tell Miss Sally about this rough-tongued girl.

"Ah," he said.

Bellarion, feeling his heels, went ahead at a long, rolling gallop, and easy miles melted away behind. The mules, plugging stubbornly, came along, and they all had a campfire again that night.

The girl washed the tin cups and plates, not looking at him: she was subdued, as if she knew, without needing to be told, ever, that he had a great lady in his mind when he looked at her. When he looked at any woman forever.

And Jake, pulling out his banjo, tuned it up and, looking guiltily toward the girl's impassive face in the shadows, said, "The Indian sign has been less today. Let me sing tonight."

He struck three jangling chords with the loose-jointed fingers of his right hand, turned a couple of the keys at the neck of the banjo, and then, in the wilderness firelight, opened his big flap-like mouth:

"*The sun shines bright,*" he sang . . .

And paused with awkward large fingers over the strings to say: "It's a tune, Captain, they say is very popular on the minstrel stage right now. At the present moment." He hit the strings again, and sang. His voice was hoarse. The girl looked off into the darkness. The lyric was long. Garet looked away.

". . . *So weep no more, my lady,*" Jake sang. "*Oh, weep no more today . . .*"

They rode on. Day after day, across the high country of Wyoming. And nothing happened.

Then one afternoon the girl said to Garet, her face set rigidly, staring straight ahead, as if it were something she had been thinking over until she knew exactly how it should be said:

"I'm sorry, mister, I gave you the rough edge of my tongue that first day."

He looked at her swiftly. The dust from the plodding hoofs rose up about her face, making a fine sifting radiance in the sun.

"It's all right," he said kindly. "I think I understand."

"I don't think you do," she said with curt lips. "But it makes no difference to us. It was just that I had to say something that was due to you."

He did understand the hardness, the defiance in her voice. On an impulse, he reached down and touched her hands folded in her lap, clenched around the mule's reins.

"Really it doesn't matter much, does it?" he agreed gently.

She glanced at him, and an unexpected dull flush stained her dusty cheeks. And though she jerked her hands away jealously, her voice had a curious tough wistfulness.

"It isn't the gentry that remembers the difference," she said. "They don't have to. But we do. Curse you!"

BELLARION curvetted and shied at something imaginary. Garet watched her with grave courtesy.

"And yet you're as broke as we are," the girl said bitterly. "You're hungry, too. And your clothes are as dirty as ours."

"Yes," Garet said. "We are very dirty, and very poor."

"But you with your fine airs, for all that!" she said. "You've never been a ragged kid, you never saw a hillside farm in Tennessee."

"No. That's true," he said.

"No, and your girl never was, either —You needn't lift your high nose like that at me."

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"And she never had to dance when she was hungry. In a river-boat minstrel show. When she was maybe fourteen years old. And you never had to play any banjo, like him, and pass the hat to feed a girl of yours that was waiting in a burned-down barn back from the campfires where the armies lay around eating."

"We didn't eat much," he said, mildly. "Not then."

"You and your great airs!" she said. "You and your Lost Cause! The cause of folks like us has always been lost. And we've done our fighting without any airs, and no bands playing."

He inclined his head, watching her.

"But our time's coming," she said. "It's a new land, here. We can work." She looked at her hands. They lifted, cupped and ready, in her lap. "I'm coarse," she said, quietly, "and used to work, and I'm ready. This is the land for my children."

They rode along. Bellarion, bored, kicked up spouts of dust with his forehoofs. Garet, whistling under his breath, watched his horse's ears.

"Never mind," she said. "Pay no attention to me. I guess I was sore at you."

WHEN the Indians came down, it was after they had quit expecting them. One evening in a windy sundown Garet had ridden still a little farther westward and climbed a butte, Bellarion's hoofs scrabbling in the dried grass and the shale, to see the country ahead. The land spread open beneath him. Bellarion fidgeted and lifted his head to blow. "Hush, boy," Garet said. The night was rising like a tide in the east, above the hills.

It was full dark when he turned away. Their camp that night was in a draw at the foot of the butte. He could smell the evening smoke, and hear Jake's voice uplifted in nasal song, far below. It was just as he picked up the reins off the pommel that all hell broke loose down there—a sudden rush of hoofs, like wind in the grass, a quick splattering of shots, and a high-pitched continuous yelping. At this distance, the sounds were curiously light and casual, almost meaningless for a second. Then the one heavy whack of Jake's old musket, and his oxlike bellow; and the long scream of the girl, beginning with terror but rising to a curdled intensity of anger, of murderous fury.

Bellarion bugled—and with a thundering rush his great weight was coming down the butte. Garet whispered: "Hi-yaaa, boy!" and then the Rebel yell sang high and quavering and murderous in battle.

Garet had confused glimpses in wild flaring firelight. Circling ponies, rearing and squealing, with sleek shining bodies stretched along their backs, feathered heads against their straining necks. Other, riderless ponies milling in a kicking mess as Indians slid off their backs to dart weaving into a fight around the campfire. That fight—for an instant Garet saw Jake's shoulders, tall and streaming blackly above a pyramid of writhing bodies and fire-glinting knives, swinging his clubbed musket. "Easy, boy," Garet murmured, his knees clinging for steadiness to Bellarion's sides, while the heavy oiled slickness of the cavalry revolver jolted and kicked in his hand. And bodies began to fall off the pyramid. The high continuous yelping went on and on. Garet's aim swerved and a slug went whining wild as Bellarion pivoted and threw his shoulder against an Indian pony—a painted pony carrying an Indian in a great whipping war bonnet. The pony and the Indian went down in a whirling sprawl of legs and feathers and flailing arms. And a rifle went sailing away into darkness. Jake went under—under a mass of sweat-glistening bodies. Bellarion rode them down, his steel-shod hoofs striking soft, and Garet swinging low from the saddle, clubbed right and left with the butt of his empty revolver, trying to clear them away. It was too late. Jake's face, turned up, was still open-mouthed, snarling.

There was another fight still going on, across the fire. Two mounted Indians were dragging at the girl. She was fighting like a catamount. Sometimes her stubbornly dragging feet slid under the excitedly trampling ponies' hoofs. Bellarion went through the fire like a tornado, in a swirl of sparks and scattered brands. They hit them broadside, Bellarion screaming, and one of the ponies went down and the girl went clear in a staggering backward tumble. Garet got the second Indian with the butt of his revolver.

Maybe the Indians thought it was cavalry. But they were off, now, as suddenly as they had come, running silently, limping, trying to catch their ponies in the darkness. Garet had a glimpse of one of them running, hurling himself, throwing a leg over Jake's lop-eared mule, galloping wild with terror. Then they were gone. And the girl had crept, and was kneeling beside Jake, her hands clasped bitterly, emptily, in the lap of her torn dress. But her eyes were dry. They were dry and black and grim.

Bellarion blew a long sound. The girl looked up at Garet, in the saddle; they looked at each other for a long time, and then she bowed her head.

IT WAS dawn when they buried Jake. They put his trampled banjo in beside him—a little bit of American music in the wild new earth. Leaning on the shovel, looking away from where the girl stood, Garet said gently:

"Time to go."

She turned away without another backward look, and went and began making a pack of what was left. They would have to load it on Bellarion; the mules were gone. He stood waiting. Garet finished with the shovel.

His cavalry boots were not good for walking. He took the moccasins off a dead Indian. They made the proper sort of tracks for this new dust. His outworn high-heeled boots he slung from the pommel. Helping her up to the saddle, he turned away and took Bellarion by the bit. They started walking, westward.

And the sun came up, and the land was beautiful.

THE END

She's in the Army Now

Continued from page 16

Army—and the women in training seem to take a great pride in that fact.

Back of the barracks are old buildings which have been converted to new uses, and beyond that, a great expanse which is known as the cantonment area. Walk southward from the parade ground and the mellow beauty which marks the central portion of the post vanishes. Here is the same grim, foursquare, martial array of martial buildings which typifies the Army camp in wartime: cavalry stables converted into barracks for women, mess halls, recreation halls, classroom buildings. And, in the cantonment area itself, everything is new. When the first contingent of women arrived at the fort, the cantonment area was nothing but a bare field, spotted with surveyors' markings. Now it is beginning to sprout buildings and it will continue to flower structurally until the present building program has been completed and more than 6,000 women will be in training at all times.

A Lone Sergeant's Plaint

In these early stages of the program the women are under the command and tutelage of men. Most of these officers and noncoms seemed more frightened than the women who were put in their charge, and at least one of them was doubtful.

I was chatting with a group of enlisted men on the sweltering hot July 20th when the first batch of officer candidates and Auxiliaries were being processed. Most of the men were keenly interested, but there was one lad who kept sounding off with bitter skepticism.

"There ain't a chance of the thing working," he stated over and over again. "Not a chance. Women ain't ever gonna take orders. You can't teach 'em to take orders."

I listened for a while and then turned curiously to him. "You're married, aren't you, Soldier?" I asked.

"Yeah! Sure, I'm married. And I'm telling you something, Mister—I even gotta wear sergeant's chevrons on my pajamas."

But this young man is in the minority, a minority so small as to be almost indiscernible. The overwhelming majority of enlisted men, and all of the officers, are afraid only of being carried away by their enthusiasm.

Perhaps one of the reasons for this is the personality of Colonel Don C. Faith, commandant of the Waacs. This man is a slim, explosive, dynamic person who is, at first meeting, rather terrifying unless you're shrewd enough to observe the humorous twinkle in the keen eyes of the narrow, lined face. Actually, he's a kindly, human and gentle person; but he has the reputation of being tough as a hickory nut when occasion demands.

His manner with the women in his charge is that of father and friend; but

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THE NEW SUPERFINE

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IT'S SOFT ...GENTLE!
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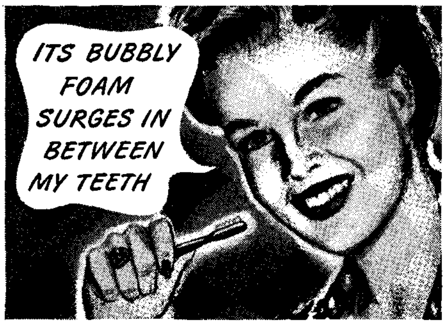
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That's because the new Kolynos Tooth Powder is Super-Pulverized. This amazing process grinds and re-grinds tangy-flavored Kolynos into microscopic particles as superfine as an expensive face powder. And, as so many dentists will tell you, a powder as soft and fine as this is sure to be safe, gentle-acting . . . *really good to your teeth!*

And this foam is so fine in texture that it gets into the crevices . . . helps the toothbrush whisk away those hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay. You'll find that ordinary surface stains disappear as if by magic! In fact, the new superfine Kolynos combines the foaming action of toothpaste with the cleansing action of powder . . . cleans teeth evenly . . . thoroughly . . . leaves no gritty residue.

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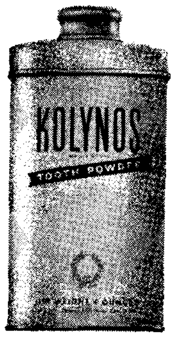

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Try Kolynos at our risk. You must agree that it does a better job of cleaning your teeth . . . refreshing your mouth, or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

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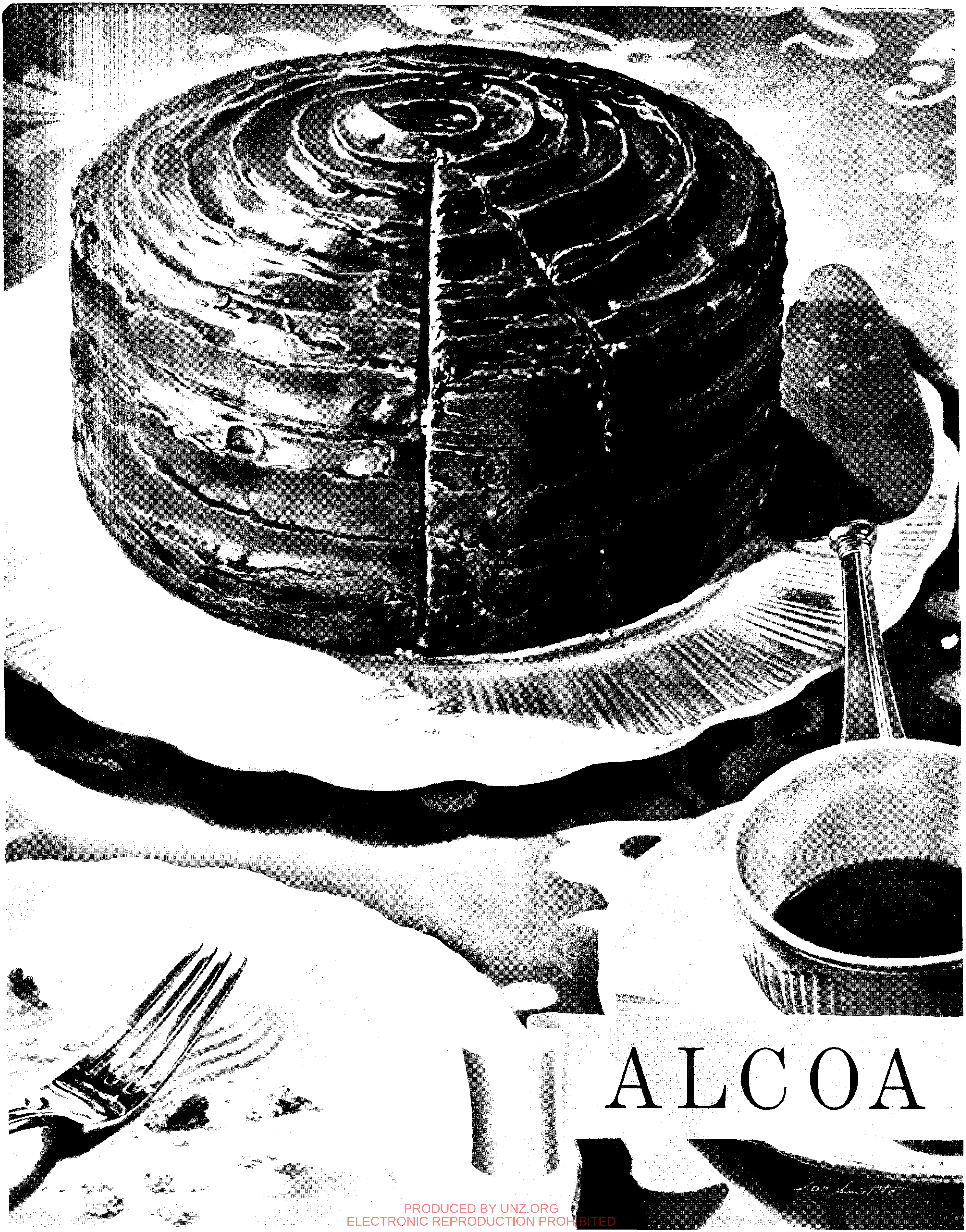

ALCOA
Joe Little

How to EAT your cake and HAVE it, too

The word *Imagineering* is popular at Alcoa, and in American industry generally. It is a combination of *imagination* and *engineering*. It is the thing that makes war production great. It is the thing out of which industry is incubating the future.

But America needs 130,000,000 individual imagineers today. Men and women who can see the dangers of today, and yet act with confidence to build the kind of future we all believe in.

It is easy to imagine the evil consequences of uncontrolled price inflation. All of us know it would make America weak.

Uncle Sam tells us how to avoid inflation: Accept the full spirit of his price regulations, and buy as many War Bonds and Stamps as you possibly can.

Buying Bonds is like eating your cake and having it too. It is as plain as day.

The money you exchange for them supplies the Army and the Navy with munitions and equipment for victory; and it is a counter-offensive against the disruption which might come as a consequence of unchecked spending today.

When you cash your Bonds after the war, you will then have the money to buy the products of industry's imagineering; the newer, lighter, more responsive car; the more comfortable, compact, and enjoyable house, with improved and better furnishings and equipment; the new typewriter, tools, camera, or radio that appeals to you. More and cheaper aluminum is one thing that industry will use to make these new products better.

We are fighting for an orderly civilization for ourselves and our children, a civilization in which one privilege we wish to continue to enjoy is to buy freely the best things the world has to offer.

Imagineering will help in the fight. It will make America strong. Display your imagineering, by exchanging every dollar you can spare for War Bonds.

ALUMINUM

ALCOA
ALUMINUM

it is also, inescapably, that of a military commander. There'll be no favoritism during his tenure of office at the Waac training center. As a matter of fact, the group of officers on Colonel Faith's staff show a genius in selection with which the Army is not popularly credited. Lieutenant Colonel Albert C. Morgan, the assistant commandant, is a gentle, soft-spoken infantry officer who is a perfect foil for Colonel Faith. Captain Vann M. Kennedy, who holds the thankless post of public relations officer, presents still another study in type. He speaks with a deep Texas drawl, that gives you the idea that he's soft as butter. But try to get privileges that are against regulations, and see where you finish up.

At the beginning, there was a general misconception that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Director of the Waacs, was to be actively in charge of the training center at Fort Des Moines. Mrs. Hobby, slim and trim, most definitely on the beautiful side—and so photogenic as to make the most successful model jealous—is head of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, but hers is a Washington job, an executive position. She wears the silver eagles of a full colonel on her shoulders, and she takes a beating that a person of lesser stature could not survive.

In Washington or at Fort Des Moines, she is subjected to interviews, to banquets and parties, to a million and one social annoyances which—I believe—she'd be mighty happy to pass up in favor of the innumerable details of her highly complicated job.

Waacs Too Busy Training

In the minds of many unthinking persons, the Waacs have had two strikes on them from the beginning. During all of the early phases of preparation and training, the flocks of newspapermen and newspaperwomen assigned to the story seemed to dwell upon such things as the tiny beauty parlor which was constructed on the post, and on such intimate articles of apparel as brassières, girdles and panties. Of course all of that was so far removed from what the post had ever before known that it was good for a quip or two, but a brief visit to the post will prove to the most skeptical that things which are strictly feminine are of less importance to the girls in training than they are to girls in civilian life.

When you're getting up with the first crack of dawn, making your bed, sweeping the floor, doing kitchen police, helping with the unpleasant tasks, drilling, studying, marching in sweltering heat, snapping to attention on the slightest provocation, concentrating on studies which have hitherto been foreign to you . . . you have only one thought in mind regarding your personal appearance; and that is: Are you neat and military? You're in the Army now.

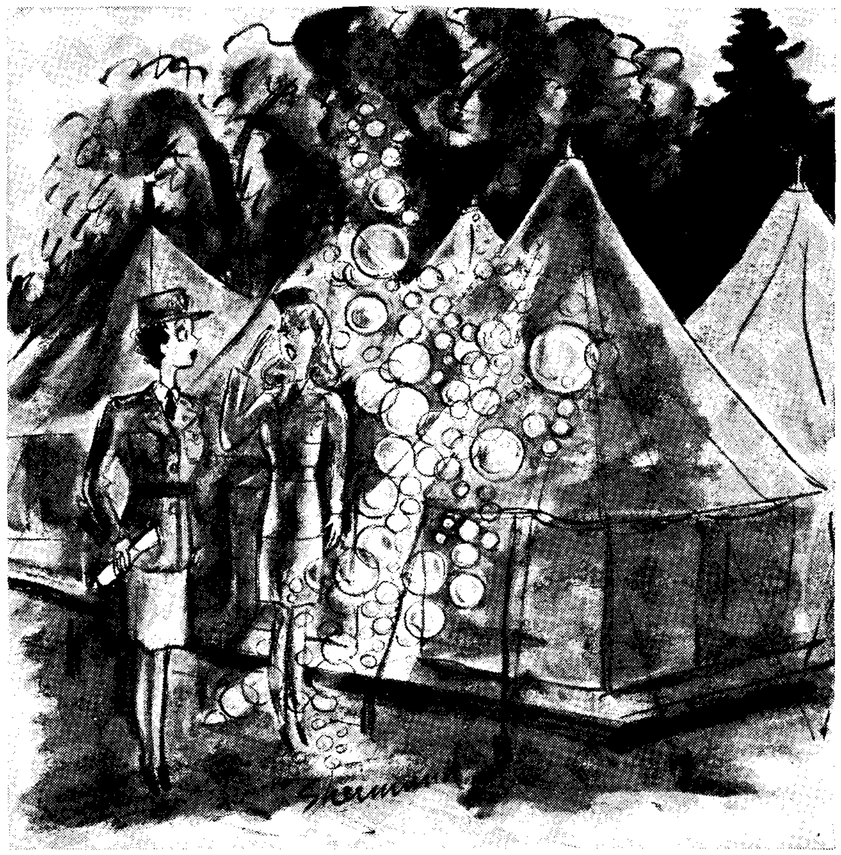
These girls are hand-picked. From a standpoint of sheer pulchritude, a producer of Broadway musicals would find himself doing handsprings. But there is this difference: in each of these faces are clear eyes which reflect intelligence and earnestness. These women know what they're training for, and that's why it is a certainty that the Waacs will create a magnificent tradition.

Although the bill as originally passed provided for a maximum of 150,000 women, the original executive orders were for the training of only 25,000. Already approximately 100,000 requests for Waacs have come from the commanders of the various Corps Areas. It seems to be a certainty that eventually the full 150,000 will be trained and launched into active service.

Cartoons show Waacs handling firearms and doing combat duty. Technically, this is wrong. Actually, it adds up to precisely that. The whole idea of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is to train women to do Army jobs in an Army way . . . jobs that they can do as well as men, and in many cases, more efficiently.

The net result is that each woman who completes her basic training and is assigned to active duty will release an able-bodied soldier for combat work. Many men who have passed the rigid Army physical tests are today hammering typewriters, filing papers, doing office jobs in Army posts everywhere. The jobs which these men have are going to be taken over by women as fast as they can be turned out. And one of the primary purposes of the course is that these women shall be so trained that when they are assigned to duty with a military unit, they will fit snugly into that unit and not be misfit civilians.

Fort Des Moines will continue as a training center. Only those women who happen to be assigned there for permanent duty will remain at the fort after their training shall have been completed. The others will be sent to Army posts within and without the continental United States. They will find themselves eventually—some of them—in and near actual combat zones. They know this. They accept it cheerfully. They regard it as their right.



"Your bath is ready, Lieutenant" BARBARA SHERMUND

Follows the Army Setup

The setup of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps parallels that of the Army. In the latter, there are officers and enlisted men: in the Waacs there will also be officers and enlisted personnel, the latter being referred to as Auxiliaries and also as Basics.

With the exception of Mrs. Hobby herself, it is not contemplated that there will be any officers commissioned in the Waacs direct from civil life. If they're officer quality, they'll get their commissions the hard way: entering perhaps—if they're in one of the very first groups—as officer candidates, and stepping straight into the rigid training. Or they'll enlist as Auxiliaries and later, after completing their basic training, be selected as officer candidates, provided they have shown special qualities of leadership.

Mrs. Hobby is commander of the Waacs. Eventually there will be a second in command, who will probably take over the duties at present being done by Colonel Faith as commandant of the training center. Her title will be Assistant Director.

The bill, as it at present stands, contemplates three grades of commissioned officers: First Officer, Second Officer and Third Officer. They will correspond in rank to Captain, First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant in the Army and will wear identical shoulder insignia . . . only the Corps markings being distinctive.

The noncom grades will be Junior Leader, which will correspond to the rating of a Corporal; Leader, who will wear a Sergeant's chevrons; and First Leader, who will be on a par with a First Sergeant.

Even when the elaborate construction program in the so-called "cantonment area" south of the permanent buildings has been completed—which will be approximately the first of November—the post itself will not be able to take care of the women who are coming in for their basic training. This was a shortage which became apparent as the Army's enthusiasm for women began to express itself in calls from Corps Area commanders, and the result was that even before the first day of training, the Army had arranged to take over three hotels in the city of Des Moines and three buildings on the beautiful campus of Drake University.

Every member of the Corps, whether she be officer candidate or simple Auxiliary, will have a minimum of four weeks basic military training at Fort Des Moines, during which time she will live in barracks on the post and do everything that every other woman has done. In the case of certain Auxiliaries, this training at the post will be continued for an additional two weeks. Officer candidates, if they're making the grade, will remain on the post for a total of eight weeks. If they are to be commissioned, they will graduate six weeks after the commencement of their training and then put in an additional two weeks learning to handle themselves as officers.

But among those who will take their basic training at the post will be a huge percentage of specialists. Some will be women with administrative experience, some will be secretaries and stenographers, some will have technical training and some will even be cryptographers. The girls of the motor corps will come under the general classification of specialists, as will girls who are trained in communications such as radio, telegraph, teletype and switchboard operating.

It is these specialists who will be quartered in downtown hotels or on the campus of Drake University after they have mastered the rudiments of military discipline and routine. They'll know their specialties to begin with, and the purpose of further instruction will be to groove their knowledge to the Army. When a post commander is then supplied with a group of Waacs he'll have women in his command who know how it's done in the Army—and why.

But while they're living downtown, they'll still be under the jurisdiction of the commandant of the training center. They'll be subject to the same rigid discipline, the same Spartan living, the same strenuous hours. They won't have a single hour of liberty, a single privilege, or a single break that will not be given to any woman who is in training at the fort itself. And they will be given the same punishments and restrictions.

For minor infractions and violations there will be confinement to quarters and extra hours of the less attractive duties. But the impression one receives at Fort Des Moines, and from the women in training there, is that no one of them has time to waste on any woman who does not appreciate the honor which has been conferred upon her.

The People's Army

With the exception of the permanent post outfit, virtually every job now being done by a man at Fort Des Moines—from commandant to K.P.—will be taken over by the Waacs. The post commander, who naturally has nothing to do with the Waac schooling, will remain on the job. At present, he is Lieutenant Colonel V. L. Padgett, a veteran cavalry officer and former member of the United States Army polo team. He's been taking it on the chin, watching his beloved polo fields being taken over by women, seeing cavalry stables floored and tiled and equipped to house Army women. Making an inspection trip with him the other day, I caught an odd expression.

We were standing in a little room in one of the converted stables. I sensed that here in this room there was something different from anything we'd previously seen.

"This," explained Colonel Padgett, "used to be the special box stall for the finest horse I ever rode in international competition.

"They've taken my stables," said this quiet cavalry colonel from Dixie. "I thought I'd mind it. But I don't. Those girls are earning everything they're getting."

Yes, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is an actuality. Within a short time six thousand women will pass through the basic course on an average of every six weeks. They'll release able-bodied men for combat duty, and they'll take over the work of those men in a military manner.

The old expression—"In this man's Army"—will have to be amended.

It's a people's Army now.

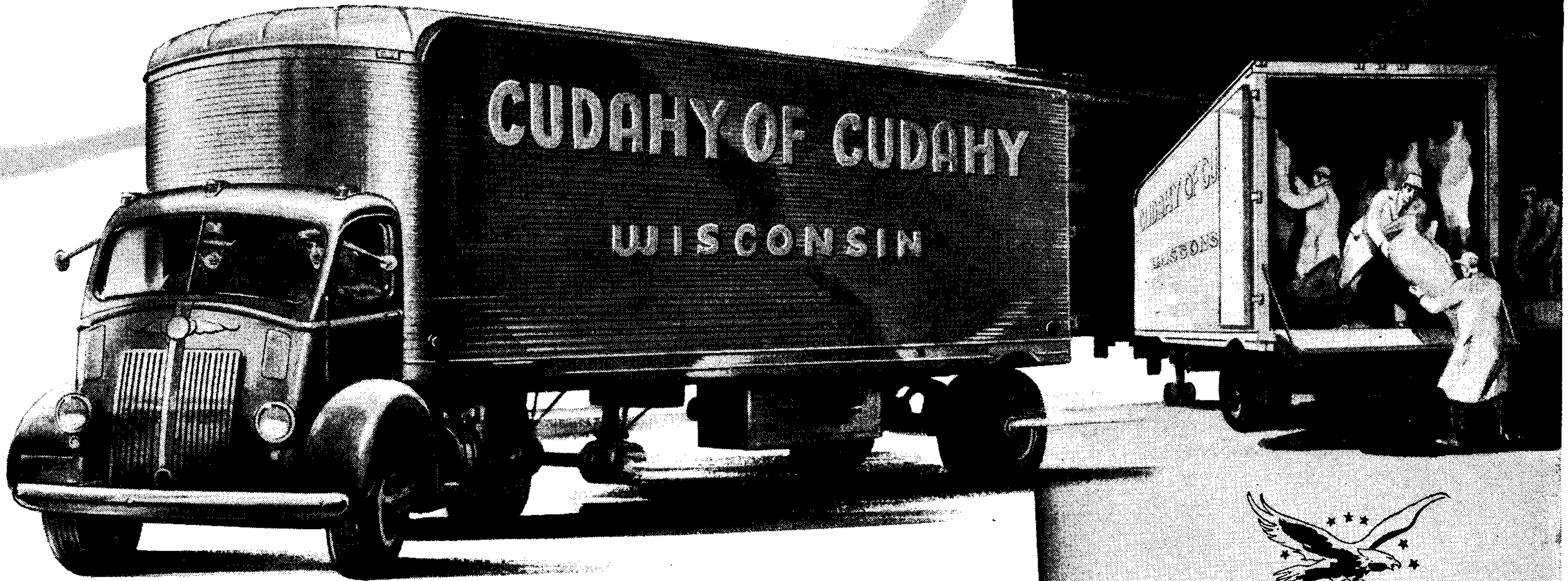
THE END

"CUDAHY OF CUDAHY" USE TRUCK-TRAILERS TO DELIVER MEAT FRESHER AND BETTER FOR AMERICA'S WORKERS!

☆

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW TRUCK-TRAILERS ARE AIDING AMERICA

☆



THE LABEL "Cudahy of Cudahy", means best quality meats to the large section of the United States served by this veteran packing company.

But since Cudahy began using insulated Fruehauf Trailers equipped with refrigerating units, America's workers are getting even fresher, better meats.

Consider their Detroit market, for example. Meat leaves the packing plant in the afternoon and reaches Detroit . . 396 miles away . . before dawn. Delivery by other practical methods would take much longer.

MEAT BETTER PROTECTED

That extra freshness is worth a lot to Detroit consumers and dealers. Quicker delivery decreases the usual shrinkage. There is no spoilage . . previously the source of occasional serious loss. Meat is better protected during loading, as loading and chilling time for the Trailer is only 90 minutes. Temperature is kept within a 3-degree range.

Truck-Trailer delivery means a lot to the Army, too, for much of this fresher meat goes to the huge Quartermaster Depot in Chicago and to various posts . . in line with the policy of providing the best for our armed forces.*

OTHER ADVANTAGES

There have been many advantages for Cudahy, too, in using Trailers. For instance: Heavy costs for icing are greatly reduced! Handling costs much lower, since returning Trailers carry cartons, peppers and other supplies. On the other hand, refrigerated rail cars for hauling meat return empty and require six to eight days for the round trip to Detroit . . a serious waste of transport facilities.

Thousands of Truck-Trailer users in over 100 lines of business have provided better service for their customers and gained for themselves a more efficient, money-saving operation . . plus, frequently, a large gain in business volume.

Truck-Trailers CONSERVE RUBBER, STEEL, GASOLINE, MOTOR POWER

SMALLER TRUCKS USED

Since a truck, *pulling* a Trailer, can haul as much or more than a far bigger truck can *carry*, the large motor units are released for military work for which they are essential.

RUBBER, STEEL CONSERVED

A Truck-and-Trailer combination uses about 16% less weight of tires and 25% less steel and other essential metals than do the two trucks required to carry the same load.

FEWER TRUCKS USED

Many companies, previously operating fleets of trucks, replaced some of them with Trailers . . and now move the same tonnage with fewer power units. "Shuttling" saves still more trucks.

GASOLINE CONSERVED

A truck, with a Trailer, uses far less fuel than the one large truck or several small trucks it replaces.

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*The use of Fruehauf Trailers as mobile refrigerators, to be left at cantonments until the next refrigerated Trailer arrives, is a highly practical application. The driver and truck bringing the new Trailer can take away the emptied unit.

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IT CAN *pull* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF *Trailers*

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Owl-Like Splinter

Continued from page 20

for ignoring the Byfield letter in re Siwash Hopkins but Mr. Terry would have none of it.

"You lost Herbie Abernathy when you were in one of those moods," Mr. Terry reminded him. "If you miss another like that, you'll find yourself in Philadelphia. And if you buy another like Watson or Grimsby, you'll pay for him out of your own pocket. Go and the Lord be with you!"

Thoughts of this character did not help Mr. O'Hara as he trekked through Georgia and he was not mollified by the sight of Mr. Byfield as he dragged himself, half dead, from the bus at Avisa.

Mr. Byfield was beaming and hospitable as usual. Never was there a man more jovial (nor more obnoxious, thought Mr. O'Hara) than Mr. Hi Byfield when he was about to unload a hot one on the big leaguers.

"Poodles, my boy, how are you!" crowed Mr. Byfield.

"Umgh," grunted Mr. O'Hara, who hated to be called Poodles as much as the late John McGraw resented being called Muggsy.

He even managed to get through a meal with Mr. Byfield, choking slightly on his food but surviving. From Mr. Byfield he learned more about Mr. Siwash Hopkins and the industrial progress of Avisa.

MR. BYFIELD enjoyed his meal so much that the game had already started when they reached the ball park. It was being played under lights and the minute Mr. O'Hara reached his seat he looked out at the diamond toward third base, started in astonishment and then turned back to Mr. Byfield.

"I knew it'd take you like that," cried Mr. Byfield ecstatically. "That's him!"

The young man playing third base for Avisa looked to be approximately six feet seven in height with a total displacement of about a hundred and twelve pounds on a cool day.

As Mr. O'Hara looked at this spectacle and refused to believe it, the lean young man suddenly catapulted himself twelve feet to the left and speared a smash going with the speed of light. The effect of that was so extreme that Mr. O'Hara decided he couldn't see the throw that followed because of his bemused condition. But when Siwash on the very next play handled a bunt by taking two giant strides, grabbing the ball and throwing it in the same motion, Mr. O'Hara realized that he hadn't seen the ball because he *couldn't* see it.

"What is this?" growled Mr. O'Hara to Mr. Byfield. "Some kind of a gag? You got him doped or something?"

"That's the way he always is," answered Mr. Byfield gently.

"What's the gimmick?" demanded Poodles. "He can't hit?"

"You wait and see," said Mr. Byfield.

On his first trip to the plate Siwash knocked one nine miles over the left-field fence; on his second appearance the pitcher, a stupid young man, fed him a slow curve and was soon thereafter removed from the premises by four of his teammates acting as a stretcher. The ball went back at him as if shot out of an elephant gun, taking him just above the knee and rendering him obsolete. On his third trip to the plate, Siwash bunted, took three steps and was on first base.

In the darkness Mr. O'Hara composed his countenance before turning to face Mr. Byfield. He finally attained what he felt was his best horse-trader manner. But as he turned about, Mr. Byfield was doing the talking.

"Poodles," cried Mr. Byfield in his heartiest manner, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you that boy for five thousand dollars."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Mr. O'Hara icily.

"Of course," continued Mr. Byfield, "I can't keep that offer open forever. Johnny Nee of the Yankees will be in here Friday."

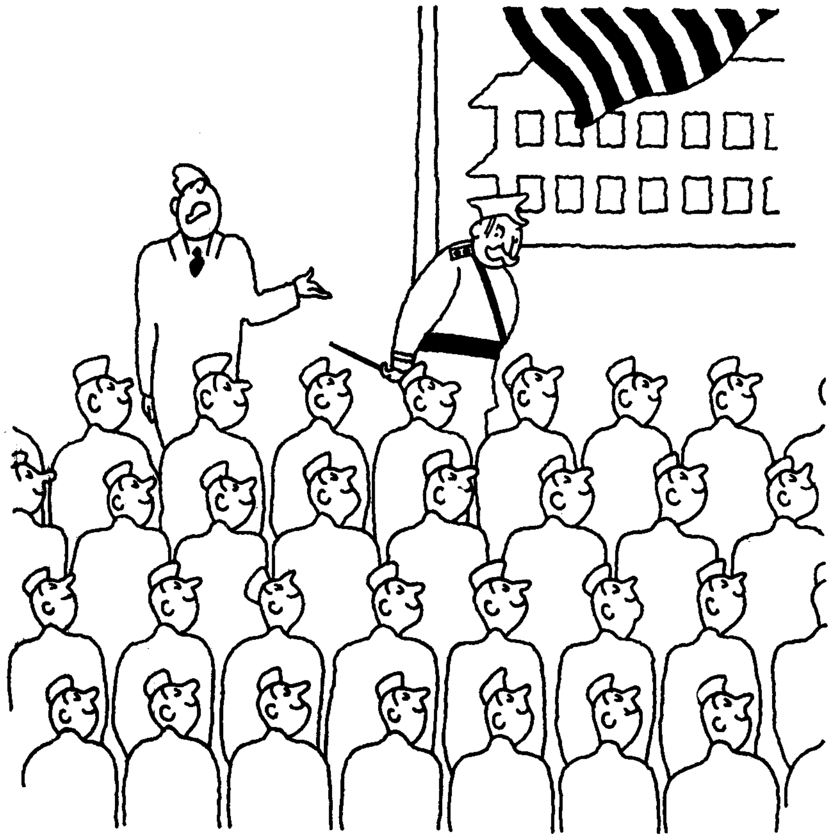
"Oh, he will, will he?" said Mr. O'Hara acidly.

"And Ernie Goosetree of Detroit will be here Saturday."

"You don't say?" said Mr. O'Hara sarcastically.

"I guess I'll just have to let it be a matter of first come first served," concluded Mr. Byfield.

"They tell me that's the only fair way," agreed Mr. O'Hara coldly.



"Well, then, let's put it this way—who didn't call the general 'an old fuddy-duddy'?"

But if Mr. O'Hara had his nerves under control while facing Mr. Byfield, he was not so successful with his dreams. He tossed on his bed that night and was haunted by specters. He saw the handsome face of Mr. Bill Terry; he saw Watson and Grimsby; he saw Herbie Abernathy; he saw Johnny Nee and Ernie Goosetree, rival scouts who on more than one occasion had snatched prizes out from under his nose. But it was the picture of a structure that finally brought him hurriedly to consciousness. It was the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia and Mr. O'Hara uttered a shriek at the sight and sat suddenly up in bed.

By his watch on the bed-stand table he saw it was eight o'clock. He got hastily out of bed and into his clothes. He knew he had work to do. It was Thursday and there were inquiries to be made. He had to check up with the draft board to see where Siwash stood. He wanted to see the boy's family.

At nine o'clock Mr. O'Hara was down at the draft board.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I don't know whether this is in order but I should like to inquire into the status of a young man named Siwash Hopkins."

At this the clerks around the table began to laugh.

"You mean he's already been drafted?" cried Mr. O'Hara, sweat breaking out on his brow.

"If he hasn't been," said the chairman of the board, "it hasn't been because he hasn't tried. He's down here every day trying to get us to take him."

"And you won't do it?" cried Mr. O'Hara, perking up.

"Mister," said the chairman, "if we had a class marked 8-Z, that boy would fill the whole thing. Did you ever see him?"

"Last night, playing ball," said Mr. O'Hara.

"Well, he looks twelve times as bad in the daytime," said the chairman.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Hara, beaming all around with relief. He started for the door and then thought of something and turned hurriedly.

"Maybe he'll try to enlist?" he said breathlessly.

"He's tried in four counties around here," said the chairman. "They have men posted at the entrances now with shotguns, with orders to shoot on sight if Siwash gets within four blocks of the places."

Mr. O'Hara beamed again, mopped his brow and left.

MR. O'HARA went back to the hotel for breakfast, conducting a conversation with the waitress as he ate. What he wanted in particular were the directions to the Hopkins house. In a business where the players are often of a minor age, it is necessary to know the father, an estimable gentleman to cultivate when contracts are to be signed.

"You won't find anybody if you go up there now," said the waitress.

"No?" answered Mr. O'Hara, bewildered.

"They'll be asleep," said the waitress. "They sleep all day. The old man's a night watchman."

"What does Siwash do when he has a daylight game?" demanded Mr. O'Hara.

"They don't have daylight games any more," answered the waitress. "Stopped them along last summer. It got so hot nobody'd come out."

Mr. O'Hara turned white because this was a mortal blow. He knew that among many hates, Mr. Terry reserved his supreme detestation for night baseball. He also knew that if he bought a player without seeing him in the full light of midafternoon, Mr. Terry would most certainly ship him to Philadelphia, if not farther.

Mr. O'Hara gulped, he thought hard, he got up precipitately and left his breakfast half eaten. All day he ran about Avisa in the hot sun, checking, inquiring, visiting. That night he was out at the park early, feasting his eyes on Siwash with an almost devouring gaze.

WHEN the game was over Mr. O'Hara found Mr. Byfield at his elbow, smiling amiably and speaking insistently.

"I don't know if I'm going to be able to hold that boy at that price, Poodles," he said. "I just had a wire from Johnny Nee. He'll be here in the morning."

Mr. O'Hara was desperate.

"Listen, Hi," he pleaded, "I'll make you a deal. I haven't been able to get in touch with Terry because he's out on a scouting trip somewhere. But I don't want to lose this boy. I'll give you my own check for a thousand dollars for a two-day option on the boy. All I want is a chance to bid. If I don't bid more than a thousand dollars after that time, this money is a forfeit for you."

"That ain't going to do me any good when I'm going to get five thousand and maybe more," Mr. Byfield said.

"Well, I'll do even more," cried Mr. O'Hara. "If the Giants lose out in the bidding and don't sign him up, you can keep the thousand as a gift."

Mr. Byfield was now all smiles.

"Well, I'll be dogged," he said.

Mr. Byfield signed the paper, looked again at the check, and shook hands. Mr. O'Hara was still all business.

"I suppose the best time to have the bidding would be after the game Saturday afternoon," he suggested.

"*When?*" cried Mr. Byfield, startled.

"Saturday afternoon," said Mr. O'Hara smoothly. "I fixed it up with the president of the club. Gave him a little dough to take care of any losses he might have."

Mr. Byfield just looked at him sourly and said nothing. . . .

At midnight Mr. O'Hara went over to call on Papa Hopkins. He found him reared back in a chair in front of the warehouse he guarded. He introduced himself and found a hearty welcome.

"Mr. O'Hara," said Mr. Hopkins, "sit and rest yourself."

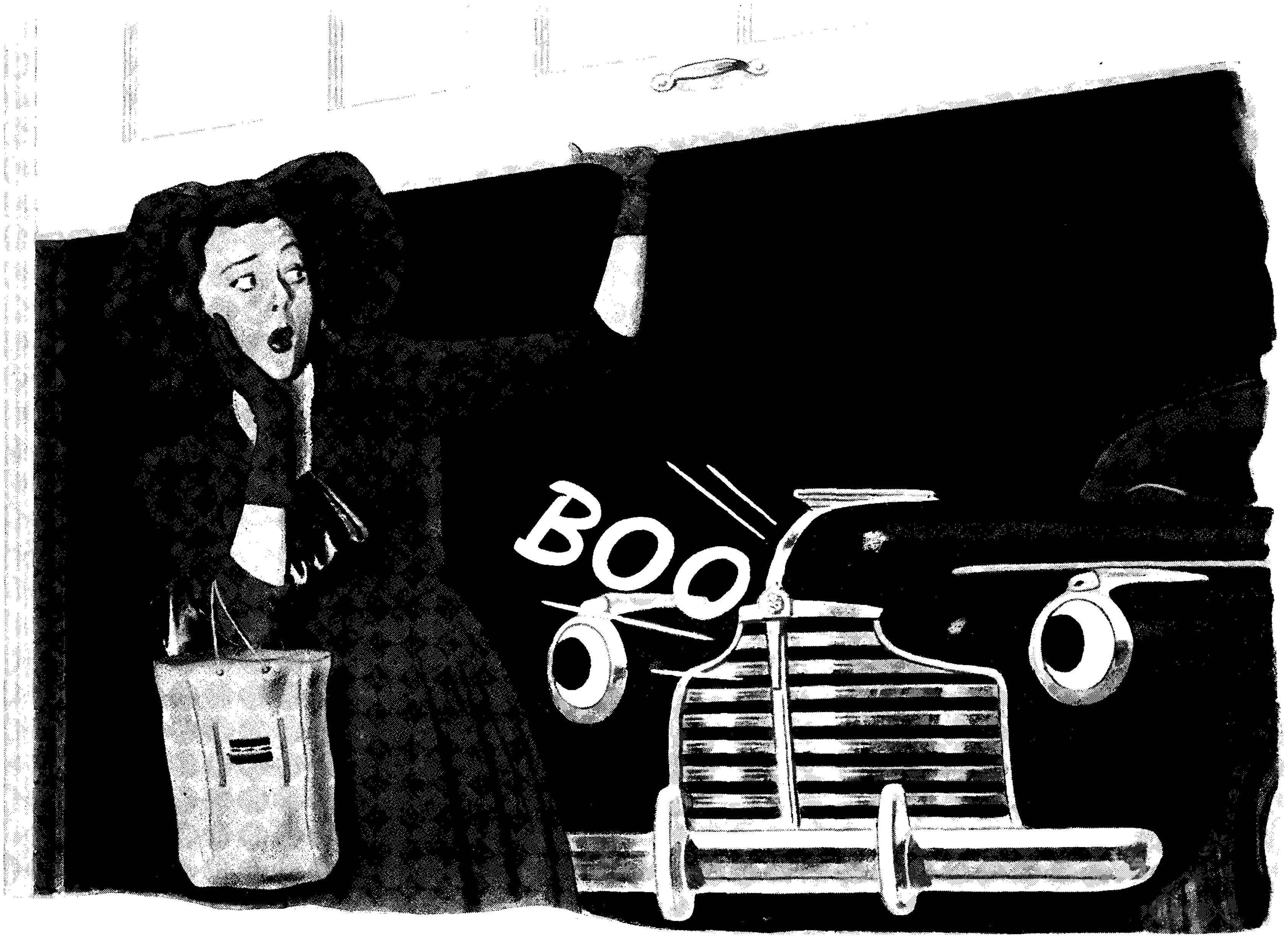
He took up a rifle standing against the warehouse and got it adjusted in the crook of his arm.

"Now, I imagine," said Mr. Hopkins, "that you can't see what I see about a hundred feet down there by the end of the warehouse."

"I can't see anything," said Mr. O'Hara.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Hopkins, lifting the gun and peering along the barrel, "there's a big old rat down there a'fixin' to get hisself a bit of corn from the warehouse, but he ain't a'goin' "—BANG!—"to git it."

With the shot and the resulting echoes,



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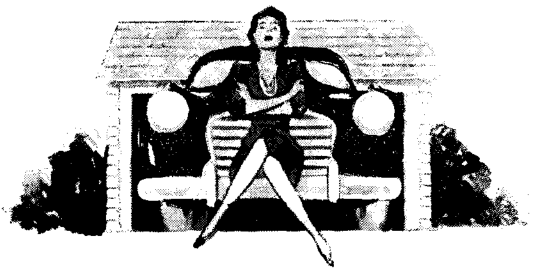
But suddenly I had some sense *scared* into me. When I realized the car would have to last us out the war, my "mother instinct" went into action—but *fast!*



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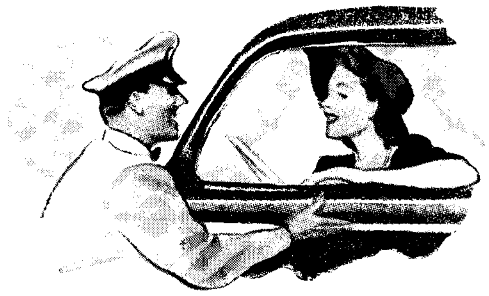

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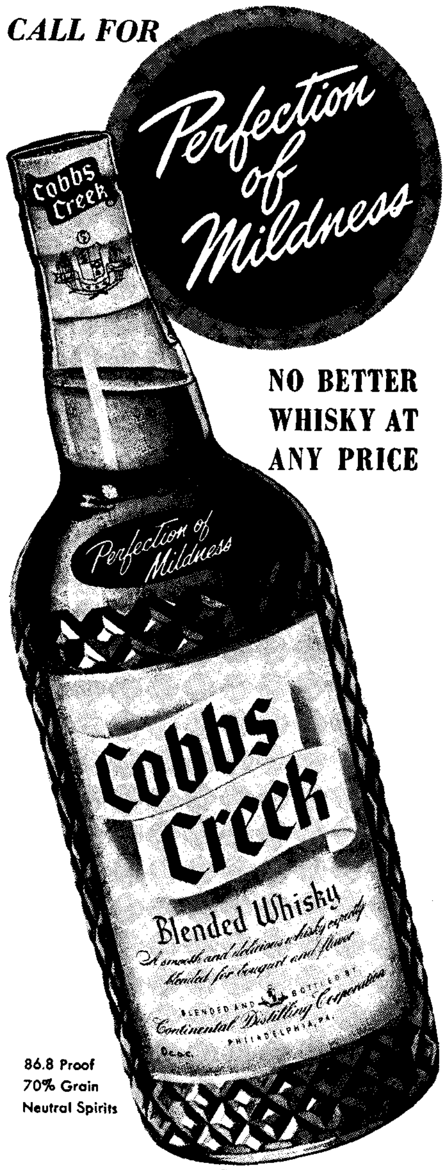
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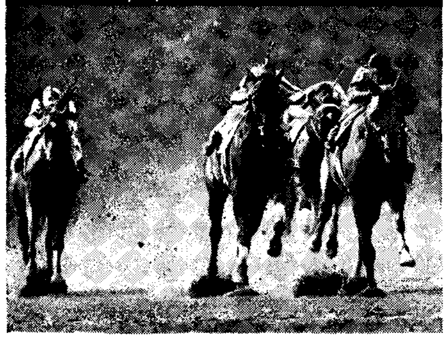

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Mr. O'Hara was stirred out of his chair. He got up and started to go.

"Wait a little while," said Mr. Hopkins, "and you'll be seein' Siwash. He gen'ly shoots a little pool and then comes down here and sits with me. He can kill them rats a mile away."

"No," answered Mr. O'Hara, "I got to be going . . . but it was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Hopkins. A real pleasure."

ON SATURDAY afternoon Mr. O'Hara sat in the grandstand as far away as he could get from Johnny Nee and Ernie Goosetree. Mr. Byfield was nowhere in sight. The sight of Siwash Hopkins in daylight was startling. He looked like a freak, he handled himself like a wrestler. Under lights he did everything miraculously right; in broad daylight he was a stumbling oaf. He made feeble stabs at ground balls as if he were blind; he managed to get under a pop fly that eventually hit him on the chest and fell safe. At the plate he struck out on pitches three feet over his head.

In the seventh inning, Messrs. Nee and Goosetree arose to depart. On their way out they made a point of passing Mr. O'Hara, who sat with his head down, looking utterly despondent. As they went by him, Mr. Nee was saying to Mr. Goosetree in a loud and significant voice:

"I seem to remember two fellows here year before last. Names of Watson and Grimsby. Wonder whatever happened to them."

"Couldn't rightly say," answered Mr. Goosetree and then, as if seeing Mr. O'Hara for the first time, he added, "Oh, hello, there, Poodles. You catching the five o'clock bus? We can just about make it."

Mr. O'Hara looked at them disconsolately, too pained for resentment. He simply shook his head in a pitiful way and let it fall on his chest.

But when the game was over and he could see from his watch that five o'clock had passed, Mr. O'Hara assumed a new appearance. He leaped to his feet and set out in search of Mr. Byfield. He finally trapped him in the poolroom. Mr. Byfield backed away in fright.

"You're not going to get this thousand dollars," he cried defensively.

"Why, I'm not down here to complain," said Mr. O'Hara, "I'm down here to sign that boy up. I've just had a talk with Mr. Terry and he says I'm to offer you three thousand dollars for him."

Mr. Byfield was stunned. He looked at Mr. O'Hara for signs of jocularity. Instead, Mr. O'Hara was handing him a contract form.

"You mean after what you saw today?" said Mr. Byfield in an awed voice.

"Oh, pshaw, that was nothing," said Mr. O'Hara. "The boy just had an off day."

MR. BYFIELD had the pen in his hand and was signing the paper almost in a daze.

"Let me have that check of mine back now," said Mr. O'Hara, and this brought Mr. Byfield back to life.

"Now, wait, now—" he began.

"You have the Giants' contract," explained Mr. O'Hara. "That's always been good before, hasn't it? That thousand is my personal money. You aren't going to rob me, are you, Hi?"

Mr. O'Hara laughed gaily. Mr. Byfield pulled out his wallet reluctantly, removed the check and handed it to Mr. O'Hara, who tore it into small pieces and then put the pieces in his pocket.

Mr. Byfield kept looking at him, mystified.

"I still don't get it," he finally said.

"Why, Hi," cried Mr. O'Hara, "it's the simplest thing in the world. I can't understand why you didn't see it. This Siwash can see at night and he can't see by day. Don't ask me why because I don't know. It must be because he's hardly ever seen the daylight."

"I know that," said Mr. Byfield testily.

"Oh, sure, you knew it," cried Mr. O'Hara angrily, "and you didn't mind sticking me with it. . . . But what you didn't remember is that the Giants have fourteen night games at home this year and fourteen on the road. And by the time the second game is played this Siwash will be the most famous player in baseball. He'll make us a million dollars. If you'd thought of that, we'd have paid you twenty thousand and never batted an eye. You were so anxious to rob me out of that thousand, you couldn't think of anything else."

At this point Mr. O'Hara left off speaking and began to belabor Mr. Byfield with blows between the shoulder blades. Mr. Byfield was a study in dejection.

BUT at this juncture, Mr. O'Hara's shouts of joy were interrupted by words from a third party. This turned out to be the proprietor of the poolroom, an undistinguished gentleman answering to the name of Oscar Peeble.

"I couldn't help hearing what you gentlemen were saying," began Mr. Peeble, "and I think I should tell you something. I'm afraid the New York Giants are not going to get Siwash Hopkins. Somebody else is going to get him."

"Johnny Nee or Ernie Goosetree?" screamed Mr. O'Hara, terrified.

"No, sir," said Mr. Peeble. "Uncle Sam."

Mr. O'Hara was now entirely flabbergasted.

"You mean they're going to take that blind splinter in the draft after all?"

"No, sir," explained Mr. Peeble. "But it seems there's been a man down here from the Coast Guard and he's been seeing the ball games at night and then he saw Siwash today and he got the same idea about him you got. I think he figures they can stick Siwash up in a lighthouse somewhere off Cape Hatteras and he'll be able to spot submarines fifteen miles away."

Mr. O'Hara took off his hat and hurled it into a chair viciously.

"Well, of all the unbifurcated, arsenatical things I ever heard in my life—" he began and paused. Then he thought a moment and added, "But I guess if they need him, we shouldn't be kickin'. . . ."

He paused and then started to laugh.

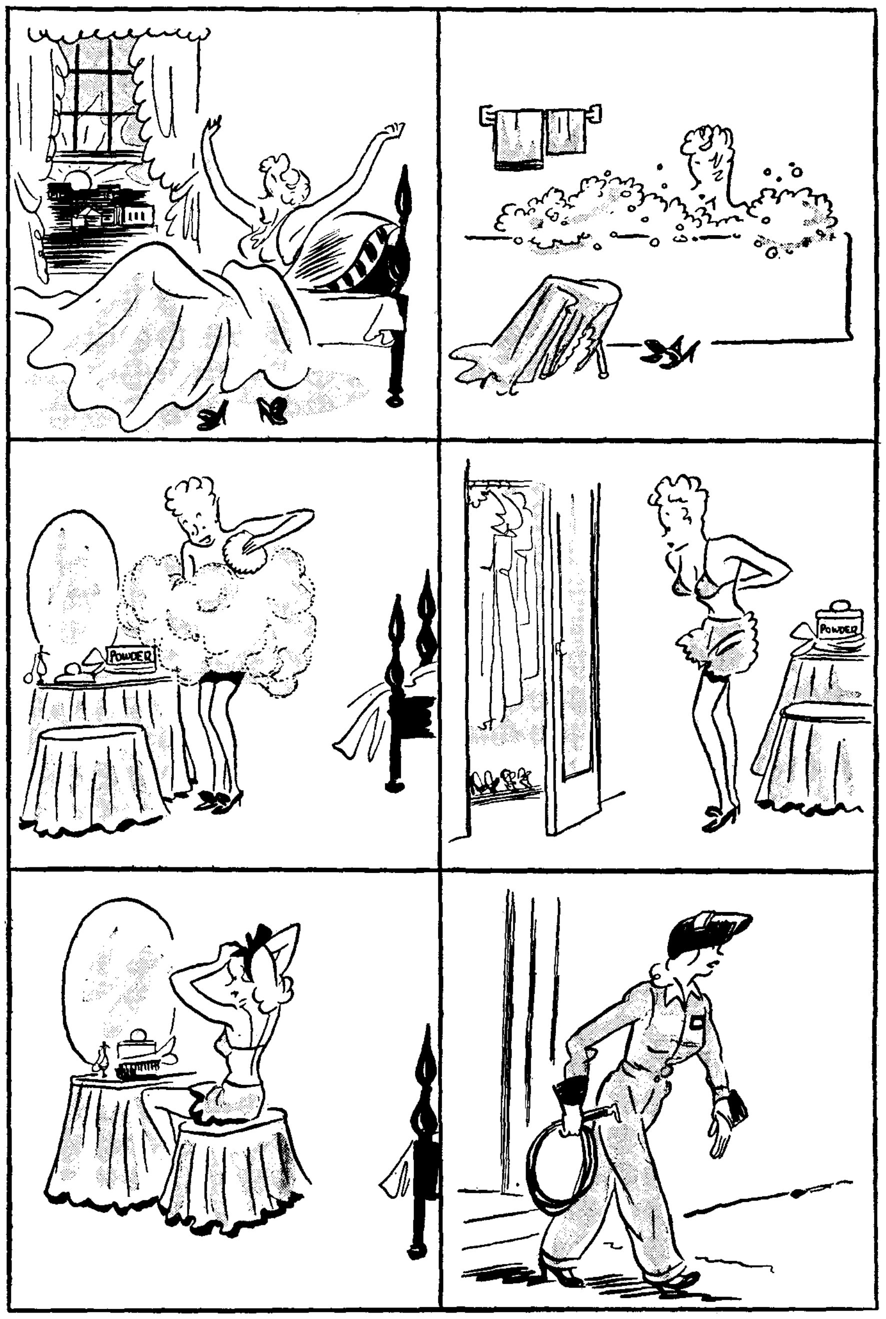
"You know what we are, Hi, you and me?" he cried. "We're patriots. We're makin' the supreme sacrifice for our country."

Mr. Byfield looked at him sourly and then took the contract and began tearing it up.

"Yes, and I'm doing all the sacrificin'," he said bitterly.

The torn scraps of paper fluttered to the floor, struggled about for a moment for a good place of landing—and subsided. Mr. O'Hara sighed. Mr. Byfield sighed. Then they looked at each other solemnly for a moment and sighed in concert.

THE END



BO BROWN

Grudge Flight

Continued from page 18

So we got in touch, via short wave, with our good friend ashore here, Mr. Glick." He smiled, and Tarrant smiled thinly back.

Mr. Glick said, "But I was never a person to kill one bird with a stone where I could kill two." He laughed, pleased with himself. "You will notice, Herr Oberleutnant, that I brought the doctor here in a fairly heavy plane and with a very special pilot." They both laughed quietly and Tarrant continued to smile.

"If you'll make yourself comfortable, Mr. Tarrant," the lieutenant said, "I'll see that you have some breakfast. But first I want the doctor to visit my sick bay." Watching, Tarrant saw that the doctor had to be helped down the conning tower, but Tarrant's scorn of the doctor had decreased.

THEY sat on the little folding chairs in the warm sun, and Mr. Glick said, "I was right about you. I know people. A man like you could go a long way with us. Money now, position later on." Tarrant was silent and Mr. Glick said, "And even if you were not entirely sympathetic, I know you are discontented enough with things here in your own country to be of partial service to us—and yourself."

"How would that be?" Tarrant said.

Mr. Glick held up a coy finger and winked past it. "We shall see presently. It is enough now to know that you could earn say"—he paused as though evaluating Tarrant more exactly and Tarrant's price—"a thousand dollars and do no particular harm to anyone—unless you wanted to."

"A thousand dollars is always nice," Tarrant said.

The lieutenant rejoined them alone, but followed by a seaman with a tray of food. "Some of my men were badly shaken up. Shock and so on. A few concussions where they were thrown against walls. And we just did manage to limp in here. But we are almost ready to go again." He smiled at Tarrant. "We are a very ingenious race. You can appreciate us more than most Americans. I have just remembered who you are, Mr. Tarrant. That defroster device. And some of the first stream-lining. I am amazed they have not found a use for you here."

Tarrant shrugged and the lieutenant said, "Now, with us—" and paused. "Help yourself to food, Mr. Tarrant. Rather rough fare but we are a rough race." Tarrant ate slowly, resenting the German that the lieutenant and Mr. Glick exchanged their next remarks in.

"You know, Tarrant," Mr. Glick said in English, "I have had my eye on you for some time; on you and your plane. It could be easily used for bombing."

"There are no racks or bomb sights," Tarrant said, after a slight hesitation. Again the coldness had passed over him.

"Not necessary," Mr. Glick said. "Not necessary at all for our purposes. So, Lieutenant?"

"We could weld improvised racks in place in just a few hours and string wires so that they could be operated manually."

"What is it you want me to do?" Tarrant said, finally and slowly.

Mr. Glick leaned closer as if the need for secrecy still existed. "A little bombing," he said. "A little indiscriminate bombing."

"Where?" Tarrant asked. The coldness passed again.

"You could even have your choice," Mr. Glick said. "Tampa, Miami—either would do. Whatever you want. The idea is to promote terror and confusion rather than to do any damage."

Tarrant was silent. He was frightened at the thought that had come to him: if a thing like this happened, it might scare them enough to begin to use men like himself. "Tonight?" he heard himself say in a dry voice that almost cracked.

"Tonight," Mr. Glick said, heavily pleased. "We have everything here for it. You will do it, then?"

The pause was in Tarrant's mind and seemed long to him. To the lieutenant and Mr. Glick it was a hardly discernible hesitation. Then Tarrant shrugged. "Why not?"

"Good," Mr. Glick said, slapping his knee. "I know how soft you Americans are. We won't even require you to bomb the houses and people. Only, say, the outskirts, the suburbs."

Tarrant nodded slowly. The lieutenant rose. "I'll get my men to work on the bomb releases and racks now," he said. "Doubtless you will want to get some sleep. But when you have slept, you might like to see the inside of my boat, knowing your interest in mechanical things. Or would you be shocked?" the lieutenant added with heavy irony.

"I'd like to see it—later," Tarrant said. He turned away from the lieutenant and Mr. Glick and lay down in the shadow of the conning tower. A peculiar exhaustion, not due to lack of sleep, seemed to have robbed him of his strength and he fell into what was more a stupor than a sleep. He lay in it a long time, even after the sun had rounded the conning tower and beat full upon him. It was late afternoon before the lieutenant and Mr. Glick woke Tarrant. He came into consciousness as if swimming up out of deep water, seeing the two faces over him, pleased, faintly mocking, even a little scornful.

"The plane is ready, Mr. Tarrant," the lieutenant said. "And now I will show you through my ship, if you like."

STILL half asleep, Tarrant followed him down, thinking that the lieutenant must certainly be proud of his machinery. In the control room, Tarrant came wide awake. Its complicated machinery was a joy to see and he lingered in it so long that the lieutenant became faintly uneasy. Tarrant followed him through the cramped quarters of the crew and into another bunkroom that had been turned into a sick bay. Doctor Cawthorn looked up silently as Tarrant passed. His thin face, with its scraggy mustache, drawn by weariness, the doctor looked not unlike some small, meek animal, a frightened mole in a steel burrow. Tarrant felt sorry for the wounded whom the lieutenant passed by without noticing. He wondered what was in the hypo in the doctor's hand, adrenalin or a sedative?

In the next room the torpedoes lay in great racks. "You will notice," the lieutenant said, "that there are no war heads on them. We keep two different kinds of war heads, one for ordinary merchant or war vessels, another kind for tankers. The war head for tankers has an incendiary element in it, so that we can be sure of the oil igniting. Then when the survivors report back that some of their shipmates die, in the flaming oil, it has a discouraging effect upon other seamen." He laughed, looking rather carefully for signs of something in Tarrant's face.

"Very interesting," Tarrant said.

Above, on the rounded deck, it seemed more than ordinarily good to breathe the upper air again. The sun was down below the top of the mangroves and the

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doctor, a huddled figure in white, sat in one of the plane's four seats. Looking at the plane, Tarrant's emotions were mixed, but one of them was admiration. Six fifty-pound bombs were fitted snugly into racks and he didn't doubt but that some adequate wire arrangement terminated near the controls.

Unsteadily, as though very tired or a little drunk, Tarrant made his way to the cabin along the wing. He had not said goodby to the lieutenant, and behind him he could hear the lieutenant and Mr. Glick talking in German. There was a kind of joyous note in their voices. Mr. Glick took his time about following Tarrant, who grew impatient where he and the doctor sat silent in the plane. It would be dark soon and Tarrant called to Mr. Glick that he would like to take off before dark. The added load would complicate the take-off somewhat, he added, and it would be good to have daylight for it.

"Coming," Mr. Glick said. He shook the lieutenant's hand and came out along the wing with surprising spryness. In the cabin, instead of sitting next to Tarrant, he sat in the second pair of seats and next to the doctor. Mr. Glick was going to be sure of everything, Tarrant thought.

THE controls for the bomb releases were simple. You merely pulled any one of six wires, one for each release. Without speaking to Mr. Glick, Tarrant began to taxi down the *boca*. In his mind, with his almost infallible sense of direction, he made allowance for every turn in the *boca*. When they were in open water, the sun still showed at the sea's edge and Tarrant took off into the wind. He banked, circling, to get the sun behind him and out of his eyes. Below him, now that he knew where to look, he could see the *boca*, still gleaming faintly in the flattening light. The tension in him was scarcely bearable. He straightened out, the sun behind him, put the plane into a shallow dive and began his bombing run.

It was one of the old dreams, himself at the controls of a great bomber, making his run over a giant enemy battleship. He could see the submarine in the *boca*, only partly hidden by mangroves. He braced himself for some sort of violence from Mr. Glick, but Mr. Glick apparently didn't know what was happening and had turned to the doctor. And so, without bomb sights, without bombardier, Tarrant made his blind bombing run. If he went in low enough, it would be hard to miss, handicapped as he was. His fingers caught the release wires all in one hand, then held them lightly. The plane's nose obscured the submarine as he came over. Tarrant played on the release wires, gently, delicately as a harpist plucking the strings of a harp. He felt the plane bounce in a series of light jerks as the bombs came free, and he zoomed upward as sharply as he could. In the dusk, the bombs going off had varied tones, like those of different bells. High and hard—that one had struck a tree. Roaring and yet muffled—that one had struck water. But those two booming ones, like giant drums bursting—those had struck home.

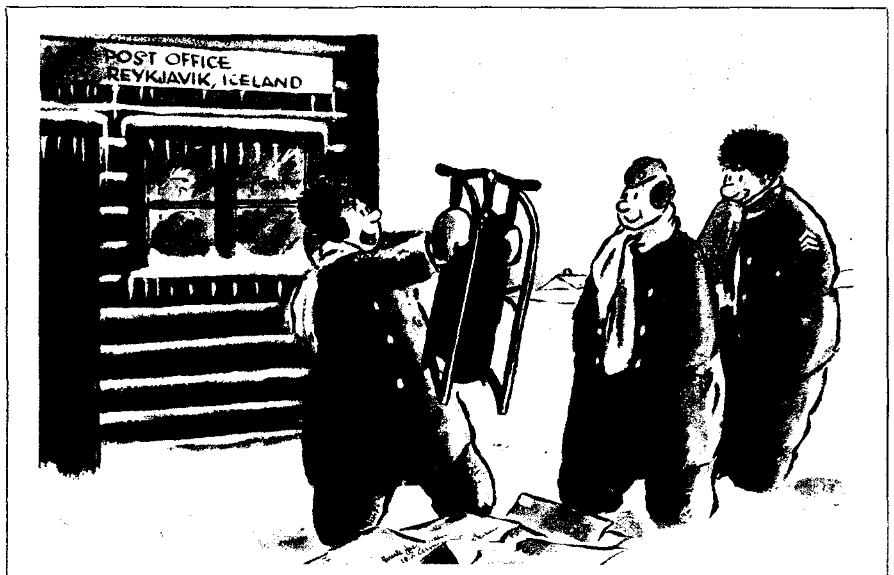
Tarrant banked and could see the wreckage. He wanted to see it because he knew it might be his last sight. And still Mr. Glick did not grow violent. Tarrant headed his plane east as he leveled and, finally, Mr. Glick said, "I am not too disturbed, Tarrant. And, of course, I am going to kill you. But not because I am disturbed at what has happened to my people. That sort of thing has to happen and we do not care for people. One thing only, Tarrant, why did you do it?"

When Tarrant did not answer, but only kept the ship's nose pointed into the eastern dusk, Mr. Glick put the muzzle of the automatic close to Tarrant's neck. "You fooled me, Tarrant. I was sure of you. I had inquired for weeks, even months, and knew the extent of your discontent. I even relaxed, did not take precautions I could have taken. . . . And there, on the deck of the submarine, I was sure you had sincerely given your word, that you were convinced and would help us."

"You were right about that," Tarrant finally said.

"Then, before the end, maybe you would be good enough to tell me what made you change? A sort of enlightening the heathen, eh, Tarrant?"

"I don't mind telling you," Tarrant said. They were clear of Cape Sable now and heading out over the Caribbean. "The thing that changed me, that made me change—the lieutenant became a little too unctuous about the men who died in the oil."



"Ohhhh, baby! Have I got a girl!!!"

JAY IRVING

"I see, I see," Mr. Glick said. His voice still had some of the appearance of urbanity, of falsely academic interest, but his temper was beginning to go. "And now, Tarrant, you can turn back to land."

"Maybe I don't want to," Tarrant said.

"Then I'll kill you now instead of then."

"And who will fly you back to land?" Tarrant said.

Mr. Glick hesitated. "Very clever, Tarrant," he said. "Very clever, indeed. What you forget is that I am a desperate man."

"And I, of course," Tarrant said, "am just a Boy Scout earning his merit badge for kite flying."

"I am content, I will wait," Mr. Glick said. "To preserve your life even a little longer, you will head back to land and then I will tend to you."

"In a little while," Tarrant said, "there won't be enough gas to go back to land even if we wanted to. Your friends didn't more than half fill my tanks. You don't think they could have been chiseling on you, do you?"

Mr. Glick was silent and this contributed to Tarrant's grim humor. It was something even to have made Mr. Glick shut up. "Well," Mr. Glick said, "we will see who breaks first," but almost immediately followed it with: "Supposing I promise not to kill you when we land, Tarrant?"

"Throw your gun out the window, and I might believe you."

"But then I would be at your mercy, wouldn't I?" There was a note of hysteria in Mr. Glick's voice. "No. We Germans are fatalists. It will give me pleasure to have you die before I do. And so—"

Dull light flashed in the cabin's reflection in the windshield and Tarrant involuntarily ducked. Mr. Glick made a noise in his throat and fell against Tarrant's shoulder. Blood from Mr. Glick's head spilled on Tarrant's leather jacket. Tarrant saw the doctor crouched in the semidarkness, in his crumpled white, the metal fire extinguisher in his hands.

"Why, thanks, friend," Tarrant said. He considered again how amazing it was that he and Mr. Glick had continued to forget about the doctor.

The doctor sobbed and finally spoke, "I didn't mean to kill him."

"You had to do something," Tarrant said. He felt himself start to go a little, felt aimless.

"But up until what you said about how the men who died in the oil changed you, I didn't much care about what happened. Then it suddenly became important to live. Human life had never seemed very important to me. I came out with Glick today because I needed the money. I hope you won't tell—"

Tarrant shrugged Mr. Glick's head off his shoulder. "If we get rid of that, we both might avoid considerable embarrassment."

"He's heavy," the doctor said.

TARRANT banked the plane to fly west again. Banking, it was easy for the doctor to roll Mr. Glick out the window. Then they were both silent as the plane flew toward the mainland. With sudden insight, Tarrant could see how sad and terrible the doctor's life had been.

"Look," Tarrant said gently, "would you feel better to know that you behaved very well today? Better than any of us? You at least were going to help sick people."

"Why, why, yes," the doctor said in a surprised voice. "Thank you, thank you very much."

He should thank *me,* Tarrant thought and shook his head in the semidarkness. His thumb came up near the stick in a gesture whose drama was for himself alone. If they got back, and he thought they would, he would do something, even if it meant enlisting as a private in the ground force. It was no time for the wrong kind of pride, he knew. It would be a long time before that kind of pride was in him again. He wondered if they might be shot at, coming in to land, and whether the F.B.I. would catch up with him. He didn't much care; there was always the wreck of the sub to show them if he had to. The plane flew northwest and just when Tarrant saw there wasn't much gas left, he could see the dimmed lights of Miami pale against the night sky.

THE END

Hot Seats

Continued from page 19

meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, on July 8, 1938. Mr. Hitler's swastika fluttered in the Garden on that occasion and the audience sang Mr. Hitler's *Horst Wessel* song, which is very corny no matter who sings it.

Among other things Mr. Fish said that his audience might look to him to advocate strict neutrality and that he'd do all he could to pass a bill giving Germany all the helium gas it might need for its blimps and dirigibles. He was very well received. He was typically energetic in organizing two smelly neutrality groups: *The Citizens' National Committee to* Keep America Out of War and The National Committee to Keep America Out of Foreign Wars. He was among the contributors to the first issue of Today's Challenge, a Fascist-admiring publication for which George Sylvester Viereck and Lawrence Dennis wrote understandingly of Mr. Hitler's magnanimous program.

And Mr. Fish got into a discouraging mess when a federal grand jury discovered that twenty mail sacks of literature warranted to make Hitler more palatable to Americans had been picked up by the post office's collectors in Mr. Fish's office. These speeches and the like were being sent out under congressional frank. Mr. Fish swore he had no part in the distribution and placed all the blame upon one of his secretaries, a luckless fellow named George Hill. George went to prison for perjury.

The opponents of Mr. Fish refer to Mr. Hill as a "poor dupe" and demand to know "what interest George Sylvester Viereck had in your insignificant clerk Hill." They proceed to make Mr. Fish unhappy with the following words: "You introduced Viereck to Hill. At that time Mr. Viereck had already registered with the State Department as a paid agent of Nazi Germany." Mr. Fish refers to all this as a "smear." He denies that his franking privileges were ever used to send out anyone's speeches but his own. So George did it.

Three Gentlemen from Missouri

Like Senator Brooks and Mr. Fish, the Honorable Philip A. Bennett of Missouri is a Republican and classified by the White House as an isolationist and obstructionist. A pretty talkative one too. He loves neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Great Britain and objected to going to war "to save the tottering remains of the British Empire." He regarded Lend-Lease as a "stab in the back" because it aided one friendly nation against another. (We were not then at war with Germany.)

"It is Britain's war, not ours," stormed the somewhat shortsighted Mr. Bennett, and he opposed draft extension because "The Congress has neither moral nor legal right to declare a phony emergency."

From Missouri too comes the Honorable Walter Christian Ploeser, who voted against Lend-Lease, ship seizure, price control, draft extension, arming merchant ships and so on. A better known representative from Missouri, the Honorable Dewey Short has just about taken a place beside the Messrs. Brooks and Fish in the White House's books. He has voted against almost all the Administration's war measures.

In May, 1941, he cried, "We could not last against Germany. Germany produces more modern fighting aircraft in one week than we have in both the Army and the Navy. . . . Our people are divided. We are no more psychologically or patriotically prepared for involvement in Europe's war than we are materially prepared."

This is pretty typical of the Honorable Mr. Short's more statesmanlike utterances. He was a wowser for America First, an officer in Ham Fish's National Committee to Keep America Out of War. But Mr. Short's ample chest really inflates when he gets personal. When Wendell Willkie came out for aid to England, Mr. Short, a fellow Republican, had this to say of his party's latest offering on the presidential election altar: "A punitive individual . . . this Janus, vindictive, intolerant, bigoted, conceited, utterly unfit to be leader of any party . . . this bellowing, blatant, bellicose, belligerent, bombastic blowhard . . . this impostor, fifth columnist, Trojan horse."

A Master of Invective

These epithets coming from Mr. Dewey Short caused considerable speculation, numerous ladies and gentlemen who hadn't caught the name being of the opinion that Dewey was talking about himself again. Three weeks before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Short inserted into the poor Congressional Record an editorial from Mrs. Cissy Patterson's Washington Times-Herald pleading for friendly relations with Japan.

It was Mr. Short's measured judgment that "The Japs don't want to fight us, and most Americans, we are convinced, don't want to fight Japan." Mr. Short was wrong again.

The Administration hopes for the worst for the Honorables Louis Ludlow of Indiana, James F. O'Connor of Montana, Martin L. Sweeney of Ohio, Harold Knutson of Minnesota, Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota, Harry Buffington Coffee of Nebraska, and three gentlemen from Kansas—William P. Lambertson, Ulysses Samuel Guyer and Thomas D. Winter; also for William Bernard Barry of New York, and John Elliott Rankin of Mississippi, who is doing all he can to make life even more unpleasant for the Jew and to undermine the loyalty of the Negro.

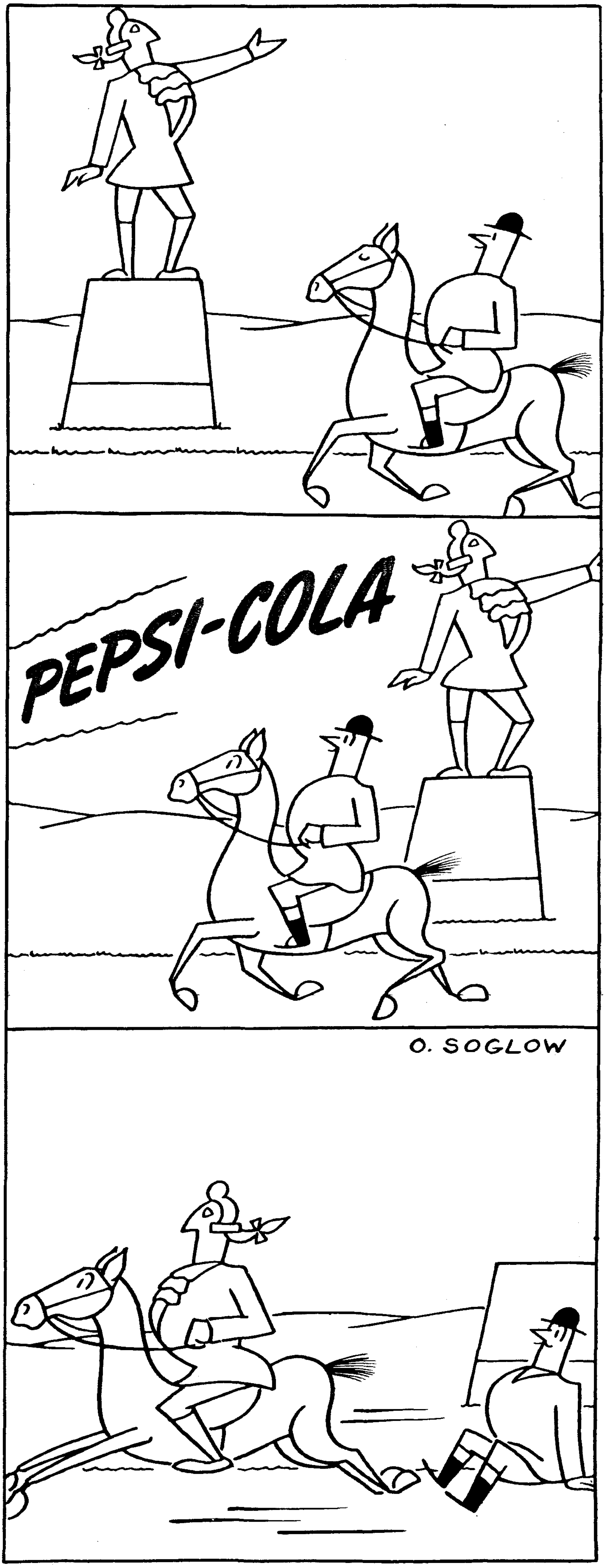
Mr. Rankin hates and fears Negroes as rabidly and as terribly as Governor Gene Talmadge of Georgia does. It was after one of his foaming anti-Semitic speeches in the House that Representative Edelstein of New York dropped dead. Rankin's isolationism and obstructionism have been consistent and he has made a successful political racket of alien hating.

He's not exactly what you'd call a truly big man but he seems to get along fine with such statements as: "International bankers are largely international Jews with a few international Gentiles who control the gold supply of the world. They first crucified the German Republic and in doing so created Hitler. He is their baby."

Also, the Administration would not half-staff the flags were Senator Capper of Kansas eliminated although he probably won't be. And there'd be double pie for breakfast in the White House if political disaster were to overtake that banjo-plunking statesman, Wilbur Lee "Pappy" O'Daniel, senator from Texas. Pappy is entirely too much of a card for the Administration.

But we don't want to give you the impression that Mr. Roosevelt is taking part in local politics. We're no obstructionist.

Another article on the anxieties of our lawmakers will appear in an early issue.



The Fordham University chem lab is an important spot these days. This experimenter is wearing a striped Shetland jacket, and covert slacks

"Speed" Hanzlek, flight examiner for C.A.A., and a couple of students. That's a gray tweed coat, Argyle sweater, jacket with detachable lining

(Below) Fine for campus surveying and other school activities: a brown Shetland-type suit, khaki hat, moccasin shoes, military-type raincoat

Alert on the Campus

By Henry L. Jackson

Tough times forbid any sartorial nonsense on the campus. You will do best by going in for casualness and clothes that, like yourself, will have to do double duty

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

THIS will be a bad winter for the college dudes. Anybody showing up at a formal occasion with white tie, top hat and cane will undoubtedly be hit over the head with his own stick.

We are at war, whether on the steppes of Russia, the jungles of New Guinea or the campus, and it will pay the well-dressed man to emphasize casualness in his attire.

Not only are tuxedos and tails out but you can also pass up the natty business suit. The best bet this year is a tweed suit that you can wear to school, going home, over week ends and for dates. If you need a change, wear a tweed coat with flannel or covert slacks. Southern college men substitute a gray flannel suit for the tweeds.

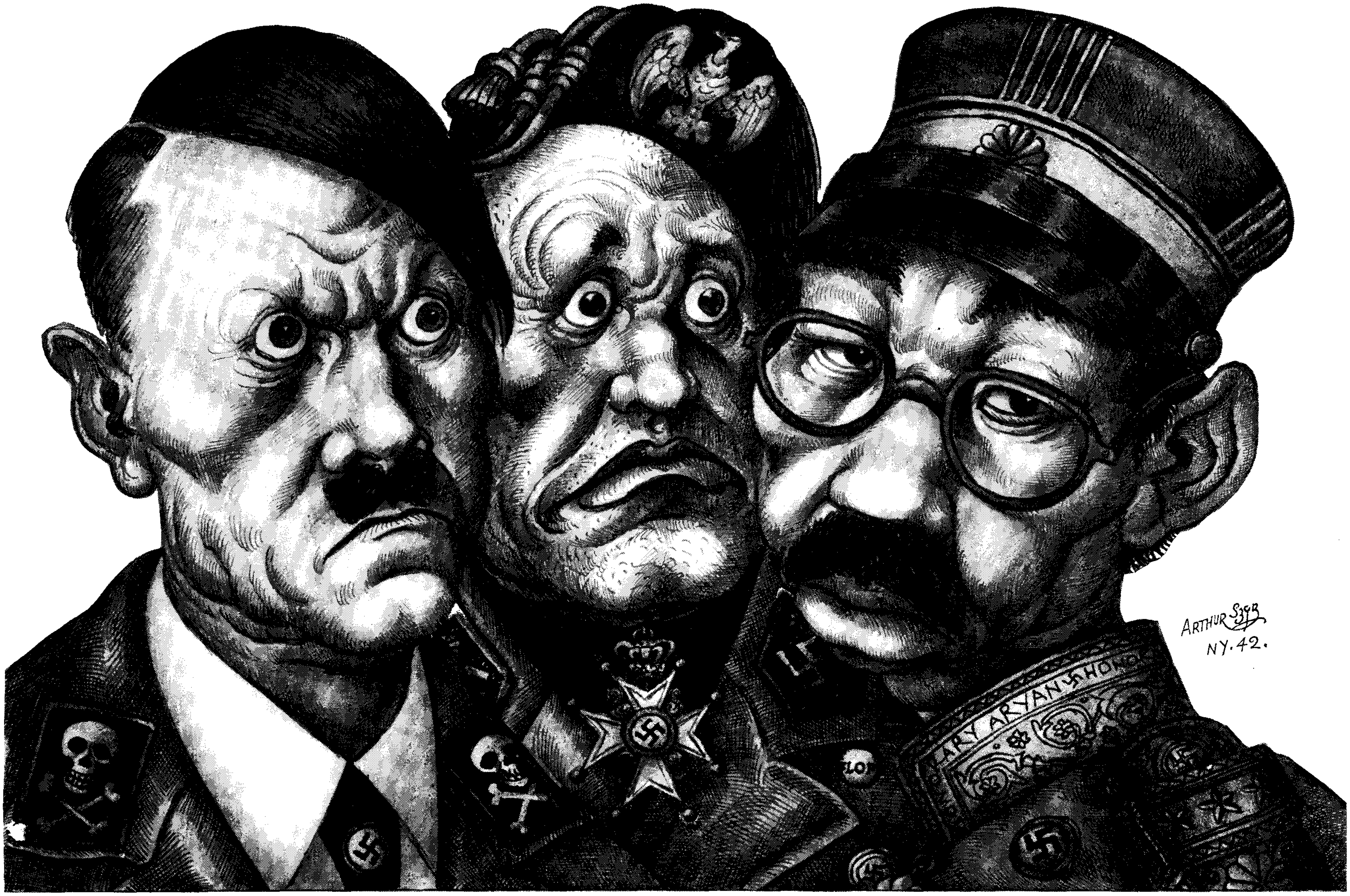
Another good buy is a corduroy suit, which is strictly nonpriority, long-wearing and inexpensive. You can wear the corduroy jacket with odd slacks, or the corduroy trousers with an odd jacket.

For outdoor wear and running around the campus, get a short weatherproof jacket, lined with fleece or cotton pile. You'll also need a long-sleeved sweater, either in solid color, Argyle plaid or the popular ski type. They're also fine at football games. The other essential is a *raincoat*; at school they like them military style, knee length and single-breasted. The cotton bucket hat, rainproof, is a favorite campus number.

In the miscellaneous but necessary class are Western-motif belts of tooled leather, leather tie-clasps, bright wool hose, button-down shirts, wool and foulard ties, and bright knitted mufflers and gloves. Many of the young birds like a sheepskin- or alpaca-lined coat for rough weather. Females are said to be very susceptible to young men attired in such Kalmuck fashion.

The point about campus clothes this year is that they must do double duty. Even the liberal colleges are up to their ears in military courses. In addition to their regular work, students are registering in First Aid, Rifle and Pistol, Map Reading, Military History and Policy, Electronics, Civilian Pilot Training, Civilian Defense, Industrial Production, Meteorology, Astronomy, Radio Engineering, Aerodynamics, Chemistry and Physics. Along with that goes a physical program intended to harden every man over eighteen.

There is a difference on the college campus. The grass is still green, the ivy still clings to hallowed walls, but any other similarity to previous conditions is purely accidental. You can see it in the faces of the students, the way they conduct themselves, the spirit in which they attend classes. Faculty and college administrators are geared for action. As quickly as they can learn how, they are guiding education into military channels. Physical training today is more important than Latin or Greek. In short, tough times and no nonsense. This year's clothes are designed with that in mind. ★★★



3 REASONS WHY THESE 3 CAN'T WIN !

Hitler and Hirohito think we're suckers.

They try to make American workers believe that industry is profiteering. They seek to convince American business men that labor is sabotaging production. They want every American to think that every other American is complacent, lying down on the job.

Hitler and Hirohito are the real suckers. They actually kid themselves into believing we are not the *United* States. Here are three facts of the kind they hate to learn:

1. American manufacturers, instead of "freezing" existing designs and methods of war production, have constantly improved them *while producing.* As a result, tax-payers are saved *billions* of dollars. *Is that profiteering?*

2. In war plants the country over, thousands of suggestions by employees have resulted in faster, better production methods that save millions of man-hours. *Is that labor sabotage?*

3. President Roosevelt says, "Whenever I hear anyone saying, 'The American People are complacent—they need to be aroused,' I feel like asking him to come to Washington and read the mail that floods into the White House . . . (asking) one question . . . 'What more can I do to help my country in winning this war?' " *Is that complacency?*

Those are just three facts out of thousands.

This company knows that the real aim of American industry in war as in peace, is to make things better *and* more economically. We know the true spirit of labor shows in the teamwork of our many thousands of employees. We know that complacency was killed by the bombs that fell on Pearl Harbor.

And, if Hitler and Hirohito don't know these things, heaven help 'em when they find out!

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FIRST to build Army Bomber that sank a U-Boat in Atlantic.

FIRST to deliver a plane under National Defense Contracts.

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! The War Savings Bonds you buy put bombers in the air. Buy Bonds every payday.

I TASTE REVENGE

By Sergeant Wladislas Leny

A Polish paratrooper whets his appetite for invasion. If you have any doubts about how tough and thorough the Commandos really are, this story of a surprise raid on the French coast will clear up everything

Polish Commandos, like Sgt. Leny, below, are merciless in avenging the Nazi massacre of their countrymen

ALL day long, an atmosphere of hushed expectancy hung over the camp. Little groups of men, clustered together, were mumbling mysteriously among themselves. They were talking about the rumor that the coming night would see us in action against the hated enemy.

Most of us—survivors of several campaigns—should have been hardened to the novelty of impending battle. Nevertheless, the actual posting of the order filled us with a naïve, childlike excitement.

Of the 50,000 fighting Poles in England, practically every man had applied for service with either the Commandos or the paratroops. From this army of volunteers, only about one in ten was able to meet the rigid preliminary physical requirements.

We had undergone a hardening process. We had jumped ditches, climbed trees, scaled walls, wriggled through mazes of barbed wire and crossed ravines, monkeylike, while dangling from lengths of timber. Frequently we performed these feats on stomachs fortified only by iron rations.

We had been trained to see in the dark, to glide through the night as stealthily as shadows. Knife in hand, we had been shown how to stalk an unsuspecting enemy.

We had also been well grounded in all the little niceties of a barroom brawl, taught how to handle ourselves in rough-and-tumble fights and how to use fists and feet and teeth and knees against the more sensitive portions of a foe's anatomy. And now we were to have our chance to practice these new skills.

The night was clear and bright. Out on the field, the engines of the troop carriers were roaring. At the signal, we paratroopers scrambled aboard and took our places in a nervous hurry, a nervousness caused by a combination of an amateur's stage fright and the eagerness of a hound being put to the scent. There were twenty parachute men in my group. I scanned their faces as they settled down and never did I see more grimly determined fellows.

A crisp exchange of words up forward, "Everything okay?" "All ready. Okay." Outside, somebody shouted "Good luck!" and we began to move.

For a few moments the big carrier shivered increasingly as it gathered speed across the field; suddenly the shaking stopped and our plane was in the air.

Everyone gave a contented sigh as he realized that now only the improbable could interfere with the carrying out of our task.

Commandos and paratroopers are chosen when possible from men who have a fanatical hatred of all Nazis, men who in ravished Poland have lost somebody dearer to them than life itself. Perhaps it was a wife, killed or taken to a military brothel; perhaps it was a child, murdered during the merciless bombing of unprotected towns; perhaps aged parents, starved to death in a foul concentration camp.

The French coast came into view. We adjusted our helmets mechanically, ran our fingers over every item of our equipment. The night was still clear. The terrain had been expertly chosen, so our landing would not be difficult.

Shells were beginning to burst about our planes. German antiaircraft batteries along the shore—dozens of them, it seemed to me—had spotted us and gone swiftly into action.

We were nearly over our objective. Our leader gave a sharp order to the men in charge of the container which held the explosives. That meant the jumping would soon start. We exchanged final quick glances with those nearest to us.

A flash of green light electrifies us. In a moment we will be jumping. Number one, the lead-off man, is ready, standing close to the opening. I clutch my tommy gun, preparing for my turn.

The red light flashes. A crisp command rings out: "Go!" Number one jumps. In a split second, Number two follows. The men in charge of the container are next. Then I jump.

Falling Through Space

I feel myself plunging down as if in a vacuum, losing my breath, getting dizzy. My parachute opens. The jerk restores my senses. With them comes the thought that perhaps Nazis are below, waiting for us. This prompts me to grip my tommy gun and get ready for action even before I reach the ground.

I am falling very fast. The night about me is clear but the earth below is disturbingly dark and appears to be coming up at me more rapidly than usual. I raise my legs quickly and land at full length so as to recover and release myself more quickly from my parachute.

There is complete silence save for the panting and puffing of myself and my comrades. Against the bright sky we can distinguish the silhouettes of our planes, still disgorging paratroopers by the score.

As soon as the group in charge of the container pulls itself together, we start off at a trot through the darkness. We follow seemingly trackless paths, but leading us is a guide who knows this countryside as we know the runways of our airdrome.

To the right and left of us are other groups of paratroopers. I watch them come briefly into view, to vanish again in the uneven terrain. My step is as light as that of a prowling cat; my eyes trying to pierce the darkness cause me momentary mental confusion.

Ahead of us and not far away, we begin to discern a mass of houses, a blotch in the surrounding gloom. We realize it must be Bruneval, the town for which we are pointing. A last order is whispered from man to man. "Careful, everybody! Quiet!"

I quicken my pace and get to the head of our group. Our guide is just in front of me. At each side, only a few feet away yet almost invisible, is one of my comrades.

Suddenly the guide halts and goes to his knees. I drop to mine, cautiously following his example without waiting to see what has alarmed him. I peer ahead, straining my eyes. It is a German sentry.

He is alone. I can tell by his pose that something has aroused his suspicions. His head is cocked at an angle, as if listening intently. Gripped firmly in both hands, his rifle is raised waist-high. For an instant my thoughts meet his and read them, as surely as if I were he. I know he would like to fire a shot and is hesitating only because he will be reprimanded if it proves to be a false alert.

Cold Steel for a Sentry

For three seconds, the world stands still but for the blood surging through my arteries and pounding in my head. Everything around me is silent as death itself. Where are my comrades? Why doesn't somebody rise out of the night and destroy this motionless giant before he goes into action and gives the alarm?

My blood stops its wild coursing. An icy coolness comes over me. At this vital moment, all I have learned in the past months rushes to my mind and steadies me.

I study the situation, grasping its possibilities at once. The man's head is turned sideways, pointing toward my left. I note a sizable object to my right, a truck, perhaps, or an old farm wagon.

Worming my way on my belly over the soft, friendly turf, I reach the concealing shadows thrown by the object and pause for another survey. The man has not changed his position. I am well behind him. I rise to a crouching position, gathering my legs beneath me for a leap that must not miss its mark. The knife comes smoothly out of its sheath and is in my right hand, ready for use.

I spring up and forward swinging my free left arm in an arc that carries it about the sentry's throat. I tighten it instantly, jerking his head up and back. My knee bores into his spine. What he means to be a shout comes out as only a choking grunt. My right hand flashes around his head and I put all my strength into the effort as I draw the sharp blade across his stretched throat.

He is very powerful, a regular young bull of a man. Until now I have been conscious of his strength straining against my hold. It passes as the knife passes. The body clutched to mine goes limp. Still gripping him close, I sink backward to the earth, bringing him down on top of me. For good measure I stab him. His head rolls sideways loosely.

I roll clear of him and get to my knees. A whisper comes to me out of the dark. "Good work! Come on!" and I become again one of the shadows slipping through the night toward the town.

Apparently we have found a soft spot in the enemy defense. Accident or design? Something tells me it is the latter. I have heard how meticulously every detail of these raids is planned in advance. No doubt somebody knew there was only one sentry at this point. We are in the town and racing up a narrow street before we encounter more trouble.

This time it is a Nazi patrol, just coming around the corner out of a side street ahead. Nobody has to be told what to do. There are doorways, low garden walls, and in a second the street is apparently empty.

The patrol approaches, marching steadily but at ease. Only four of them, talking and laughing in low guttural voices. They are in the center of us before they see the ambush.

Then it is too late. Surprise paralyzes the vocal cords for a split second and in that interval dark figures spring upon the bewildered quartette from every direction. There is only the faint sound of a scuffle and the thudding of knives.

The incident is over so fast it is hard to believe it ever happened. But my knife is testimony to the truth. I bend swiftly and draw it through a fold of a Nazi uniform.

It takes only a moment but I am quickly left behind by my speeding comrades. I race after them, noting with curiosity the silent, shuttered houses on each side of the street. It seems incredible that we can accomplish all this without waking a soul.

I overtake my group just as we reach the main objective of our special party. It is the radio station of Bruneval, built and operated by the invaders. I arrive too late to assist in the liquidation of two guards, one in front of the building, the other at its rear.

The station is surrounded by our paratroopers. I am one of a dozen who slip through the now unguarded front door into a broad, dimly lighted hall. From a room on the right, its door shut to hide the light within, come the sounds of voices, the scraping of a chair, the music of a radio turned low.

We throw the door open and rush in. Under other circumstances the effect of our entrance would have been amusing. Five officers who have been passing the time over beer and a game of cards jump to their feet. They stare at us, unable to believe their eyes. We cover them with our tommy guns. This time our knives do not taste blood; one of our assignments is to bring back prisoners for questioning, and these officers may prove more valuable alive than dead.

"Who the devil are you?" one of them asks.

The Terrorizing Word

I can understand his bewilderment. Our uniforms and armament follow the British pattern, but when we speak to one another it is in a language unintelligible to him.

"You don't know who we are?" our chief retorts in German.

"No," the Nazi answers. "Aren't you Englishmen?"

"No."

"*Franzosen?*" he tries again doubtfully.

"No, we are not French," our man replies. "We are Poles."

"*Polen!*"

I shall never forget the expression on his face when he repeats the dread word. The same look is reflected in the faces of his companions. It is one of stark, craven fear. If we were English it would be bad enough; if we were Free French it might be worse; but Poles! The five suddenly wheel in their tracks, heedless of our tommy guns, and make a dash for an exit behind them. We let them go knowing exactly how far they will get.

We smash everything in the room that

(Continued on page 51)

Get in stride...

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Johnnie Walker Red Label
BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD
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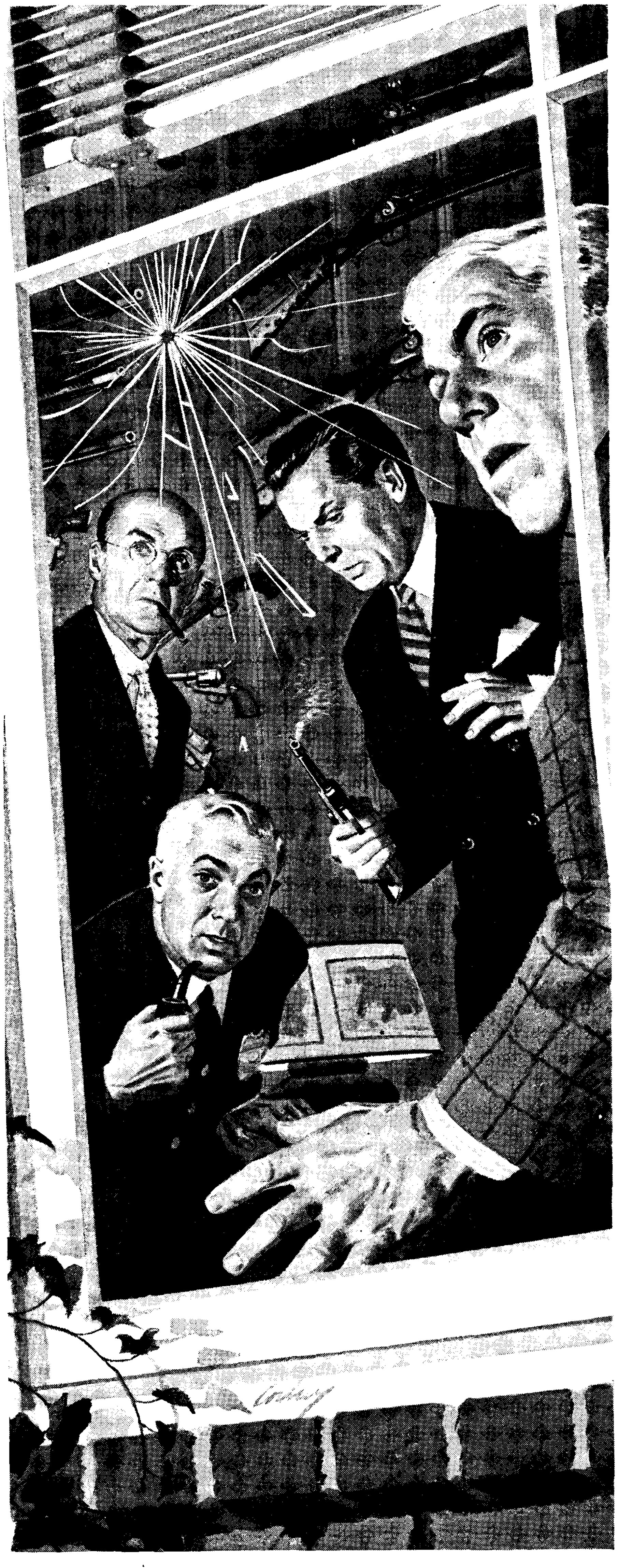
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

The Unloaded Gun

By Allan Vaughan Elston

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



Blower clicked the trigger and the bullet shattered the window. No one seemed more shocked than Blower. "Gosh!" he said. "Who loaded this gun?"

It has happened before; it will happen again. When murders are planned too carefully, the guilty one will always get caught

FIVE o'clock found Police Sergeant Dan Murphy turning in at Dr. Joy's place. As he opened the door, without knocking, a bell tinkled. The receptionist had gone home. But no receptionist was needed to admit the regulars who assembled after work hours in Dr. Joy's clubby back room.

Murphy crossed the reception parlor and lumbered down a carpeted hall to the rear. He was a weighty man with a broad, pinkish face; hair of wavy silver made him look older than his fifty years. The back room he entered was rank with pipe smoke, and as usual, he found the doctor's guests absorbed with guns and gun talk. Guns, supported by brackets, covered all four walls. Eric Joy had spent half a lifetime picking them up, and now his back room made a genial forum of hobby talk for all the other gun cranks in the county.

Not that any of the others could boast a collection comparable to Joy's. Sergeant Murphy himself specialized in police arms, and of such he had gathered only a modest assortment. But he liked to drop in here and relax after an exacting day at headquarters.

"Make yourself at home, Sergeant," Dr. Joy greeted cheerily. Joy was a precise, well-creased man with the habit of whirling his pince-nez on the end of a ribbon, in reckless arcs, while he expounded guns.

"Evenin', Doc. Evenin', Albin." Murphy spoke or nodded to half a dozen others and then eased his uniformed bulk into an armchair. He filled his pipe, and Albin Loomis, the young architect, held a match for him. "Thanks, Albin. How're the new courthouse plans comin' along?"

"I wouldn't know," Albin said.

"Why not? You're the architect, aren't you?"

"I thought I was. But I was just kidding myself." Albin's tone seemed evasive and a bit bitter. He's feeling low about losing the courthouse job, Murphy thought. Maybe that explained why Albin hadn't been around to see Sue lately. Sue Morgan was Murphy's schoolteaching niece.

"You got the wrong slant on it, Les. Being recoil-operated, the Johnson's less complicated than the Garand." Jay Huston's disputing voice made Murphy aware that they were at it again about whether or not the Army should replace its new Garand rifle with the Johnson semiautomatic thirty. "On the other hand," Les Whipple shot back, "the Garand has more endurance, and it's safer. I'm right, ain't I, Doc?"

The disputants turned to Joy, who was an acknowledged authority. "Being gas-operated," Joy launched forth, whirling his glasses, "the Garand's bound to get clogged with carbon; however, the Johnson's really had no field test yet. It—"

Murphy's attention strayed to shabby little Jess Harwood. Jess stood wistfully in front of Joy's rack of Revolutionary muskets. To Murphy the man seemed like a starved dog; he knew that Jess had once owned a collection of flintlocks himself, and had lost it through a series of misfortunes.

Apple-cheeked Ben Burlew, the realtor, was looking at Joy's frontier-model revolvers. Farther down the room a retired British major named Jeffries took a .50-caliber Sharps from its brackets. He hefted it. "Something of a howitzer, what? How much will it weigh, Doctor?"

"Thirteen pounds," Joy answered, hardly losing a breath from his exposition on Johnsons and Garands.

Neal Blower, the tall, dark attorney, crossed to the Englishman. "If you're interested in buffalo guns, Major, I've one of my own worth looking at. Drop up and see it some time. Wyatt Earp himself hunted with it in the winter of '73—"

Murphy listened to the talk absently. It was nice to relax here among friends. Like a club, the place was, where you paid no dues and where any human who loved guns was always welcome. Take Neal Blower, for instance. Neal, with the best law practice in Citrus Valley, was never too busy to talk guns. The man specialized in names, however, rather than in models. Show him just any old flintlock and Neal Blower might be apathetic; but mention that Daniel Boone had once primed it, and Blower would rise like a trout.

A BELL tinkled out in front and a latecomer sauntered in. This was Milt Pollard, the lanky politician and gun shark. The man entered brazenly, as usual, as though quite unaware that the others didn't like him. "Howdy, gents," Pollard greeted them in that twangy, auctioneer's voice of his. "Got anything I might trade yuh out of?"

Murphy could feel the warm camaraderie in the room begin cooling off. Pollard always struck the wrong note here. But Dr. Joy, the impeccable host, spoke to him civilly. The others all but snubbed the man. He didn't really belong.

The difference, Murphy knew, was that Pollard traded only for profit. With the others guns were a hobby; with Pollard they were a racket. Except that he was the undercover power in county politics, the man gave all his energies to arms trading. Each summer he loaded his car with guns and drove all the way from California to Harpers Ferry, stopping to make shrewd gun deals with collectors along the route. Always he returned by way of the Kentucky mountains.

His technique, Murphy knew, was to swap a case of cheap whisky to some mountaineer for a genuine Kentucky rifle. Later Pollard would sell the rifle at a handsome profit to some well-to-do hobbyist.

Such practice naturally didn't set well with real gun lovers like Eric Joy and Ben Burlew. Pollard now perched himself on the window sill and lighted a stogie. "Well, gents," he twanged, "I just got hold of a genuine St. Etienne French musket, made in 1810, that was fought with at the Battle of Waterloo, and she's a jim-dandy, gents. What am I bid?"

A stiff silence answered him. Pollard's habit of faking a background for anything he wanted to sell was only too well known.

As though to tune out the off-pitch

(Continued on page 66)

I Taste Revenge

Continued from page 49

is breakable. I scoop up some papers which look official and cram they into my clothing. By the time we are finished, the five fugitives are brought in again by our outer guards. Several of the Nazis look much the worse for having met our comrades out there in the dark.

Meanwhile another group is in the wireless room near by, smashing every bit of apparatus.

Now there is shooting outside. It comes from every direction. Our paratroopers have stolen up to the military post and set it afire, and the Germans have come swarming out like bees from a disturbed hive. They are armed with rifles, grenades, revolvers and a few machine guns. Surprised, they hardly know where to fire at a foe they can hardly see.

With the others of my group I rush out of the wireless station. I do not have to wait long for a target. I see a squad of Germans nicely bunched coming around a corner. I drop to one knee, sheltered partially by the doorway of the radio station. Coolly, I take aim. The stream of bullets fairly washes them out. They are knocked over and lie on the pavement in queer sprawling attitudes.

We run through the narrow streets looking for more Nazis. Then the firing ceases and we know Bruneval is occupied by the Free Poles.

We are at liberty now to join the others at a central point in the town previously designated as our rendezvous. We hasten there to find comrades streaming in from every point of the compass.

Our Mission Fulfilled

We listen to a short announcement by our leader. Every detail of the night's task has been successfully carried out. The radio station and the military headquarters have been destroyed, prisoners have been taken, a large number of documents have been seized, and the German garrison of Bruneval has been practically annihilated. We had seen scores of Nazi soldiers run from the fighting and dive madly into the nearest houses in search of safety. They found it in most cases, for we have no time to seek them out.

A hasty check-up by group leaders, and word goes around that we have suffered no casualties. It is a commentary on the efficiency of these lightning raids.

We are given exact directions concerning our line of retreat to the beach, where Commando boats will be waiting to pick us up. We take advantage of a few minutes' rest to look over our equipment and make sure all is in good working order. Then we divide again into groups and with our prisoners closely guarded we leave the town.

We know there is hard fighting ahead. We no longer have the element of surprise to aid us. There has been a lot of noise around Bruneval, and the Nazis guarding the coast have heard it and are on the alert. They will expect us to head for the Channel. By now they are lying behind their fortifications, which bristle with machine guns, waiting for us to appear.

We speed up the tempo of our march. Several groups of machine gunners, ahead and on each flank, are covering our retreat. We take advantage of this temporary lull in the fighting to cover all the ground we can.

We are confident of breaking through the German lines when we reach them. Our morale is excellent. We chat among ourselves, gloating over the fact that we have sustained no losses and asking one another how the Nazis will feel tomorrow when they take accurate stock and realize the full extent of the destruction we have wrought. We wonder, too, what the local French will think of our little visit to France. We joke about these things. And let me tell you, here is something significant: men are laughing who have not laughed for months!

We hear scattered shots far ahead. Signal lights are flashing their messages through the night. Down the length of our lines, passed swiftly from group to group, come other signals and warnings sent back from our vanguard. Our scouts have already contacted the German beach defenses. We prepare ourselves for stubborn fighting.

The volume of firing increases. Then suddenly the crack of rifles and the chatter of machine guns are muted by a series of terrific detonations. We have been waiting for these and we greet them with a ringing cheer.

The Marines Land

Those explosions are from the heavy guns of British destroyers lying offshore. They are shelling the beach fortifications, covering the Commando boats as they land marines.

Forward, Paratroopers! We hurl ourselves into the melee on the beach. Now it is hand-to hand, body against straining body, and deadly knife play in the dark. Our attack is simultaneous with that of the marines on the seaward side. Trapped between two forces, the Nazis fight with the desperation of cornered rats. Soon courage fails them and they surrender in large batches. Now only isolated shots are heard as fleeing Nazis are detected by our men and cut down.

We have casualties to record this time, most of them sustained in the first furious melee of knife and bayonet attack. No matter. Our losses are so small that they are inconsequential when compared with the damage inflicted on the enemy.

Special details are already busy at their appointed jobs. They are demolishing enemy installations of every nature, and destroying all military equipment that is too cumbersome to be put in the boats and taken with us. Despite the great haste with which these operations are carried out, due to the danger of counterattacks by German reinforcements rushing from inland to the beach, everything goes off smoothly.

Our way back is open. We tumble into the speedy motorboats and our dash for England begins.

Suddenly the coast behind us explodes into life. The din of rifle and machine-gun fire pursues us over the water. Searchlights flash out and bathe us in their rays. The belated outburst proves quite ineffectual.

We are returning to our base with joyful excitement in our hearts and a song of triumph on our lips. We are justly elated at the fine showing we have made in our first great adventure.

The eastern sky grows pale. A hush falls upon us as we remember that Poland, our stricken country, lies beneath that dawn. We think of our enslaved countrymen and make a silent pledge to go on fighting until we free them.

We make ourselves a promise, too. Some day we will be back in Poland—home! But we will pass through Germany on the way!

THE END

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE
GIVE YOUR SCRAP TO BEAT THE JAP

and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—

Replace Worn Engine Bearings!

YOU CAN'T drive an oil pumper and expect to get maximum mileage from every gallon of gas and every quart of oil—and longest useful service from your car.

Now's the time to have that smoky, motor-fouling oil pumper overhauled to restore fine performance and economy, and to prevent the waste of vital fuel supplies.

But remember that a "piston ring job" is only a HALF DONE overhaul. Oil pumping is caused by worn connecting rod bearings. They flood the cylinders with too much oil, where it burns to carbon, coating the best of new piston rings, valves, spark plugs, causing sluggish, wasteful operation to continue.

Do the WHOLE JOB. Tell your service man to check the bearings when the engine is opened up for service. If they are worn, replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!*

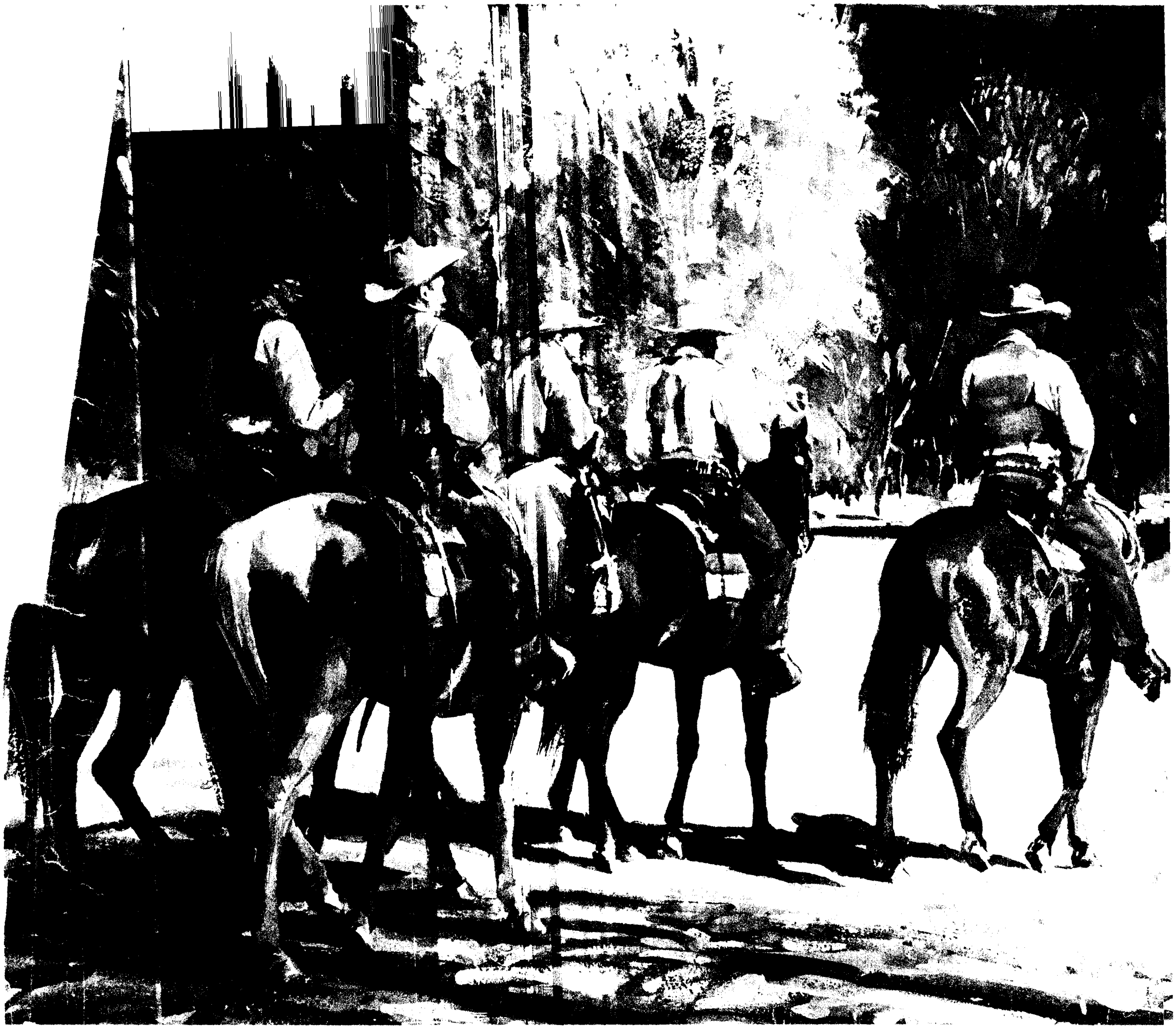
FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

FOR VICTORY

Federal-Mogul's increased factory production is working "all out" producing vital precision parts for torpedos, bearings and precision parts for planes, tanks, guns, boats—and millions of bearings to service the cars carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE FEDERAL Mogul OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS



The Story Thus Far:

SUSPECTING that one of his ranches—Horsehead—is being mismanaged, Ben-Tim Howlett, a Texas ranchman, sends his best foreman, Tracy Coleman, to look into the matter.

Horsehead is far to the north of Texas. After riding for days, Coleman finally reaches War Bonnet, not far from the ranch. There Dan Stuart (who, like another ranchman, Drew Trumbo, is plotting to steal Howlett's property) tells him that, due to lack of use, Horsehead has become "free land"—and anyone can take it. Stuart is very threatening. . . .

At the ranch, Coleman has a guest—Valencia Wilder, whom Ben Solvay (one of the Texan's new acquaintances) says he will soon marry (as a matter of fact, he is planning to desert the woman). And at the ranch Coleman soon learns a number of things: (1) That his foreman, George Pairvent, is an untrustworthy weakling; (2) that both Stuart and Trumbo (who is in love with Stuart's daughter, Ann) are plotting—secretly and against each other—to steal Horsehead; (3) that both Stuart and Trumbo have stolen a number of Howlett's cattle.

Wasting no time, he warns Stuart that he intends to regain possession of the cattle that have been taken. Stuart, furiously angry, tells him to clear out of the country and not come back. The following morning, Coleman amazes everyone by riding out (with Pairvent and some of his surly "hands": Ray Miller, Ed Drum, Baldy Bickle and an unusually disagreeable boy known as "Alvy"), seizing his beef, and defying Stuart to his face!

From that moment on, developments are rapid. Stuart accuses Coleman and his men of being "cattle rustlers": he offers a five-hundred-dollar reward for evidence of the capture, or killing, of any one of them; he calls for volunteers to help him take the "outlaws" into custody. . . .

Realizing that Coleman (surrounded by punchers who are not to be depended on) is in peril, Ben Solvay decides to stand by him. Another man—Frank DeLeon, an old friend of Howlett—also takes his side. Then Trumbo calls on him and offers to support him *if* Coleman will give him half of Horsehead.

Coleman rejects Trumbo's offer; and the fellow rides away. Coleman then has a brutally frank talk with Pairvent—he tells the man that he knows he is dishonest, undependable. "But," he adds, "I'll let you stay. We can use each other till the showdown." "What showdown?" the foreman murmurs. "When," Coleman says, "you turn against me." Pairvent says, "Coleman, I wish I knew you."

V

WHEN Drew Trumbo reached Cloud River he came upon a rowboat slipping downstream stern foremost, close-hugging the edge of the bank. Old Tam Malarkey sat in it, checking the boat's speed with his oars. Old Tam was in his fifties, a gaunt man burned to leather by the sun and showing a pair of rawhide wrists below a frayed shirt. An extra set of oarlocks had been fitted to the boat and a second set of oars lay unshipped across the seat; and a woolly dog with one calico-colored eye sat on a pile of groceries near the stern and showed a pink tongue as it panted. Old Tam had rowed upriver through the easy water, moored his craft and had gone shank's-mare into War Bonnet for a month's supplies, carrying a hundred pounds on his shoulders back to the boat. Now he would slip carefully down the river to the brink of Number Seven Rapids, tie his boat and carry his supplies into the depths of the canyon by devices and footholds which only he seemed to know. Tam had been in the canyon twenty years, panning gold lodged in the gravel.

Trumbo hailed him and Tam pulled in to the shore with his old-man slow and sure pace, wasting no strength. Tam put a foot over against the gravel, holding the boat still; he pulled out a pipe with an enormous bowl and filled it and lighted it up, and laid a wary glance along the glass-bright surface of the river, a veteran fighter sizing up a long-known and respected opponent. Presently he turned to Trumbo:

"On the wrong side of the river, ain't you, Drew?"

"Payin' a visit."

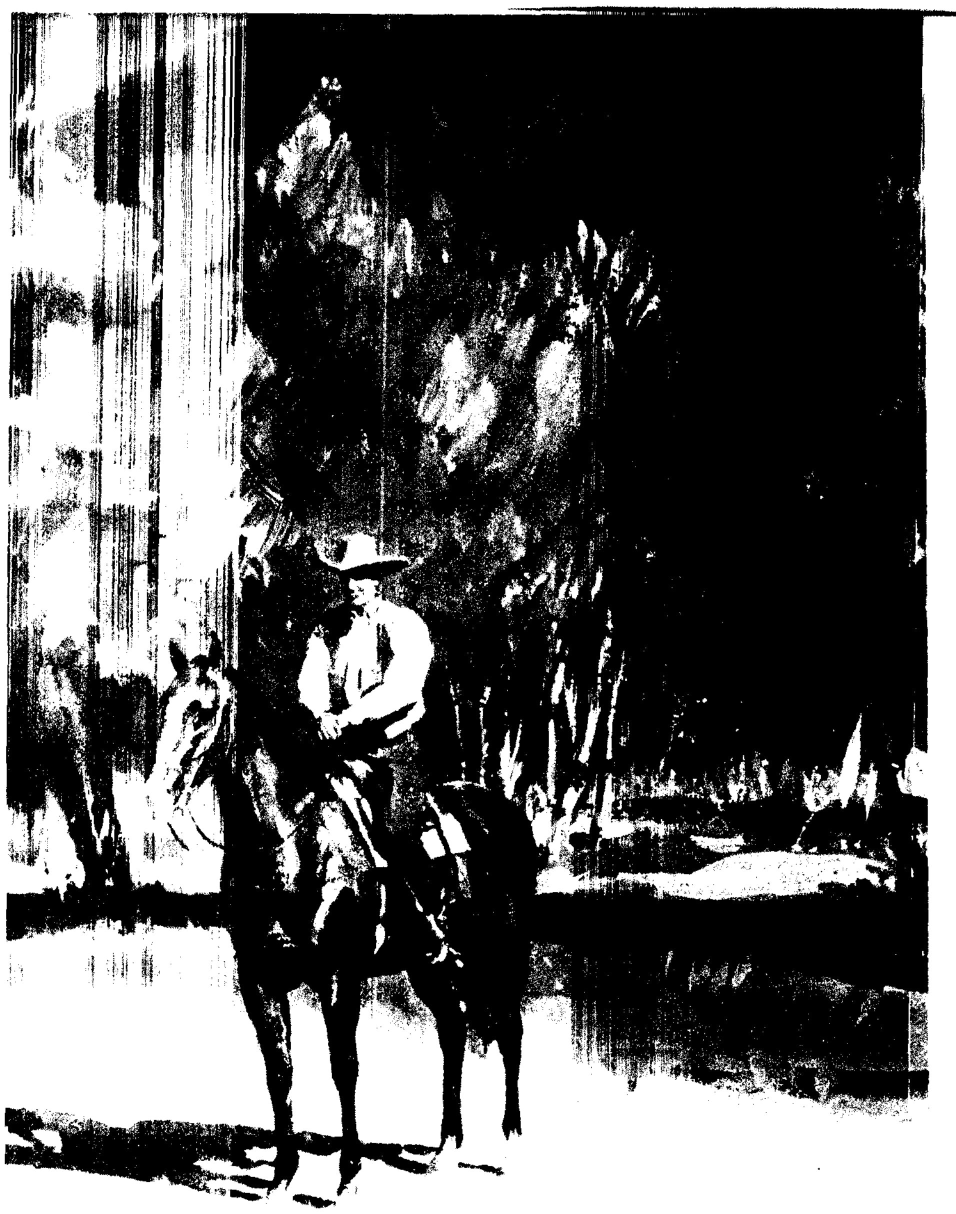
Old Tam sucked at the pipe until smoke made a stench around him. "I never thought I'd see this change."

"Everything is just as it has been. You're a smart old fellow, Tam, but that river's going to take you downhill some day and you'll be the new man in Luke Wall's graveyard. Why don't you get out of it?"

"I like a simple life," said Tam, "and I got it that way. Me and the river. Nothing more. I know where I stand and I know where the river stands. Maybe you can say the same thing, but I doubt it."

"Findin' much gold?"

"A little," admitted Tam. He pulled his foot aboard and let the boat drift, his oars poised. He watched the river with shaggy-browed eyes; and then he looked back. "Good thing there's just a little. If there was very much I'd have to watch out for you fellows who want things big and easy. What I got ain't enough to be worth your time. But if it was, you'd be after it." He had ignored the river for twenty seconds and that



He drove at Coleman, straight on. "Keep your hands on that saddle unless you mean to fight," said Coleman

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

was long enough; he straightened his boat and coasted down the slick and bright water, alert and careful. . . .

Trumbo swung east from the ford, considering the strangeness of Tam, who wanted so little. The point of living was to leave a great scratch upon the world for everybody to see; to fight for power and to use whatever set of rules would bring power. In that respect he had always figured that Stuart had lived a good life, a life true to the things which drove him. Only in one respect did Stuart show weakness; he had a mind that never changed. Knowing error, he would continue with the error, and some day would be destroyed. Trumbo had analyzed the man many times, he had used Stuart as a text and a lesson, and he knew he was sharper and more flexible than Stuart. Therefore he would survive.

Arriving before the Star Cross house late in the morning, he first saw Ann. She was on a horse, moving out from the yard, and came immediately to him. He lifted his hat at her and he smiled, but he knew at once she wasn't pleased.

"Your father," he explained, "wanted to see me."

"I'm sorry you came."

He spoke out his surprise: "It would be a nice thing to be welcome here, wouldn't it? It would mean a lot to you and to me."

"Do you know why he wants to see you?"

"I can guess," he said. "He wants help."

"Would you make a deal with him?" she asked.

SHE was a fair, tall girl whose presence, whose smile and voice never failed to stir him. She liked him and he thought they were near something better than that. At Gateway, two nights before, he had taken her into his arms and he had looked down at her. She had not protested; she had lifted her eyes and she had watched him in her thoughtful way. He had tried to kiss her and immediately she had slipped out of his arms and after that her voice had gone cool, as though he had gone too far too fast. She was not a girl to be at once known; she had strong feelings and fixed standards and now he searched himself carefully for an answer which would not bring to those eyes the shadows of judgment of which he was really afraid.

"Wouldn't you want me to be on your father's side?"

"Not if it is the wrong side, Drew."

She had never told him of her personal affairs; she was very quiet about her own life. Therefore her point of view puzzled him. "Star Cross is your side, Ann."

"Not if Star Cross is wrong," she insisted.

Stuart came up from the corrals and stopped near the porch. He said, "Trumbo, I'd like to see you." He tried to make it civil and agreeable, but even then it fell short. He was doing something now against his will, under the greater pressure of his needs. Ann rode from the yard, bound toward the northern hills at a reaching canter.

Trumbo advanced to the porch and got down, Stuart's eyes following him with their loaded harshness. Stuart growled: "Take a chair."

TRUMBO walked to the chair. He stood near it and then he turned and caught a quick glimpse of Stuart's face again—its deep-lined, domineering strength, its blind self-faith. This man had in him greater capacities for straight brutality than he had so far shown the Basin. Trumbo said, "I'll stand."

"Stand then!" snapped Stuart.

Trumbo smiled his short, pressed smile. "What can I do for you?"

"You remind me of myself when I was a younger man," said Stuart. "You can grin well enough and you can sing and drink with the boys. But you're cold as a fish. I spotted that a long time ago."

"Sure you did," said Trumbo. "You've been layin' for me a long time, too."

"I never let a man get big as I am," said Stuart. "You've got the idea of tryin' to be. You got a piece of land too close to me. I knew what you were up to—building your stock by slippin' a calf at a time away from Star Cross. The oldest trick in the world."

"It wasn't necessary," said Trumbo, still smiling. "Taking Horsehead beef was easier. I can put a vent brand on their beef as well as you can."

"Except," said Stuart, "that you had Pairvent bring it to you. You paid him to rustle his own outfit."

"Easier that way," agreed Trumbo. "You're sore because you didn't think of it first."

"Then," added Stuart, "not bein' sure of Pairvent, you paid Alvy to spy on his own outfit for you."

Trumbo's eyes widened. "Know that, too?" he breathed.

Stuart's temper pressed at his self-control. "You have tried to pull some of the ranchers away from me. I have heard how you proposed to split Horsehead between yourself and Spade and Medary, leavin' me out of it."

"Not hard," said Trumbo. "I can get along with those men. You always use a club over them. I offered those boys a piece of Horsehead for their trouble. What have you offered? You want them to help you take Horsehead but you don't want to give them any of it. If you use a man for a sucker, Stuart, you've got to give him something."

"What do you want?" Stuart said, throwing the thing at him bluntly.

"Give me the Horsehead ranch quarters and the range east of the river—and the stock on it. That leaves you the country west of the river. The river's a proper boundary."

"Why don't you ask for it all?" said Stuart, using a heavy sarcasm.

"Because," Trumbo coolly answered, "I'm not big enough to take it all."

"Or any of it," retorted Stuart.

"What did you call me here for then?" demanded Trumbo.

"To give you a chance for a little gravy," said Stuart. "Not for the whole meal."

"You've tried to get the other outfits to help you clean out Horsehead," guessed Trumbo. "But they held back. So you send for me. You wouldn't play pool with a man you hated unless there was no other way out of it. I'm here but you don't like me any better than you did—and you never will. Point is, you need me."

"All you've got is one set of arms," said Stuart. "No crew."

"I'll tell you why you called me in. You're too old to lay a gun on Coleman and come out first-best. You can't figure any of your crew doin' it either. It is a tough outfit you're proposin' to fight. But you know I can meet him and you know I can pull faster."

"How would I know that?" said Stuart.

Trumbo gave Stuart a long, straight-pushing glance. "You went to a lot of trouble, some time ago, to look up my record before I came to the Basin. I heard about it from some of my friends down the trail. You found out, didn't you?"

"I found out. You were too fast with your gun too many times."

"That's why you want me," said Trumbo. He was smiling, now knowing he had his man. Stuart stood glum and bitter on the porch, hating every bit of this scene. But he had a greater hatred, rising from the humiliation Coleman had put upon him. So he said in a heavy voice, "It is a deal. I will see Hoby Spade. I want him along. I'll be by for you when the right day comes."

Trumbo went to his horse and climbed to the saddle. He looked back at Stuart and he thought he saw a changed expression on the man's face, a half-hidden satisfaction. Stuart was thinking that he had done this piece of work well; that when Coleman was out of the way, it would be no great thing to put Trumbo also out of the way. It was on the end of Trumbo's tongue to say this much, but he held his peace and rode on. He had his own schemes.

HE RODE over the yellow grass to the Star Cross hills and turned to keep within the timber as he traveled home. Now and then he saw the Horsehead plain below him through the pines, all yellow with summer; and presently he noticed a flare of dust far out near the river. He kept his eye on it as he rode, now losing it as the trees thickened, now seeing it again. It was, he thought, a string of cattle moving toward water; but in another ten minutes he stopped and looked more closely. Cattle, by their own impulse, never trudged along that steadily or that fast. Therefore they were being driven. Suddenly, struck by forewarning, he left the ridge on the run and pointed west.

It took him an hour to reach the driven stock. Long before he got there he knew what had happened. He counted five men with the beef and he counted the beef itself as it strung along. There were seventy or eighty head moving steadily away from his range. He began to curse aloud long before any of the Horsehead crew could hear him; he cursed the ranch and he cursed every man on it and when he came to Pairvent he cried out, "I will kill him for playing me both ways!"

He looked for Pairvent and then saw that the foreman was not with the crew. Three hundred yards away he pinned his glance to Tracy Coleman and he drove at Coleman, straight on; and only the deep, calculating cold streak which was in him saved him from drawing as he came. He stopped, watching Coleman quietly turn his horse half around. Coleman's face was bone-hard and his eyes were wide open, wicked and quiet.

(Continued on page 56)

"The girls, I like. I like them. They like me very much," admits Francisco (Pancho) Segura, Ecuador's demon of the tennis court, surrounded by admirers at Southampton's Meadow Club

The Good-Will Kid

By Bob Considine

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Pancho Segura, Ecuador's ambassador of sport, brings some badly needed color into top-flight tennis The boy's good, too, and he is getting better all the time

"MY FAMILY?" asked Francisco ("Call me Pancho") Segura, the Ecuadorean tennis star. "Five sister, two brother. A baby every year and a half. That was us . . . like millionaires!"

Pancho has an unconscious knack of startling the jaded inmates of amateur tennis with such disarming outbursts. He is an intense, passionate little guy, the color of Sabu, the Elephant Boy. He weeps over poor shots, loudly bawls himself out in English. ("I must practice that Engleese. I am not so hot with her.")

He further distresses his opponents by using two hands on his racket, sometimes even clubbing overhead smashes with a two-fisted swat.

Pancho is hard for the tennis people to understand. The players never know whether he is going to slug a ball with the searing fire of a Joe DiMaggio triple or waft it barely over the net at a speed that insolently defies gravity. Pancho doesn't make up his mind until the last possible split second, and adds to the general bewilderment of his foes by alternating clouts and caresses with identical strokes.

The brass hats of tennis, officials of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association and nervous stockholders of the big West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, cannot understand Segura either. Some of them have nightmares in which they dream that Segura is only a mirage. The more pious brass hats simply accept the Ecuadorean as another manifestation that Providence has saved the helpless hide of amateur tennis for the umpteenth time by unexpectedly delivering a box-office wow. If amateur tennis and its oft-maligned association survive for the duration, Segura will be their savior.

Segura doesn't share the dread of some of the more aggressive exploiters of amateur tennis talent that the American boys will solve his weird style of play and belt him out of so many tournaments in a hurry that he'll lose his turnstile lure.

"I am getting more wonderful," Pancho confided to us, after he had whipped tough Ted Schroeder for the Eastern Clay Court Championship. "I am faster. I am stronger. I hit the ball harder. My volley improves. My serve improves. Even my coach says, 'Pancho,' he says, 'some day you will be a good player, Pancho.' Hah! He makes jokes like that."

He Isn't Boastful

Pancho never brags, really. It just sounds like bragging. His dark eyes look up at your face searchingly when he talks about himself. He can't quite understand these strange Americans who stare back at him almost unbelievingly even though he is uttering one great truth after another.

He owes his success to a double hernia and a foreign minister.

"I was a crazy kid. Jumping crazy all the time," he explained, with the bright animation of a lively squirrel. "Pretty soon *boom,* the hernia. That was eleven years ago, when I was ten. It made me so weak, this hernia. So weak it took two hands to hold up the racket."

He has used two hands ever since, even though he was exposed to a lot of orthodox tennis. Only two other players in tennis history used two hands and got away with it: the Australian Davis Cup players, Vivian McGrath and Jack Bromwich. Pancho attributes nothing to them.

"Never have I seen either of these," he says fervently. "But I can hit harder. That I know." And the odd part about that is, he can.

Bromwich, the better of the two two-fisted Australians, was primarily a push-ball artist. He was much bigger, stronger and rangier than Segura, but Pancho hits harder. Pancho coils his squat, 140-pound milk-chocolate-colored body and socks away with fervid vigor. His passing shots are as crisply brilliant as any you ever saw.

His change of pace is simply incredible. He can run for miles in short, hot spurts without tiring. His volleying still leaves something to be desired. There is an old saying in tennis that one

The speedy Pancho in action. At the age of ten an injury left him so weak it took two hands to hold up his racket; hence the two-handed grip which he has used ever since

ould never *defend* with a volley. gura does, but more often than not, ıen his slam-banging foe rushes in to ll his soft volley or to pass him at the t, Segura anticipates the direction of e shot, leaps to the exactly right spot ıd is waiting for the ball, with a white-othed grin.

"My anticipation? Remarkable! But *must* be. See!" he explained to this riter, seizing the writer's notes and lling them in the approximate shape a racket handle. He placed his small own hands around the simulated ındle, with his curious overlapping ip. Then he leaped off the divan, in the thedral-like lobby of the hotel where lives, and did a few quick jigs across e lobby, stroking with the rolled notes. "A regular player, he can just reach ıt with his one hand. Simple, like this." He reached out, like a duelist straining in search of a *touché*. He nearly stabbed a startled lady who was walking through the lobby.

"But I'm different. With two hands —see?— I must get closer to the ball to hit. I must be faster. I must run further . . . farther. Dios! This language!"

He started to throw my notes away in disgust but I rescued them just about the time a nervous room clerk assured

(Continued on page 63)

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Top-speed transportation of vital necessities for Uncle Sam's vast war effort gets first preference with Railway Express.

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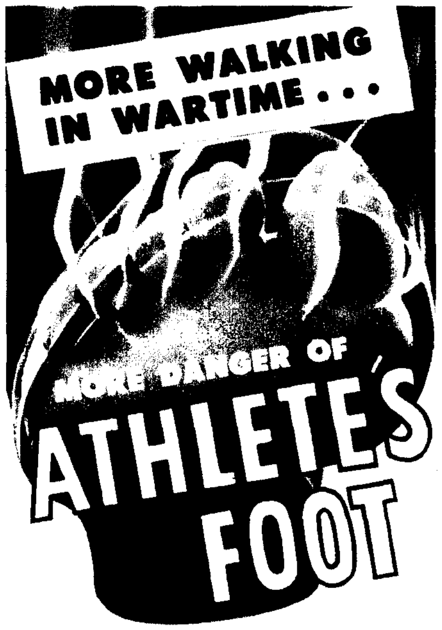
NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE


MORE WALKING IN WARTIME . . .
MORE DANGER OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

Extra perspiration makes Athlete's Foot fungi grow twice as fast!

It's the excessive perspiration and dead skin that come with wartime's extra walking that feed the Athlete's Foot fungi—doubling their rate of growth! Then, when cracks appear between your toes, they get in and spread! Painful walking, inflamed toes, itching, peeling skin tell you you've got Athlete's Foot!

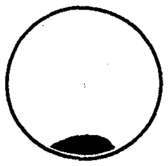
Cracks Warn you

Look for cracks between your toes tonight! Drench them with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning every day. Absorbine Jr. is the nationwide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
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Action by Night

Continued from page 53

"Damn your soul!" cried Trumbo.

Coleman laid a flat order on Trumbo: "Keep your hands on that saddle unless you mean to fight."

"I met worse men than you and lived to see them buried!" snarled Trumbo.

"Watch your hands," repeated Coleman. "I will not tell you again."

"Why didn't you rustle my range when I was around!" yelled Trumbo.

"I told you I'd be over. Now I'll tell you something else. You've got a lot of fat stuff grazin' your grass, mostly borrowed from Horsehead. I'll come again."

"No," said Trumbo, "you'll never come again."

"Say your piece," said Coleman, "and do what you plan to do. We're wastin' time."

Trumbo sized up the crew, holding himself on even balance. Alvy the kid was at the head of the column, walking as the beef walked, but looking back over his shoulder. Ed Drum and Baldy moved on. Coleman stood fast, and behind him was Ray Miller, showing a squinted smile. Trumbo gritted his teeth together. "You're waitin' for me to be a fool." He gripped the pommel with both hands and he squeezed his strength into them and sighed. His coolness returned. Raising his reins, he said, "I will see you in good enough time," and trotted away.

Miller looked after Trumbo, until the latter was far beyond range. He said to Coleman, "Now there's a boy which has smelled powder somewhere. Didn't realize that till just now."

"It is written all over him. Time to push on."

Ray Miller's weather-tight grin remained. He said, "Now you're a great hand to figure—and you been figurin' the boys on Horsehead pretty close. How you got me figured?"

Coleman looked at him. "Rather have you on my side than against me."

"I like most any kind of a fight," said Ray. "Always been that way with me."

"One's coming."

"Then," said Ray, "I'm with you. I like the way you work."

ANN STUART rode over Star Cross grass to the near-by southern ridge; and when she reached the trees she looked back to discover that Trumbo had finished his interview and was riding west. Therefore she followed the ridge, paralleling Trumbo's course, and at last reached a junction trail and waited. At the end of a half-hour he had not appeared and so she continued until she was on the main road directly behind his house. It was then near noon. Drew came along not long after. She noticed at once that he had been through some considerable scene and had been left the worse for it. He neither lifted his hat nor smiled.

"Did you quarrel with my father?"

"No," he said. "We got along all right."

"You're in a bad frame of mind."

"I just met Coleman and his crew driving my beef back over the river."

"Was it that vented beef?" When he nodded, she said: "I'm sorry you took it. Never mind what rules the Basin laid down—it wasn't right."

"I'll have it back," he said.

"You're like my father. You give nothing up and you don't change easily."

He sat still, not trying to follow her thoughts as he usually did. The niceness and the consideration were gone and the irony which leavened his spirit was missing. She had never been too certain of his character but she had liked him well enough to be interested in his future. What she now saw was a gambler's calculating ambition, and this hurt her. "What did my father want?"

"Help."

"He wants to destroy Coleman and he wants Horsehead. He has always wanted it. What did he offer you?"

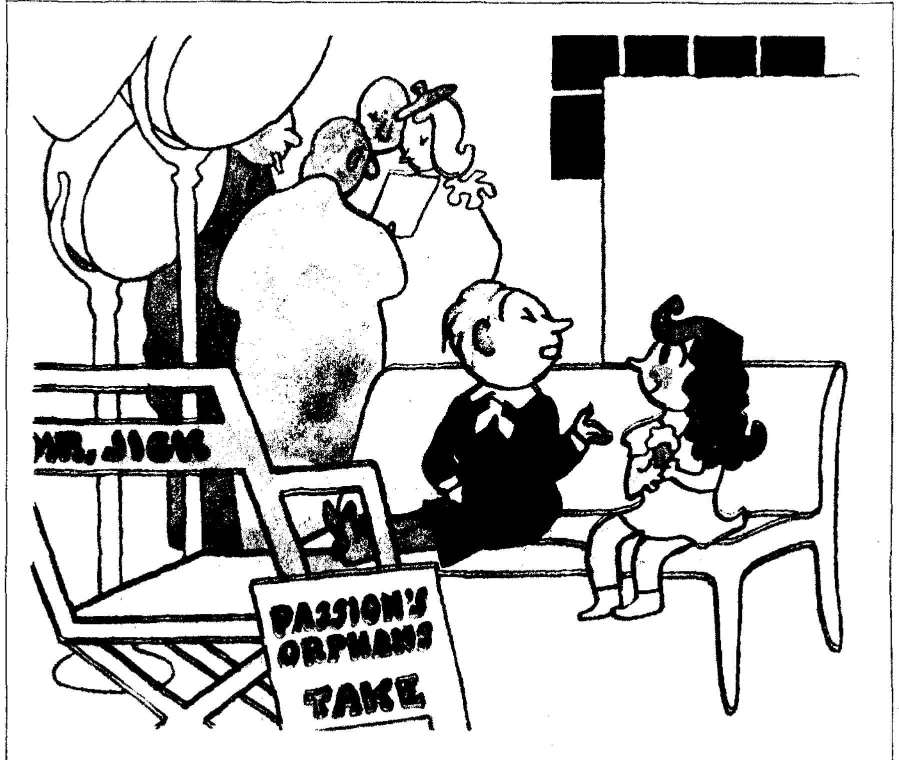
"YOUR father never gives anything if he can help it," Drew said. "I had to make the offer—all of Horsehead east of the river for me. All of it west of the river for him. He accepted."

"Coleman won't run."

"It will be a fight," he said, "if he can make his crew fight."

"You have agreed," she said, "to help kill him. That is the bargain."

He had grown irritated at the way her talk pushed him unfavorably back.



"I'm putting mine into an annuity. After all, adolescence isn't so darn' far away"

GARDNER REA

"Take another look at it," he said. "If Coleman hadn't come here that ranch would have been split up in another three months without a fight. But Coleman comes. Look at him carefully a minute. What is he? Another man fighting to get a piece of land—just like I am. Is he any better than I am?"

Her logical mind supplied an immediate answer: "Horsehead still has an owner. You are not the owner."

"The Basin says different."

She was grave and thoughtful; she shook her head. "I am disappointed."

He went toward her and put his hands on her shoulders. She didn't move but as he watched her, closely and with anxiousness, he saw little doors close against him which once had been half opened. He tightened his fingers on her shoulders. "Don't turn against me!"

She looked down from him. "It is more than disappointment," she murmured, and when she looked up there were tears in her eyes. He brought her against him and he tried to kiss her. She pushed against him and stepped aside.

"Ann," he said, "you want me to be a little fellow carryin' a hoe?"

"You will be what you are," she said. "A man may try to change and a woman may think she has changed him, but it is only an outward thing. He remains the same."

He shook his head. "What do you want in a man?"

She closed it out with a gesture, and changed the subject: "When will you be doing this?"

She was sorry she had asked the question. His eyes became different and his character was another character, all in the space of a moment. This man, she well knew, had loved her and still loved her; in every meeting it was a feeling that came from him to touch her. Yet this suddenly had he the power to pull away and close her out and look upon her as an enemy to his plans. She stepped back to her horse and mounted. "So long, Drew."

"I'll see you again," he said. He came up to her and for a little while he recaptured his smiling manner. But it was too late then. She had never really given him her heart; in all their moments of closeness she had held herself away from that final step. It wasn't only that she was not quite certain of him; she was also unsure of herself, sometimes wondering if the lonely search of some personal answer for herself might not lead her to a false decision. But he had always known—for she had let him see it—that he was closer to her and more desirable to her than any other man. The rest might have followed. Instead, he had chosen to put another desire before her. "I'll see you again," he repeated. "I'll come to you some day, a man with something to offer."

"An offer of land and cattle?" she said. "Drew, you're blind. Goodby."

SHE rode through the trees, checking the horse to a walk, meanwhile thinking of Drew Trumbo from her first meeting with him onward to the last one. She recalled his words and the tone of his voice and the unsaid things in his voice and the times he had pleasantly lifted her spirit out of its loneliness and as she thought of all this she took Drew Trumbo from her heart little by little until at last there was only an empty spot where he had been.

She rode the hardest mile of her life;

and halted and sat still, knowing there was no living person who now had a claim on her, and no living person on whom she might have a claim. She was as thoroughly alone in the world as if there were no other thing alive on the planet. All her search for color and warmth, for the comfort of a man's closeness, had ended with this greater solitariness. She had left only her convictions of right and wrong—and so turned downslope toward the river's ford.

She came to the Horsehead yard in midafternoon, finding Valencia Wilder on the porch. She had heard of the girl's being there, and the reason for it. Such news traveled with something near the speed of light in the Basin; and it had aroused Ann Stuart's natural curiosity. She wondered about Coleman. Even though this girl was engaged to be married to Ben Solvay, what would her closeness to Coleman do to him? For her first meeting with Coleman had told her at once he was a robust man, something in his voice and on his face betraying the quick currents which ran within him. It would be natural for him to seek the beauty and the comfort of a woman.

Valencia Wilder said, "Will you get down?"

DISMOUNTING, Ann came to the porch. Valencia was a smaller girl than she, very dark and with a spirit glowing like hot coals in her. Her smile was a small lightness around her mouth and her eyes were sharp and alert for trouble; she was far prettier, Ann thought, than the grapevine rumor had indicated. She wasn't hard—Ann looked at once for that—but she had a self-sufficiency, and she was on guard.

"I'd like to speak to Tracy Coleman if he's around," said Ann.

"He's back of the house," Valencia said. She stood a moment, openly interested. "You're Ann Stuart. You know my name, I imagine, and my reason for being here."

"We've got a good system of gossip in the Basin," said Ann.

"Unkind, I suppose," said Valencia, her expression slightly hardening.

"If there was unkindness," said Ann, "men would keep that to themselves."

"But not women."

"I seldom see other women. This is mostly a man's country."

"Yes," said Valencia, "they make the rules."

"You don't have to follow them."

"I don't," said Valencia.

Doña Gertrude came quickly through the doorway, untying an apron. She said, "Welcome to our house," and her smooth old face lighted. "It is long since you have been here before. Things go well?"

"Things go well, Doña Gertrude. You have not visited us."

Doña Gertrude's face turned regretful. "The men of this ranch and the men of your ranch—" she said, and conveyed the rest of it with a shrug.

"Miss Stuart wants to see Mr. Coleman," said Valencia Wilder. She looked at Ann and she permitted Ann to see one small, possessive streak. "I will go tell him."

But Doña Gertrude said, "You would not wish to leave your guest alone. I will do your errand for you." She moved placidly back through the house.

"Something out of the old, old past," murmured Ann. "And very nice."

A rebel note came to Valencia's voice: "To Ben-Tim, I gather, she was a chattel to remain with his property when he left."

"Perhaps," said Ann, "they thought it better to be apart. They were both growing old and maybe they wanted to have their memories to live on."

Valencia said, "You make people better than they are."

"Badness and goodness are close together. It is better to think of the goodness."

"I would worship the memory of no man," said Valencia. "If he didn't care enough to hold me forever, I'd hate him."

Ann gave Valencia a close inspection and shook her head. "You are deceiving yourself."

Coleman came up from the rear of the house and turned to the porch. He had been trying out a tough horse and his face was red from the pounding and, when he removed his hat, sweat rolled down from his forehead. He grinned and reached for his tobacco and divided a look between the women. "You've met?"

"Yes," said Valencia.

He had his eyes then on his hands, rolling the cigarette. The tone of her voice lifted his glance and he watched her a considerable moment, and it was that long look which Ann wondered about. He was a man with sharp eyes. What did he see in this dark strange-willed girl and what were his thoughts of her? She already knew what Valencia Wilder's thoughts were of Coleman; as soon as he stepped to the porch Valencia's face showed change.

"I wanted to talk a minute with you," she said to Coleman.

Valencia Wilder moved back into the house, not speaking yet leaving something of her disturbing self behind.

"I'm surprised," said Coleman. "Your father and I are not friends." He paused and soberly added: "Nor is Trumbo my friend."

"I know. That's why I'm here."

"Thanks," he said. "But you must not get into my troubles."

"You got into mine, at Gateway. I'm paying back." She saw Pairvent standing down the yard near the bunkhouse, tall and rigid and motionless on the ground, his glance pinned to her. She said, "Ride out from here a short way," and went to her horse. She waited while he walked to the rear of the house and rode back. They moved together out upon the plain. "How far can you trust your crew?"

"Far as I can keep my eyes on them. Except for two men. Solvay and Miller will do."

"Miller's tough. He killed one of Gunderson's crew last winter."

"He'll stick. He sees a good fight comin'."

"What a terrible judgment of a man." Then she thought of something else and was slightly surprised. "Ben Solvay's good. How did it happen he came here?"

"Came to warn me last night, about your father's notice. Then he saw his girl again." He rode the better part of a hundred yards before adding, "I think he regrets his decision to leave her here, and now stays to be near her."

"Probably he feels she needs more protection."

"Probably," he said.

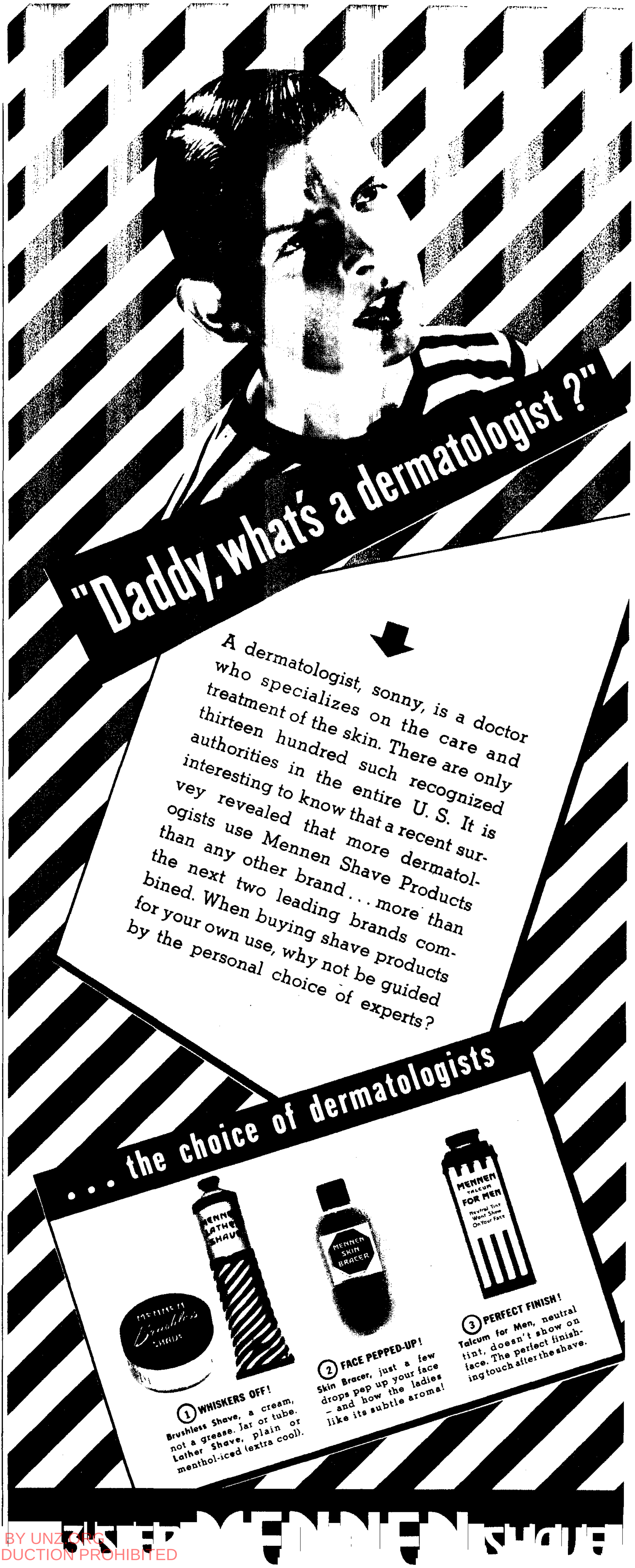
SHE looked at him quickly; he had an odd expression on his face and in a moment, because of the increasing smile in her eyes, he turned red. Suddenly she put both hands down to the saddle horn and laughed in uncontrolled amusement. The wry, embarrassed expression grew on him and he smiled a little and that made her laugh again until she had to hunt up her handkerchief and dry her eyes. "Oh, Tracy," she said, "the expression on your face was so funny. Have I hurt your feelings?"

"No," he said.

"I wouldn't want to do that. You're a very honest man. She's quite pretty, too."

"I suppose," he admitted cautiously, "she might be considered so."

She tried to suppress her laughter but



"Daddy, what's a dermatologist?"

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could not. "I suppose," she jeered, "you've had no time to notice it. Ah, but you are transparent. And that is of course why Ben Solvay decided to stay and defend his interests. Ben is not a fool."

"I wouldn't have left her to another man's care," he admitted.

"Was it," she inquired with a very gentle malice, "entirely Ben Solvay's idea?"

He showed embarrassment again. "Why would she think of it? She came here to marry him."

"She saw you at Gateway, didn't she?" said Ann, in the same idly provoking tone.

"What of that?" He eyed her with doubt. She had her glance thrown forward into the lengthening yellow rays of sunlight; she was serene, and humor disturbed the corners of her mouth. "Well," he admitted, "if she were my girl I'd not be tradin' her around."

"If she were," said Ann, still looking ahead, no longer amused. He rode on with her, content to wait out what she had to tell him; and so they came a good deal later to the ford. She looked back across the plain and showed surprise: "I didn't realize I had carried you this far from home."

"The ride," he said, "was pleasant to me."

She gave him a pleased glance. "You have a nice way of putting things." Then she remembered the reason for her visit. "I do not agree with my father or Drew Trumbo or the Basin. I think Horsehead is an owned ranch and I think that vented-stock idea is just as crooked as open rustling. I have to tell you this, otherwise you might think it unnatural for me to say the rest of it. My father and Trumbo intend to raid you. Soon I think."

He sat still on the saddle, looking out upon the river.

"I wish," he said, "you had not come to me with this."

"You are under no obligation to the Stuart family."

"Maybe not. This fight will unroll, regardless of you or me. Still, you came." He looked at her with a straight suddenness. "I will think of that when I do something which hurts you."

"My father?"

"I see no way of duckin' it." He gave her another direct glance. "I do not quite understand how it is between you and your father."

"It would be too long a story to tell."

"And I do not quite understand how it is with you and Trumbo."

"That," she said slowly, "is a story which is ended. My father made a deal with him. He accepted it—and so he will be against you. And now I must go."

She turned the horse into the water and crossed it; she didn't look back, even though she knew he was still watching her. She climbed the low bluff and as he struck out at a long run over the flatlands she was openly crying for the first time since childhood. Then the tears quit and she kept her mind on him all the way home; and suddenly she no longer felt like laughing at the thought of Valencia Wilder in his house. The tolerance left her and dislike of the other girl came.

COLEMAN returned to Horsehead through the long, last sunlight, hearing the gong-strike of the dinner bell; and he sat at the head of the table, not speaking at all while he struggled with his close thoughts. Stuart had six men and Trumbo made seven. There might be another outfit throwing in with Stuart. Against that he had these six men at the table. Which of them would fight, which of them could he trust? He thought to himself, "I had better send Alvy on his way now before he gets another chance to betray me." Solvay would have to pull out with the girl. That left four.

The crew ate and departed and Doña Gertrude silently vanished. Valencia remained, watching him. He heard Ben Solvay impatiently tramping back and forward on the porch. He looked at Valencia. "He wants you."

She said, "He didn't want me four days ago."

"Changed his mind. You can see it on him."

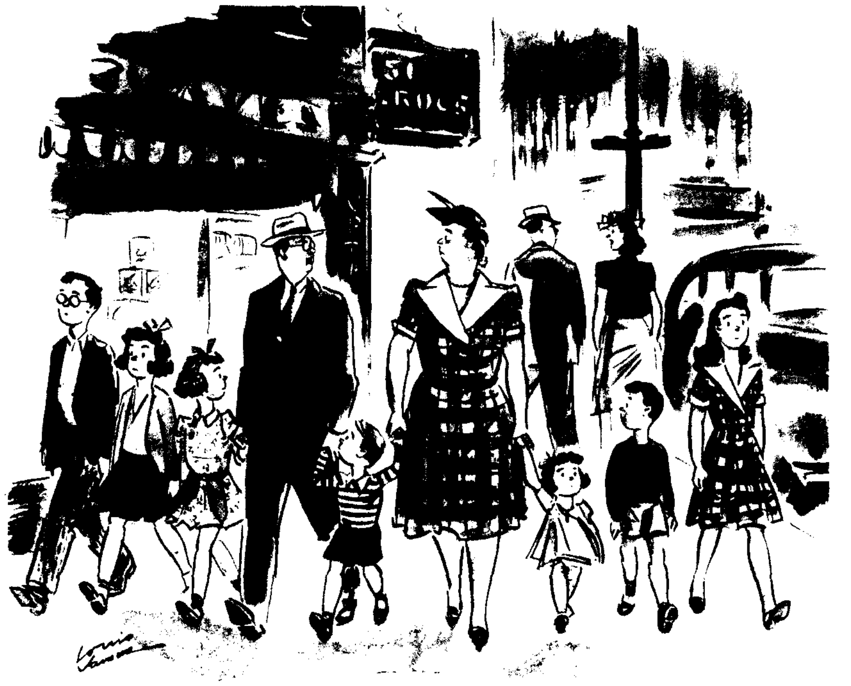
"Maybe I have changed mine," said Valencia. "Can you see that on me?"

He said, "You've got to pull out tomorrow. We're going to be paid a visit."

"They would never touch me."

"If some fool starts shootin' there's no way of pushin' a bullet aside." He got up in the twilight of the room; and she rose and moved at him. She stood in front of him, looking up, her eyes turned to the color of slate, and wide-sprung. There was a heavy expression on her mouth. "What did the girl want of you?"

"She wanted nothing."



"Dear, are you sure all the children are here? Those people managed to stay on the sidewalk"

LOUIS JAMME

"Everybody wants something."

"Yes," he said, "everybody does. But few of us get what we want."

"Nothing can stand against that stubborn mind of yours, once you decide upon a thing. You can have whatever you want." She held herself before him and she held her arms stiff at her sides, waiting. She watched the effect of her nearness go through him and she knew she had unsteadied him, she knew she had broken his will for that moment.

"Tracy," she said, "after all I have been through, I'm still good. The best of me has never been given away. I feel it, all of it, right inside where it has always been. If there had ever been a man big enough to see it there, it would have gone to him. There never was such a man. Do you believe that?"

"I've seen it," he said. "It's there." He held his talk, searching himself for the right word. "When you're not thinkin' of the world you hate so much it is like the light in a young girl's eyes—clear as crystal."

"Tracy," she said, her voice crowded and trembling, "can a man see that—and forget the rest? Can he ever?"

"There are men who would," he said.

But, listening with her whole private world waiting on him, she did not quite hear the one thing she wanted to hear—and at that point she gave up the good standard she had set for herself.

Solvay was at the dining room's doorway. He said in a short, cranky voice: "Ten minutes is long enough for anybody to eat supper, isn't it?"

"Ben," said Coleman, "this ranch is to be raided. Take Valencia out of here tomorrow."

In the gathering darkness of the room he witnessed the relief come to Ben's round cheeks. "Tonight," Solvay said. "Right away. I'll find an extra saddle. Never mind the trunk. I can come back for it."

He took Valencia by the arm, going through the house. Coleman followed to the porch and found the crew collected under the trees. Pairvent said, "What's on your mind? What'd the girl tell you?"

"Stuart's comin', with Trumbo. Don't know what other outfits."

"Tonight?" asked Pairvent in a knife-keen tone.

"Soon. Maybe tonight, maybe not," Coleman said.

BEN SOLVAY left the porch and cut around to the rear yard. Pairvent passed a hand across his wedge-shaped face. "I know Stuart. He never lets a thing wait. Coleman, you have whipsawed us into it. Alvy, get your horse and ride to the ford. Watch-see if anybody crosses. Don't dream, boy!"

"No," said Coleman. "Get your horse and keep goin', Alvy. I don't want you around at all."

"Listen," said Pairvent, "if I'm foreman, don't go over my head. I'm not goin' to throw a man away. If he tricks us I'll kill him, but we got to use him now."

Alvy murmured, "This is my outfit."

Coleman said, "All right—all right." Alvy ran back into the yard, making a scarecrow shape through the shadows. Coleman called after him: "Get a horse for Doña Gertrude. She'll ride away with Ben and Miss Wilder."

Pairvent said, "What'll it be, Coleman? We can stand off our own size but we can't buck too much weight."

"You're stayin', George?"

Pairvent spoke from his long-held anger, from his grinding resentment: "I'm stayin'. I nursed this place along three years. I would have pulled it through. I had my deals made and they were good enough to keep the Basin from movin' in. You have played the devil—and it is your chestnuts I have got to help pull out of the fire. I'll do it. Then we'll see whose ranch this is, yours or mine."

Ben Solvay returned with three led horses. "Time to go," he said. Alvy came by at a headlong run, rushing for the open land. "Time to go," said Ben Solvay again.

Coleman murmured, "Nothing's happened yet. Slow down."

Doña Gertrude moved slowly forward. "What is this foolishness, Don Tracy? What is this talk of going away?"

"There is a reason for you to leave here," said Coleman. "It will not be for long."

"I will stay," said Doña Gertrude, firm and calm. "This is my home. Do not command me to do a thing which I cannot obey."

Pairvent said, "What'll it be, Coleman? Make your plan while you got time to make it."

"Never plan too far, George. A man can't scheme against ghosts."

Ben said, "Valencia, you'll have to try ridin' side-saddle on a straight horn. Come on—"

SHE had not moved from the porch; and did not move now. The night wind rose and ran through the trees with its blends of dust and grass and pine. The heat of the day slowly moved against Coleman, the night silence had its edge of suspense. He had not felt it before, and now stood quite still, wondering from whence it came. The crew was around him, waiting—and maybe they made the tension which lay upon him as a growing weight. Ben started to speak again but Coleman said, "Shut up!" He took one step toward the back yard, and stopped; and he knew the night was turning wrong while he delayed. He made a circle on his heels. He stared through the increased blackness of the trees. Out on the plain he saw nothing in the shadows, and heard only the drum of Alvy's horse; presently, as he listened, he heard that come to an abrupt halt. Pairvent also heard it. He said, "Something's up."

"Wait," said Coleman. The weight pushed against him more and more and had no direction to it. He murmured: "Valencia—Doña Gertrude, get on your horses."

"Tracy," murmured the girl, "I don't want to go!"

"Now!" he said. It grew worse and worse; he took one false step to the porch, halted, and swung toward the back yard. Suddenly he broke into a run toward the corral rack. "Come on—come on. Ben, get those women out of here!" He reached the corral with the crew tumbling behind him. Pairvent grumbled, "What's up—where's—"

Coleman was in the saddle when the first racket came; and the source of it told him how it was. Riders came down the hill behind the house at full tilt, crying; they had circled the grass plain during daylight to these hills, they had crept down—and they were here. He was out in the yard, the other Horsehead men swinging around him. Pairvent cursed violently and Ray Miller was laughing out his dead-toned pleasure. Coleman shouted at the porch, "Get out of here with your women, Ben!"

Stuart's voice overrode all other voices pouring off the hill: "Left side of the house! Left side of the house!"

Ray Miller answered for Horsehead; his eager answer jumped back at Stuart: "You go to hell!" It was Ray Miller also who opened the firing. Coleman said, "Drop back to the trees in the front yard." He ran his horse over there, troubled about the women. They were in the saddle and Solvay had only then started off. "Move out!" Coleman yelled. "Move out fast!"

(To be continued next week)

BRITISH COMBINE

"All fighting men who look on death can always use a song—" A group of American soldiers of Gen. MacArthur's forces—somewhere in Australia

PAGING ALL POETS

BY GRANTLAND RICE

"They had no poet, and they died."—Alexander Pope

Kipling, we have missed you in the world we know today—
Missed your Fuzzy-Wuzzy and your Road to Mandalay;
Missed your Tommy Atkins and the brave songs that you sung,
When the world was saner and a few of us were young.

Kipling, from Valhalla, can't you send me back your pen,
So I can sing the glory of MacArthur and his men?
So I can tell the story, where the flames of Luzon burned,
And send on to eternity the fame that he has earned?

There is need of ships and planes but when the strong meet strong,
All fighting men, who look on death, can always use a song—
A song that knocks against the heart, that rips into the soul,
A song that helps to carry men beyond the bitter goal.

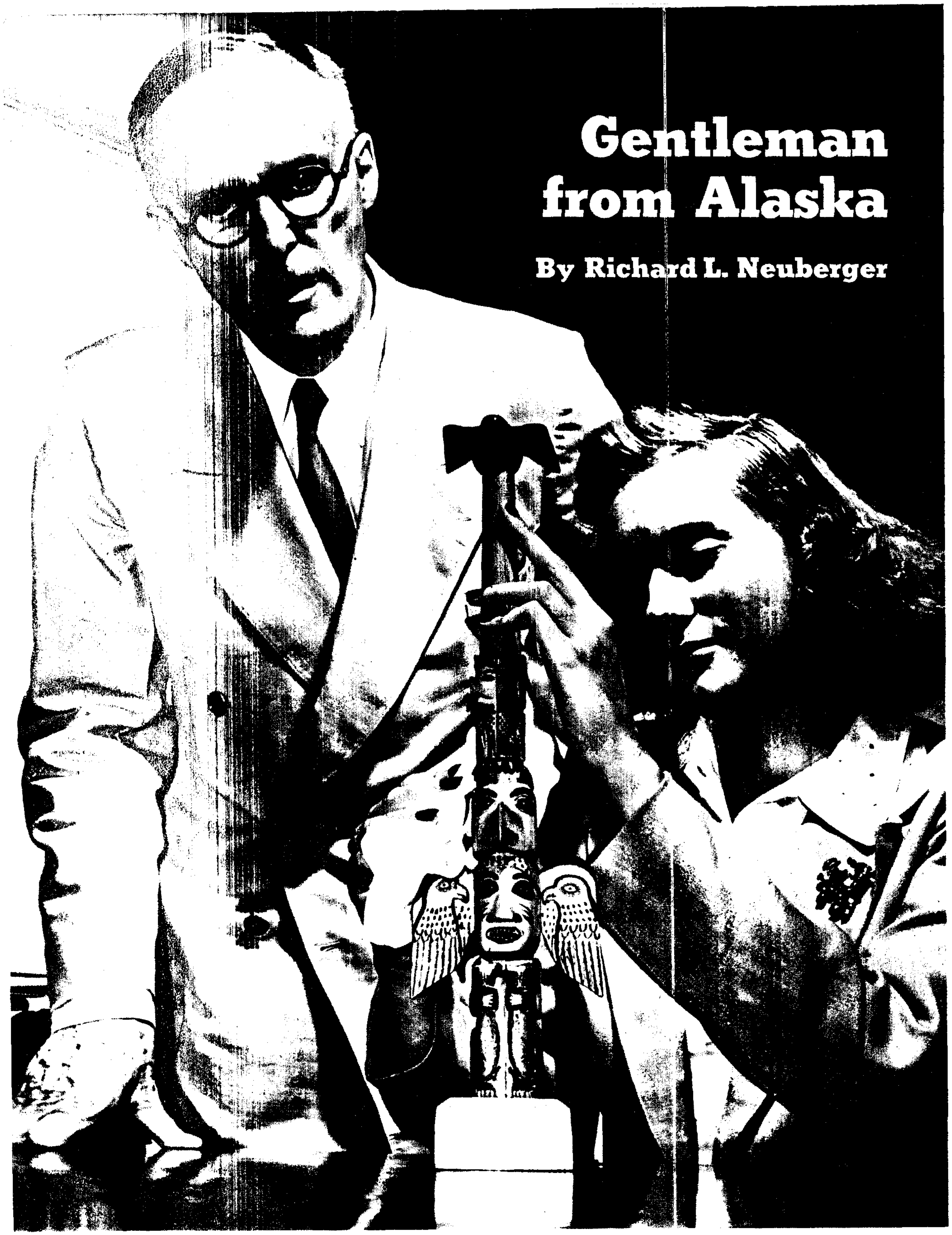
Old Homer sang of Hector and Achilles in his time.
But, Homer, from your ancient dust I need a braver rhyme.
Send me from vanished centuries no one will know again
A golden epic tribute for MacArthur and his men.

I'm just a wayside poet—in this mighty ebb and flow,
Where the magic of MacArthur is beyond all words I know—
A miracle of heart and brains that calls, above the flood,
For a soul that's dipped in genius and a pen that's dipped in blood.

So, poets, from a thousand years, rise from your faded dust!
Bold Byron, Keats and Shelley, help to clean away my rust.
For above all lyrics written I must have a godlike pen
To pay a fitting tribute to MacArthur and his men.

Gentleman from Alaska

By Richard L. Neuberger



Anne Dimond, daughter of Anthony Joseph Dimond, Alaska's delegate to Congress, has charge of the curios her father brings back. Here she is carefully dusting a totem pole made by the Eskimos

NINA LEEN, P. I.

The surge of events since December 7th makes Alaska's delegate, Tony Dimond, the best guesser in Congress—small consolation for the man whose warnings have for a decade fallen upon doubting and indifferent ears

ALASKANS have long memories. The white silences afford little chance for forgetting. Alaskans remember that six years ago a tall, gaunt man with horn-rimmed glasses stood before a committee of his fellow members of Congress in far-off Washington, D. C., claiming that Japanese dories, ostensibly fishing for salmon off Alaska's rocky shores, were in reality manned by disguised officers of the imperial navy. These "fishermen," he said, might be wearing greasy dungarees and tattered denims but in their wardrobe lockers at Yokohama undoubtedly hung swords, epaulets and caps with braided visors. And he insisted that the prize which the fishermen sought was not the flaky flesh of sockeye or pinks but information on the depth, defenses and landmarks of Alaskan harbors.

"The Japanese," the tall man said, "know more about the vital Aleutian coast line than we do."

From Tokyo came an immediate and outraged protest. Such accusations were "utterly absurd," said the adjutant to Admiral Osumi, the minister of Japan's navy. Surely Americans would not be so gullible as to believe that a friendly power was taking soundings in Alaskan waters. "The statements," declared the incensed adjutant with finality, "are unworthy of denial."

An official of the Japanese Foreign Office said he was sure Americans knew that his country was not conducting espionage in the Aleutian Islands. "It is ridiculous that we would use fishing boats for that purpose," was his concluding *non sequitur.*

Because the people of Alaska remember this episode in all its ironic details, only one name will appear on the Territorial ballot late this summer when they trek long distances to the polls to elect their spokesman in Washington, D. C. (Alaskans must vote before autumn's snows bury trails and plug passes.) The name will be that of the tall, gaunt man with horn-rimmed glasses: Anthony Joseph Dimond. This is the tenth year that he has been Alaska's delegate in Congress. Most Alaskans want him to continue in the job indefinitely. No one is opposing him on either the Democratic or the Republican ticket. His re-election early in September to a sixth consecutive term will be a mere formality.

For a decade Tony Dimond, as he is known to the inhabitants of his vast 586,400-square-mile constituency, has been a sort of congressional Nostradamus, prophesying practically everything that has occurred in the North Pacific since December 7th.

From the time he set his old black valise down in the Washington station, Dimond began demanding the fortification of Alaska. "Do you know," he asked an Idaho congressman in 1935, "that there isn't a single cannon in the Aleutian Islands, which extend to within 716 miles of Japan?"

He buttonholed Senator Homer Bone of Washington, the state nearest to Alaska, and warned that what Alaska needed was "planes, planes and more planes." He told the House at large a hundred times that Uncle Sam had better take the "Welcome" sign off his Aleutian doorstep. And he spoke so frequently for a wilderness highway linking the United States with Alaska by land that some of his colleagues decided he was hipped on the subject and stole off to the cloakrooms when he took the floor.

The bulk of Dimond's pleas were rejected by his fellow members of Congress. The Old Guard in the Army and Navy turned him down, too. The State Department disregarded his warnings about the personnel of Japan's "fishing" fleet. But Dimond kept right on. Prospecting for gold on Alaska's stern uplands makes a man tenacious. He estimates now that in speeches, letters and reports urging an impregnable defense for Alaska he about matched the wordage of Gone With the Wind.

This perseverance produced results. Dimond began to make converts. Two of them were highly important: General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, and Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, head of the Army Air Forces. In 1939, with war rocking Europe for a second time in a generation, they looked at War Department files and saw that the only military establishment in Alaska was a few companies of infantry at Chilkoot Barracks.

"And the guns there," Dimond explained, "point toward our Canadian friends in the Yukon Territory, not toward our potential enemies in Japan. The Chilkoot post dates from the days of the Klondike gold rush. Alaska needs modern bases that fit the day of the long-range bombing plane."

Help Comes from Hitler

Yet from the 1940 Army appropriation bill, a House committee cut out $68,000,000, which included funds for the strategic Alaskan base at Anchorage. Dimond, Marshall and Arnold argued with the committee for weeks, with no success.

"Then," says Dimond, recalling the struggle, "we received help from a fellow named Adolf Hitler. He invaded Denmark and Norway."

The congressmen got out their maps and globes and found that the Scandinavian Peninsula was just over the top of the earth from Alaska. Bombers could fly that distance. In fact, Russian planes had done it. The committee restored the Anchorage funds and added a lot more money for other Alaskan defenses besides. Dimond believes that was the turning point. The arming of America's far northern outpost was really under way.

Today Alaska's delegate in Congress, who has a voice on the floor and a suite in the House Office Building but no vote during roll calls, sees the events he forecast coming to pass. Early in January he asked his colleagues: "If on December seventh we had on station in the Aleutian Islands at Attu one thousand planes, including a suitable number of bombing planes, is it not pretty plain that there never would have been the assault of that day on Pearl Harbor?" Japan answered his question a few months later by directing at Attu the first invasion of North American soil in more than a century.

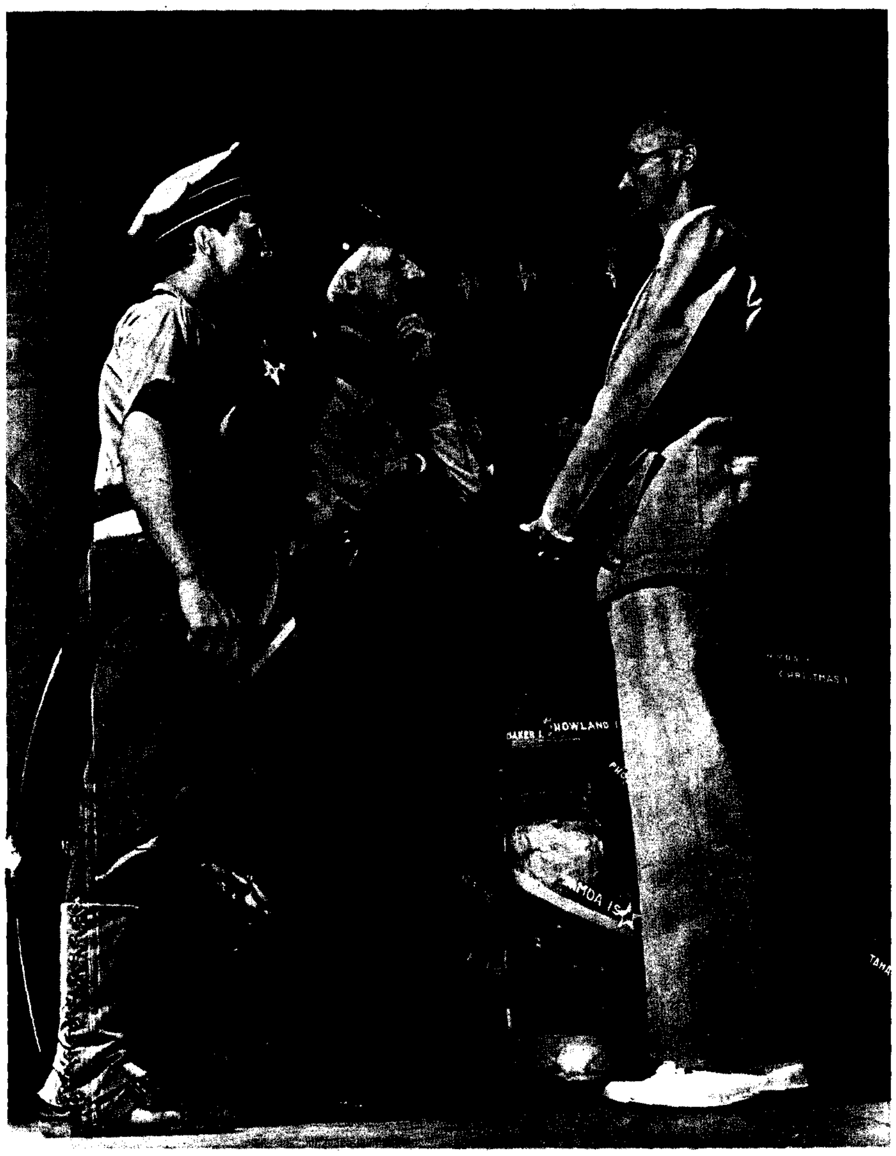
For years Dimond sought to have Attu fortified. Japanese troops landing on its undefended shores made the men who had turned down his pleas squirm in their chairs. In Alaska, people now say that Tony Dimond has been as right as Billy Mitchell, and in Alaska, that is considered right indeed. It was Mitchell who warned, "Whoever holds Alaska will hold the world, and I think it is the most important strategic place in the world. An air offensive against Japan from Alaska could be decisive."

Tony Dimond has been so right that he is the uncontested overlord of Alaskan politics. He first was elected delegate in 1932, ending a Republican regime. The Republicans have not been in the running since. The Territorial legislature, with its 16-member House and small, clubby eight-man Senate, is overwhelmingly Democratic.

In fact, the Republicans this year are supporting

I PIX

ony Dimond examining samples of agricultural products he brought rom Alaska. For his vigorous championing of Alaska as a base vital o U. S. defense, he will be rewarded with a sixth term in Congress



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N PIX

ince the Japanese invasion of the Aleutians, Mr. Dimond is besieged vith questions about Alaska. Here, with the aid of a hemisphere, he

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Dimond with evident enthusiasm. He has become a symbol of the defenses, armament and developments on which Alaska must depend for survival. Alaskans who wait anxiously for the Army Engineers to drive through the highway from British Columbia know that Dimond first sought such a road seven years ago.

Tony was born sixty years ago in Palatine Bridge on the Mohawk River in upper New York State and did not migrate to Alaska until he was old enough to vote. He attended public grade schools in Palatine Bridge and then went to St. Mary's Catholic Institute at near-by Amsterdam. Around the turn of the century he began to read about the great gold strikes in the Klondike.

"The Lure of the Yukon"

For a year or so, Dimond resisted what dime novels and the first flickering movies were calling "the lure of the Yukon." But the more he heard of Alaska and the more lithographs of Alaskan scenes he saw, the stronger the lure became. In 1901 he crossed the country in a day coach and waited on the Seattle docks until he could get space on a ship headed north through the Inside Passage. He went down the gangplank at Valdez, 1,600 miles from Puget Sound, and found thousands of miners and prospectors preparing to cross the huge, coagulated mass of the Valdez Glacier on their way to the riches of the Yukon.

"I felt as alone as the Ancient Mariner," says Dimond now. "I didn't know anyone in all that milling crowd. I guess I just couldn't bring myself to venture into the wilderness in that state of mind. I stayed in Valdez and taught school. Not many of my fellow cheechakos had formal educations and the job was easy to get."

Gold was discovered at Fairbanks, north of Valdez, in 1904. When Dimond heard about this latest strike he strode out of the schoolroom for good. Gold so near was an irresistible inducement. He strapped a pack on his angular frame and hiked into the solitudes. For eight years he roamed the Alaskan wilderness looking for dust and nuggets to put in his chamois-skin poke. He soon learned that the wilderness provided lots of adventure and not much livelihood. For every prospector who struck it rich, a hundred failed completely. Tony sent down to "the States" for lawbooks, which he read in front of the campfire at night. Alaska is still full of pioneers to whom he gave free legal advice on the trail.

In 1913, Dimond began to practice law. He put his pick and shovel and sifting pan in the woodshed and never used them again. As a loyal Democrat he qualified for the job of United States attorney at Valdez during the Wilson Administration. In 1920 he was elected mayor of Valdez and two years later went to the Territorial Senate. He held both posts until he got himself sent to Washington in the election of 1932. Valdez is still his home.

In a way, studying law was a necessity as well as a choice. While riding through the underbrush on a prospecting trip in the rugged Mount Wrangell country, Dimond slumped from the saddle with a bullet through his left leg. The trigger on the revolver in his holster had been tripped by a stray spruce branch. It took him four months to recover from the long, vertical wound, and he realized that he had to undertake something less strenuous than prospecting. This old, accidental injury has ailed Delegate Dimond for thirty years. It has required surgery a dozen times and, although he is vigorous and active, he still walks with a stiff limp.

Territorial delegates in Congress ordinarily have little influence. They have no votes to trade, and votes are the standard collateral on Capitol Hill. But recent events have proved Dimond so correct that committees now listen to him attentively.

"So far as conduct of the war in the Pacific is concerned," said one West Coast newspaper, "the delegate from Alaska has earned the right to be heard."

Right now Congress is hearing from Dimond that the last vestige of Japanese military and naval power must be driven out of the Aleutians. To allow Jap forces to establish themselves securely in these islands might, in his opinion, turn out to be "one of the most serious developments in the war."

Dimond keeps in close touch with his frontier constituency 4,000 miles from Washington. Although fewer than 15,000 people elect a delegate from Alaska, he receives and sends an enormous amount of mail. He is the Territory's one contact in the national capital. He takes prospectors' ore to the Bureau of Mines to be assayed. His contacts extend all over the Territory. His first secretary, Bob Bartlett, is now the secretary of Alaska. Dimond's present secretary, Wilfred Goding, is the son of a locomotive engineer on the narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Railway, which twists spectacularly from Skagway at the head of the Inside Passage to the main Alaskan highway headquarters at Whitehorse.

In Washington, Dimond devotes practically all his energies to Alaska's role in the war. He is about to loan Goding to Milo Perkins' Board of Economic Warfare as an expert on the North Pacific region. Dimond himself, in his calm voice, spent dozens of hours phoning federal officials, insisting that they tap Alaska's groves of Sitka spruce for aircraft construction. At first he encountered resistance. How would the logs be got to market? Tow them in rafts through the Inside Passage, he suggested. Mildly, patiently, but stubbornly he met all arguments. Soon the Forest Service will cut 15,000,000 board feet of spruce in southeastern Alaska for plane struts and wings and parts.

Today, one of Tony Dimond's main advocacies is that our Army and Navy pilots be thoroughly trained to fly in Alaskan weather. He first advanced the idea when the Japs invaded Manchukuo a decade ago. In the Aleutians rises the williwaw, which is like no other wind on earth. It meets planes with a monstrous, unseen hand. Generally it is accompanied by a fog purée. To fly under these conditions requires specialized training. Dimond thinks air cadets should be specifically trained for Alaskan duty, just as tank units are prepared for warfare in the desert.

The present strategic role of Alaska has elevated Dimond's importance in Washington but he and his family stay out of capital social life, which he says is no place for "someone from Alaska." There are three Dimond children, two girls and a boy, and Mrs. Dimond is a former Valdez girl whom he married in 1916.

"I guess Alaska and Washington are about as different as two worlds," the delegate claims. "And I'd rather eat bear meat and baked spuds in the Wrangell Mountains than hors d'oeuvres at the swellest party Washington ever saw."

Dimond is certain that in practically all instances he has been right about Alaska's defense problems. When he learned eight years ago that the Washington Treaty of 1922 prevented the United States from constructing naval bases in the Aleutians, he proposed the building of vast airfields in Alaska.

"They'll do the trick just as well," he claimed.

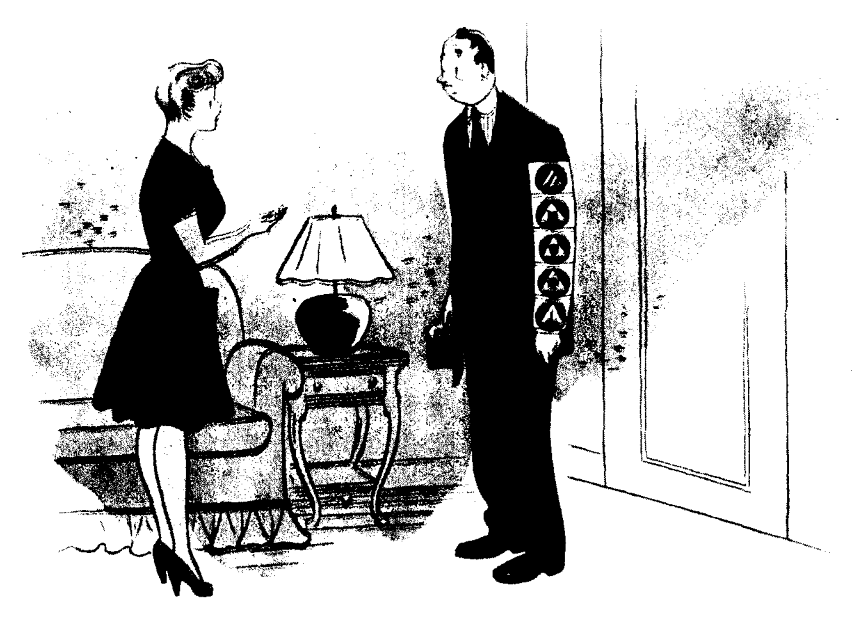
Final Victory in the Offing

The one episode that drove the red of anger all the way to his high cheekbones was the State Department's refusal to order Japanese "fishing" boats away from the Alaskan seacoast. "Those boats were full of naval observers," Dimond believes. "The shrewdly planned attacks on the Aleutian Islands prove it unquestionably."

Yet despite the mistakes that have been made, Dimond is sure of final victory. "You know," he says, unfolding from behind his desk and striding to a big map of Alaska on the wall, "we're going to win this war, and Alaska is going to be one of the principal bases from which we are going to do the job. And after the war, Alaska is going to be more important than ever to the U. S. A. The development of its minerals and forests and public domain will provide employment for thousands of people. And we're definitely going to have land transportation to Alaska for the first time. The highway will be in use by then. It will open up the Territory. No longer will a sea voyage be necessary for most folks to get to Alaska.

"And you know what else," he adds with a wistful sigh from his six feet two, "the highway will probably make it a lot easier for Alaska's delegate in Congress to get home to God's country once in a while."

THE END



"Don't you think you're overdoing it, dear?"

GEORGE WOLFE

The Good-Will Kid

Continued from page 55

an elderly couple that the dark young man was quite all right.

"See?" Pancho finished. "I need my wonderful anticipation to get me nearer the ball."

Impatient as Pancho is with the progress of his English, a year at the University of Miami has performed wonders. When he came to this country at the beginning of the last tennis season his command of the North American tongue ended with, "Gimme beeg hart dorg—mustard." It led to some interesting confusion. Tennis writers could not understand him, and vice versa. At the 1941 National Singles at Forest Hills—a rather dull tournament which had the tennis writers scampering about in search of extracurricular eccentricity—he got a lot of publicity, at least until "Bitsy" Grant nudged him out of the tournament in a 5-set match.

"But that pooblicity!" he still cries, rocking his head back and forth helplessly in his hands.

Interviewing him was mostly a matter of grinning, flexing muscles and asking him to demonstrate his grip. The result was that American sports pages became a nest of misinformation about the visitor.

One misconception was that "Bunny" Austin, the British internationalist, had discovered him during a visit to Guayaquil in the interests of Moral Rearmament. We even had an account of what Austin said to Segura's father, the manager-caretaker of the Guayaquil Tennis Club. Austin said, "I need a little workout. Would you contact your best player and ask him to play a couple of sets?" In the wonderful "pooblicity," Segura *père* said, "You will play my son!"

"It's wonderful story. I always like it," Pancho admits. "But Austin never came to Ecuador. I never saw him, never play him, do nothing to him. I see only two very good players before I am here this country. They are Hans Nusslein, Karel Kozeluh. They play Guayaquil, a professional match, when I am young, nine years old. I watched. So serious, you know?"

There was another wonderful pooblicity, last September. Pancho would go directly from the locker room of the West Side Club to Guayaquil, to join his father in the Ecuadorean army. There was trouble brewing. He was needed.

"Must be the Gran Chaco," one of us said, with a tone weighty enough to impress the others in the press marquee.

A Subsidized Tennis Star

Pancho departed soon after losing to Grant in what he pronounced "A very good, good battle," adding, "Grant never played better." But instead of spending the winter shooting out-drops with a warped Ecuadorean musket, Pancho lived the life of a University of Miami freshman and formed a habit of beating the team's amateur coach Gardnar Mulloy, one of the best players in the country. He had never planned to return to Ecuador. As a matter of fact, Ecuador was paying him $25 a week out of its national treasury to stay in America. Pancho's life needs no gilding!

He is perhaps the only tennis player in history underwritten by a government. Certainly he is the only one who submits regular reports to a foreign minister.

The foreign minister is Ecuador's Francisco Guarderas. The Ecuadorean diplomat took Pancho under his benevolent wing a year ago, after Pancho had demonstrated in Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Colombia that he was not only the most eccentric-looking but also the best tennis player in all South America.

Foreign Minister Guarderas, a great believer in cementing relations between the Americas, looked into Pancho's scholastic credits, found they were satisfactory and packed him off to the United States.

His job is to go to school here, keep the Foreign Office posted on his activities and study American sports.

The assignment doesn't surprise Pancho. "My country does those things," he says, eager to explain. "It takes a young faaler. Engineer student. 'Go to North America and study engineers.' Or a young man who wants to be doctor. 'Go to North America and study doctors.' For me, it was 'Study sports.' "

His Reports Mostly Clippings

Pancho is a voluble soul, but even so, his reports to the foreign minister on U. S. sports must be sketchy—or lopsided, at least. "What do I send him? Clippings, clippings, clippings. 'Segura Stars Again . . . Segura Wins Easy . . . Segura Victorious.' But it is not always tennis. No. I have seen baseball and football. Wonderful teams—University of Miami, my university."

He has come a long way from Guayaquil. The shoeshine box of his Algeresque rise to fame was a wooden paddle with which he used to bang an old tennis ball against a wall of the Guayaquil Tennis Club. He started doing that when he was five or six. When he got a little older he helped his father roll the tennis courts, mark the lines, keep the club clean. The family still takes care of the club and its eight courts. As of old, the Seguras live on the club's grounds. They are Spanish-Indian, mostly Indian.

Pancho misses them every once in a while, but there is much to do here, much to study—and girls. Few interviewers ever get very far along with the job of tapping him for news and views without an amorous interruption.

"You will excuse me," Pancho will say. "I must telephone for date." Before rushing off, however, he might confide earnestly, with a curious mixture of cavalier and Miami Beach, "the girls, I like. I like them. They like me very much."

Just how far Pancho will be able to go in tennis depends on several outside forces. Students of form have advised him to give up his two-handed approach to the game but his coach believes he should continue to play this way.

With the armed services dipping deeply into our native tennis talent, he might become our national champion even though he is hardly the best amateur in the country—as witness his rather poor showing on turf at Southampton.

Also, he must serve a year in the Ecuadorean army sometime between now and his twenty-fifth birthday.

"But maybe they will not call me to be a soldier. Maybe they will say I am doing much good for Ecuador, studying your sports. Maybe . . ." He can't be very certain, and that distresses him. For everything else in his life is crystal-clear, especially his game.

"My improvement is wonderful. I do everything better than last year. I now have the greatest drop shot in the world today. It is great!"

THE END

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THE TWINS

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

COLD air, smelling of frost and cedar, came through the chinks in the wall of the cabin, the crack under the door, the window frame. It was nearly dawn. Only the rosy heart of the fire was left, surrounded by white ash.

George lay awake, hearing the soughing of the dawn wind outside, the scrape of branches against the roof, the small soft sound the ashes of the fire made, dropping into the deep pile of ashes; hearing his own breathing, surprisingly even, considering what he was about to do; hearing the breathing of his brother Robert, lying, as he lay, bundled into a sleeping bag, feet toward the fire. George discovered that they were breathing in unison. He tried to break the rhythm, holding his breath longer than was comfortable, so he and his twin brother would not be breathing in and out together.

It seemed to him that Robert must be doing the same thing, because still the soft exhalation occurred in the same split second. It was as if they shared the same lungs, the same nose and throat. Sameness. Sameness again. Identical twins. They were identical twins—George and Robert Foster—as alike as two peas; exactly alike.

Their mother loved to tell people that they had cut their first teeth on the same day, taken their first steps in the same hour. She had hundreds of little anecdotes about their twin babyhood—the nurse who had confused them, bathed George twice and Robert not at all—the minister's dilemma at their christening.

George could add to that record of their sameness—the kindergarten teachers exclaiming over them, the other children staring at them, one little girl who had found the sight of them so frightening she'd run and hidden herself among the coats, and for weeks had been thrown back into terror each morning. The exclamations, the amusement, the curiosity, were renewed in each new class: "Which one am I talking to, Robert or George?" "How does it feel to be a twin?"

"How does it feel to be a twin?" He could tell them. It meant hearing the same old jokes, year after year. It meant sharing the same birthday, sharing all possessions. "We think it's fairer to give them just the same things on Christmas and birthdays. That way there's no jealousy." Sharing affection. "We've tried to be absolutely impartial and it's not hard, goodness knows, because they're just alike. The same report cards. The same little scrapes." If they had spoiled Robert and been harsh with him, if Robert had been brilliant and he stupid, if there had been a difference—ever any difference. . . .

LYING in this mountain cabin in the dawn, with his back to his brother, he could still see Robert's face with the awful clarity the years had given his mind's eye. Robert's eyes were light blue and bulged a little. Robert's nose was a bit too large for the thin face, the fragile jaw. George's eyes were like that, his nose like that, his chin like that, exactly like that. Normal people, separate people, were spared the constant awareness of their physical defects. He lived out his life in front of a mirror.

Robert was a bore. George recognized him as a bore. But since Robert was a bore, he, George, must be a bore, because no one could tell them apart. No good asserting to himself his superiority to his brother, his separateness from his brother, no good denying what was proved every day.

George met Janie Kimball at a party the Blakes gave on the Saturday before Labor Day. She was small, but her figure was a woman's, not a child's. The turn of her legs, the firm roundness of her breasts, were womanly, lovable. They'd sat together on the club veranda during cocktails. They'd been dinner partners. It wasn't till eleven that he kissed her, but he'd wanted to kiss her every minute of the five hours.

Kissing her was more exciting, more satisfying, than the thought of it had been. When he released her from his embrace, she'd asked in a shaky little voice if they could walk around the lawn for a minute or two before they rejoined the party—"so I can kind of pull myself together." There was his hope, there was his assurance that the kiss had meant as much to her as it had to him.

"When am I going to see you again, Janie?"

And honestly, with no coquetry, she'd said, "Soon, George. Soon—please!"

He and Robert drove down to the beach the next morning, Sunday. She was sitting on the sand with the Blakes. As George and Robert came near, her eyes lighted with pleasure. In spite of his hammering heart, George managed a casual, "Hello, there," as he sat down opposite her. She smiled back. Her smile warmed him. It brought back the feeling of her in his arms, the memory of her mouth. She turned to Robert who was sitting beside her.

"I hope you didn't catch cold from that moonlight prowl of ours," she said. "When I got back, my slippers were soaked with dew."

The sunlight glinting off the sand crystals blinded him. The blood pounding in his ears deafened him. The constriction of his throat choked him. When he could see and hear and breathe again, the knowledge that he must kill Robert if he were ever to be whole, was in him, fixed, cold, certain. He'd never drawn back from that certainty.

When he proposed this camping trip, he had felt a kind of superficial reluctance to say the words, "What do you say the two of us go up to the cabin and try and get some deer?" but it was the shrinking of a man determined to swim, who still cannot control the pricking up of goose flesh as the icy water covers his feet. His purpose remained fixed.

And now that it was the morning of the day, he felt no shrinking. As they prepared breakfast together, he talked with Robert with less constraint than he had felt in his brother's company for many months. In his mind, it was already over. In his mind, Robert was already dead.

THEY went out together into the luminous gray. The brook that ran through the woods widened here at the clearing into a pool. Here the deer came down to drink.

"You go over there," he said to Robert. "And if a buck comes along, you take first shot. If you miss, I'll take a crack."

"No, no. That's okay. You take first shot. You're a better shot than I am," Robert said.

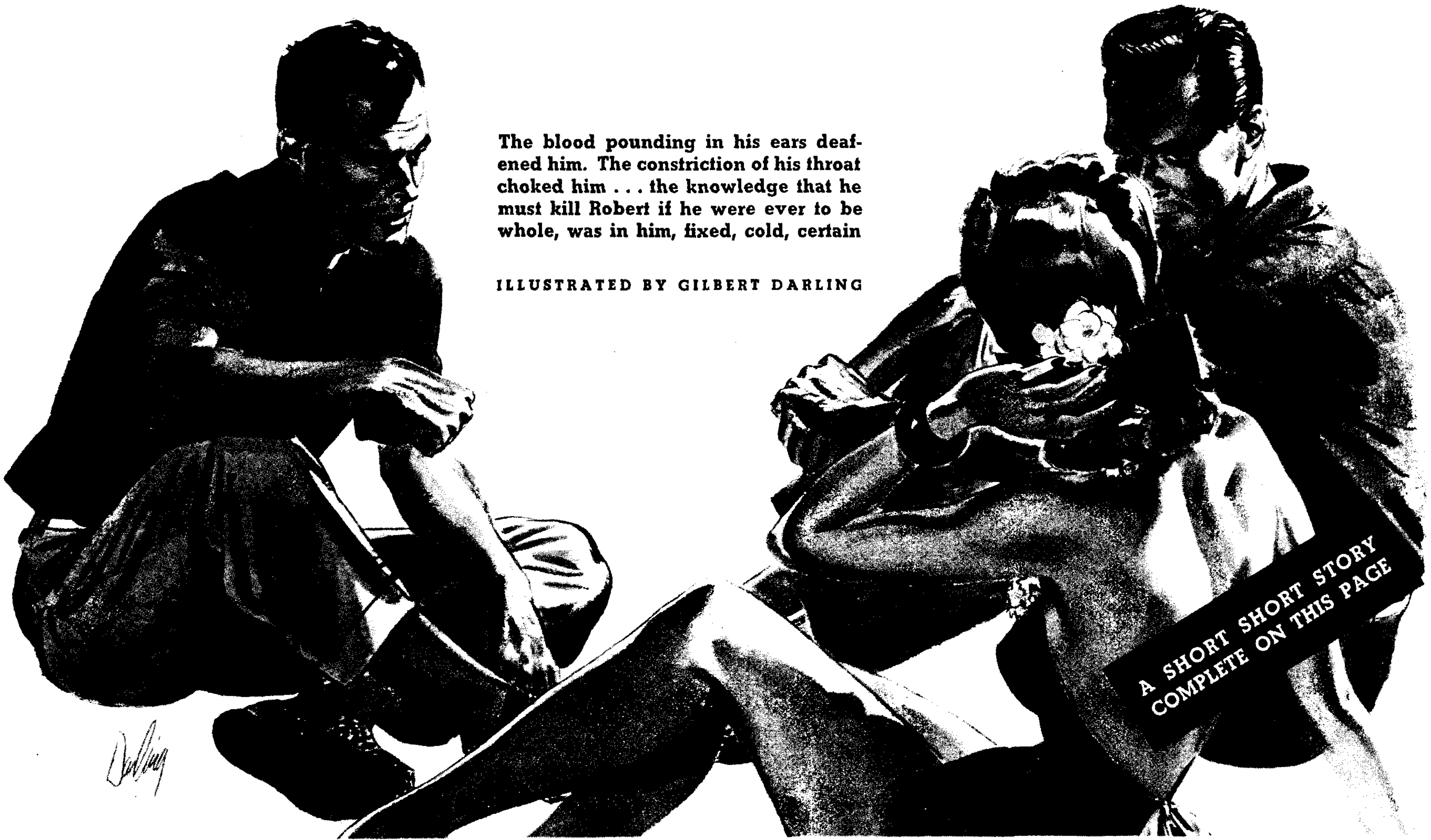
"No, I'm not. We shoot just the same. You first."

"All right."

He watched Robert cross the clearing and, kneeling, conceal himself behind the fringe of bushes opposite him. Now . . .

Coldly, deliberately, he brought his rifle up against his shoulder, laid his cheek against the cold wood, sighted along the barrel toward the place where his twin crouched. The sights were in line now. His hand was steady on the trigger, ready to squeeze.

Across the little clearing, the first sunlight glinted on the barrel of his brother's rifle, trained on him.



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ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Women Join the *"Field Artillery"*

as International Harvester Dealers Teach Power Farming to an Army of "TRACTORETTES"

THE SUN is just over the ridge. Breakfast is just under the belt. The farmer and his helpers sample the breeze as they stand on the back steps, and the farmer says:

"I've got to go into town this morning and I'll be gone a while. Meantime, Emily, you and Ruth might as well start in on the south forty."

Emily? Ruth? Girls? Sure, why not? For Emily and Ruth are Tractorettes . . . and they know their stuff. They'll check their tractors for fuel and lubrication. They'll make those minor engine adjustments they noted mentally last night. They'll roll out early and do a first class job of field work, straight down the rows.

What is a Tractorette?

A TRACTORETTE is a farm girl or woman who wants to help win the battle of the land, to help provide Food for Freedom. She is the farm model of the girl who is driving an ambulance or running a turret lathe in the city. Like her city sisters, she has had the benefit of special training.

Late last winter International Harvester dealers began to train this summer's Tractorettes. The dealers provided classrooms, instructors, and machines. The Harvester company furnished teaching manuals, slide films, mechanical diagrams, and service charts. The girls themselves were required to bring only two things—an earnest willingness to work and a complete disregard for grease under the fingernails or oil smudges on the nose.

They studied motors and transmissions, cooling systems, and ignition. They studied service care. They learned to drive tractors. They learned to attach the major farm implements that are used with tractors. And they were painstakingly taught *the safe way* to do everything.

• • •

Today, on their family farms or elsewhere, thousands of "graduates" are doing a real job for victory. Tractorettes are doing the work that used to be done by the boys who now are flying bombers or riding the slippery, slanting decks of a destroyer.

Their Tractorette training cost them nothing, except the energy and intelligence which they put into it. The company conceived and launched the program. Its financial costs are shouldered by both the Harvester dealers and the company.

• • •

This fall and winter Tractorette training courses will be broadened to meet new needs as they arise. Thousands of new girls will take the course and join the "women's field artillery" next spring, fit and ready for the every-year battle of the land. Until Victory is won, Tractorette training will continue to be one of the important *extra* services gladly rendered by Harvester dealers, as typical American businessmen, to the farmers and to the nation.

» BUY WAR BONDS
» TURN IN YOUR SCRAP
» SHARE YOUR CAR

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

The Unloaded Gun

Continued from page 50

key struck by Pollard, Burlew asked Joy: "Got anything new to show us, Doctor?"

"Only that .380 Colt automatic hammerless," Joy said. He pointed to his latest acquisition, displayed on a wall board with other modern Colt models. "Rather an effective bit of engraving, if any of you care to look at it."

Burlew took the pistol from its supports. Its only distinction was exterior decoration—gold filigree work and a pearl grip. Burlew read aloud an inscription which established it as a gift to Dr. Joy in appreciation of an address on automatic arms, delivered recently by Joy before a national convention of police chiefs and sheriffs.

"What I call a fancy job, Doctor." Burlew passed the gun on to Albin Loomis. Albin looked at it, passing it on to Sergeant Murphy. "Too much fooferaw to suit me," Murphy said, and passed it on to Neal Blower. Blower balanced it flat on the palm of his hand, commenting, "Makes a right pretty package, Doctor." He gripped the gun's pearl butt and his finger curled over the trigger. "Not loaded, is it, Doc?"

"Hardly," Joy said. "I don't display loaded guns on an open rack."

Blower's trigger finger tightened, as though merely to test the action.

But there was more than a click. The roar shocked Murphy to his feet. Blower stood staring stupidly as Les Whipple lashed out: "You fool! You might have killed one of us!"

"But Doc said it wasn't loaded!" Blower pleaded.

Murphy said sharply, "All guns are loaded, Neal, when you think they aren't."

It was the horrified focus of Jess Harwood's eyes that made Murphy whirl to the window. He saw Milton Pollard collapsing forward, arms outflung at crazy angles.

"He's hit!" came hoarsely from Harwood just as Pollard slithered to the floor. He was bleeding at the temple and in less than a minute he was dead.

CORONER ORD and Police Chief Jerome arrived promptly.

"Accidental homicide," Ord concluded when he'd heard Murphy's report.

Neal Blower stood by, pale and self-accusing. "I suppose you know how I feel, men," he mumbled.

"It's just one of those tough breaks," Albin Loomis said. He laid a sympathizing hand on Blower's shoulder.

Dr. Joy's precise statement was: "Nine of us saw it happen. The gun was passed from hand to hand. As Neal handled it he asked me if it was loaded and I said no. I thought it wasn't. It might just as easily have killed anyone else in the room, including Neal himself."

"Quite," said Major Jeffries, and the others agreed with him.

"But who loaded the gun?" puzzled Ord.

"I didn't," Joy said promptly.

"Then who did?" queried Chief Jerome.

"It arrived this morning by express," Joy said. "I opened the package and inspected the gun. But I certainly did not load it."

Murphy asked, "Did you look to see if it was already loaded?"

Joy concentrated, twirling his glasses on the ribbon. "I remember pressing the spring at the base of the butt," he said, "which let the clip drop out in my hand. The clip was empty. But there *could* have been a shell in the chamber. Just then my receptionist announced a patient. So I punched the clip back in and racked the gun. Patients kept me busy all day and I never touched it again."

Murphy began looking for the empty shell. He knew that when anyone fires an automatic, the shell is automatically ejected. In this case it should have hit the wall back of Blower.

"I see it," Murphy announced. He had dropped to his hands and knees and was looking under a cabinet. "Give me something to rake with, Doc."

Joy handed him a ramrod and Murphy used it to rake the shell out. Not touching it with his hands, he poked the rod's tip into the empty brass cylinder and held it up for inspection. "When you feed a cartridge into a gun chamber," he said, "you have to pinch it between a thumb and two fingers."

Jerome borrowed a magnifying glass from Dr. Joy. He examined the empty shell through it and announced discernible prints. "A section of thumbprint on one side, and two finger tips on the other."

Coroner Ord said briskly, "Be prepared to testify at the inquest, Chief, as to who made the print. That will prove who loaded the gun."

Jerome nodded. "It'll turn out to be whoever handled it last before sending it here by express. Through sheer carelessness he forgot to unload the gun before making it into a package. However, I'd also like prints of everybody that's been in this room since the gun arrived."

Les Whipple asked edgily, "Not trying to make a crime out of it, are you?"

Jerome smiled. "No. It's only a matter of routine, gentlemen."

WHEN Murphy arrived home his niece, Sue Morgan, was holding supper for him. "What makes you so late, Uncle Dan?"

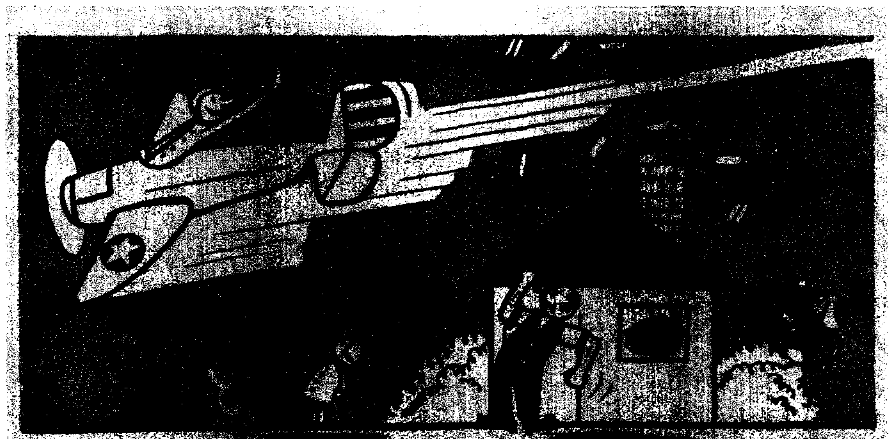
"An accident down at Doc Joy's. They were passing a gun around and it went off."

She stopped, half alarmed, in the act of pouring his coffee. "You mean—the bullet hit someone?"

"A man named Pollard," Murphy said, and saw her relax in relief. She, of course, knew that Albin Loomis usually met with the regulars at Dr. Joy's.

For a long time Murphy had had a pretty clear idea of how Sue felt about Albin. He was just as certain that Albin felt the same way about Sue. But Albin was sensitive. His net income as an architect was still less than Sue herself earned as a high-school teacher.

"Did Albin tell you," Murphy asked, "that they're not lettin' him make the plans for the new courthouse?"



PEACE—IT'S WONDERFUL

When a fuming resident of Battle Creek called up Michigan's Kellogg Airport to complain to the Army observation squadron there about the noise from low-flying planes, an officer reminded the annoyed citizen that America was fighting a war.

"I don't care," the beef shouted. "If you don't quit flying those planes, I'm going to see if Washington can't stop the whole thing."

"I wish you would," the officer replied thoughtfully.

She shook her head. "I haven't seen him lately, Uncle Dan."

Later, from the living room, Murphy heard her washing dishes in the kitchen. The telephone rang and the speed with which she answered it was a clear giveaway. She was hoping it was Albin.

"Oh! Yes, I'll call him. It's for you, Uncle Dan."

Murphy went to the phone and was surprised to hear Editor Clagle of the Daily Trumpet say to him, "What about an interview on that Pollard shooting, Sergeant? You were an eyewitness, I'm told."

"Yes. What do you want to know about it?"

"Plenty. I'll be right over." Clagle hung up with a snap.

Murphy knew that the man was a sensation-monger. But he couldn't understand why Clagle would cover this in person.

When a few minutes later he admitted the editor, the man bounded in like a hound on a blood scent. His small eyes, always greedy for headlines, had a gleam that disturbed Murphy. "See here, Sergeant! That accident idea of yours won't wash down. There sat Milt Pollard in a room with nine men who didn't like him. He was—"

Murphy cut in testily:

"You're not trying to say we ganged up on him, are you, and bumped him off?"

"Take the case of Jess Harwood," Clagle said, as though he were dictating tomorrow's story instead of interviewing Murphy. "Once he had a collection of flintlocks and lost them to a creditor. The creditor had 'em sold at auction and the auctioneer was Milt Pollard."

"But that," Murphy protested, "was years ago."

"The sale should have netted an equity for Harwood," Clagle went on, "but he didn't get it because Pollard framed a ringer to bid in those muskets for about a dollar and seventy-five cents apiece. Made Harwood plenty sore, didn't it?"

"Not sore enough to murder Pollard for it, years later."

"Now take this young architect, Albin Loomis. He was counting a lot on getting that courthouse job, wasn't he?"

"So what?"

"It was Milt Pollard who kept him from getting it, wasn't it?"

Murphy made no answer.

"Our morning issue," Clagle said, "will suggest three possibilities: A, an accidental homicide; B, a planned murder by Blower; C, a conspiracy among two or more men."

Murphy kept a leash on his temper. "Which two or more men?"

Clagle smacked his lips. "Dr. Joy said the gun wasn't loaded. Blower fired it and killed Pollard. And by a fingerprint on the shell, we now know that Albin Loomis had loaded the gun."

"Get out," Murphy said.

AN HOUR later he was facing Albin Loomis across a desk. They were in Albin's downtown office, which was directly across the street from Dr. Joy's. A drafting table occupied one end of the room. No guns were in sight, since Albin kept his small-arms collection at home.

"But don't you keep one gun here at the office," Murphy asked, "in case of a holdup?"

Albin nodded. He opened a desk drawer and exposed a .38 Colt automatic of standard design.

"Is it loaded?"

"Of course," Albin said.

"Look and see."

Albin breeched the gun and stared when it proved to be quite empty. "But I'm sure I slipped a cartridge into the chamber one time."

"Which would leave your thumbprint on the shell," Murphy said. "A man could come in here and eject the shell, pick it up with his handkerchief, walk across the street and load another gun with it. Where did you spend most of the afternoon?"

"I called on members of the school board, trying to get that new junior high."

"You're not likely to get it," Murphy warned, "until we crack this Pollard case. So I'd better start lookin' for an angle."

THE Mexican maid who came in each day long enough to serve breakfast and clean house brought the morning Trumpet to Murphy. He was glaring at the front page and rubbing a bump on his head when Sue joined him at breakfast. The main captions were:

MILTON POLLARD SHOT DEAD

PROMINENT ATTORNEY AND
ARCHITECT IMPLICATED

Shot Fired by Neal Blower
Loomis Denies Loading Gun

Sue stared at the bump on Murphy's head. "What happened to you, Uncle Dan?"

"Never mind that," Murphy answered. "Listen to this." He read aloud to her Clagle's three possibilities: an accident; a murder planned by Blower alone; a murder conspiracy by Blower and others present.

"Which is it, Uncle Dan?"

"It's murder planned by Blower alone. But until we prove it, Clagle will keep picking bones to build circulation."

"And *now,*" Sue insisted sternly, "will you tell me how you got that bump?"

Murphy grinned sheepishly. "I went out to Pollard's flat last night to see if I could find evidence of any dealings he'd had with Neal Blower."

"And did you?"

"Yeah, I picked up a pocket ledger which kept a record of all Pollard's gun transactions. It shows three sales to Blower—at prices too high to be convincing."

"And did you get anything else?" Sue asked.

"Yeah, this." Murphy touched the still painful bump on his skull. "I heard a board creak in the next room. So I walked in there like a chump—the room was pitch dark—and somebody crowned me with a golf club. When I came to, he was gone."

LATER they went out to Sue's car and she dropped Murphy at Dr. Joy's office. A receptionist was on duty and Murphy asked her, "Think carefully, Esther. Who came in here yesterday that wasn't a patient?"

"No one, sir."

"Was the doctor here all the time after ten in the morning?"

"No, sir. Between three and four every day he goes to the hospital."

Murphy picked up a telephone and rang a number. The city attorney answered. "Will you get me a court order, Mr. Burns?" Murphy asked him. "I want to look into Milton Pollard's safety-deposit box at the bank. You'll rush it through? Thanks."

Joy was in his gun room when Murphy went back there. The doctor looked up irritably from the morning paper. "What's the answer, Sergeant?"

"Murder by Blower." Murphy stoked his pipe fiercely. "But until we clinch it, your reputation's mud. And so's Albin's."

Joy began whirling his glasses. "You've dug up Blower's motive?"

"Only the pattern of it," Murphy said. "Remember those old duelin' pistols Pollard brought back from Nashville? He claimed they were used in the Andrew Jackson-Dickinson duel in 1806."

The doctor nodded. "But his evidence of background was too clearly faked."

"Well, last August, Pollard sold that set to Blower for five hundred dollars. And in October he talked Blower into buying the Civil War horse pistol—the one he claimed General Sheridan had on the ride to Winchester."

"For how much?"

"For six hundred dollars. And two months ago, in December, he touched Blower for seven hundred and fifty. This time it was the Jenks percussion carbine with 'K. C.' scratched on it."

"The one Pollard said he picked up at Taos, in a house where Kit Carson once lived?"

"That's the one. So it was blackmail, Doc. Pollard must have said to him, 'Either you buy at my price or I'll tell.' "

"Tell what?"

Murphy shrugged. "How would I know? It's only a pattern, so far."

"But why would Blower frame Albin?"

"It's likely he didn't mean to. But he didn't own any .38 cartridges and he was too smart to buy a box at the store. He knew that Albin kept a .38 in his desk, so why couldn't Blower help himself to the load in it?"

"But the gun used only arrived here at ten in the morning," Joy objected. "From then on until five, either I or my receptionist would have seen anyone come in to load it."

"Not if he came in by the back window," Murphy countered. "The one Pollard was sitting in when he was shot. It was wide open then, so likely it was open earlier while you were at the hospital."

"But how," Joy still objected, "did the man know the gun was here? I had told no one. Not even Esther saw me unpack it."

"That's one I haven't figured out yet," Murphy admitted. . . .

Later in the day a court order permitted entry into Pollard's safety box at the bank. Murphy, Jerome and a bank cashier were present at the opening.

They found an assortment of securities. Also there was a note in Pollard's writing which read:

"To the police:

"In the event of my death by violence, do not overlook the attached evidence.

"MILTON POLLARD"

But nothing was attached.

"When," Murphy asked, "did Pollard last visit this box?"

The vault clerk was called in. "Mr. Pollard was here just before closing time yesterday. He took one sheet of paper from the box and left with it."

Murphy made no comment until he was back at headquarters with Jerome. Then: "It's a cinch, Chief, that Pollard had something on Blower. He let Blower see it—then stowed it away in his bank box."

"The idea being," Jerome agreed, "that murder on a dark night wouldn't get Blower anywhere."

Murphy nodded. "So since then Pollard shook Blower down three times, in each case making it look like a gun sale. Chances are he tried it again in the last day or so, this time offering a St. Etienne musket with a faked Battle of Waterloo background. Blower didn't dare refuse, but he made a condition. He said Pollard would have to throw in that sheet of evidence from the bank box. Anyway, we know Milt went to the bank and got it."

"Sounds solid, Murph," Jerome agreed. "Probably he expected Blower to bring the cash to his flat last night."

Murphy said, "And to warn Blower he'd better come across, Pollard brazenly brought up the Battle of Waterloo musket right in front of all of us, at five o'clock in Joy's office."

"So Blower shot him!" Chief Jerome concluded. "Stick right on it, Murph. I'm due at a council meeting right now."

LEFT alone, Murphy squared himself in front of all the exhibits thus far uncovered. These consisted of a pocket ledger listing Pollard's gun transactions, the message from the bank box, an empty brass shell and articles taken from Pollard's pockets. He sifted through the pocket items—keys, a knife, loose coins and a wallet. From the wallet he shook three five-dollar bills, a driver's license and a credit card issued by the Oklaco Gas and Oil Corporation.

"Need any help?" Murphy looked up and saw Albin Loomis at his elbow. "I've got time on my hands," the young architect explained with a wry face, "because the school board just turned me down on that new junior high."

"Sure, you can help, Albin," Murphy said heartily. "Take down some names as I call 'em off."

He opened Pollard's record of gun

"May Fortune's smile
aye be a broad gr-r-in"
"It's the flavour"
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Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Dept. 178, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

transactions. Looking through it, he called off the two following lists of cities:

Reno, Nevada
Castle Rock, Colorado
Evanston, Wyoming
Ogallala, Nebraska
Beatrice, Nebraska
Carroll, Iowa
Galena, Illinois
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Lima, Ohio
Mount Gilead, Ohio
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
Harpers Ferry, West Virginia
Pikeville, Kentucky
Barbourville, Kentucky
Memphis, Tennessee
Marked Tree, Arkansas
Coweta, Oklahoma
Broken Arrow, Oklahoma
Amarillo, Texas
Clovis, New Mexico
Winslow, Arizona
Needles, California

Albin wrote the places down as Murphy called them off.

"What's the catch, Sergeant?"

"Pollard," Murphy explained, "didn't begin shaking Blower down until August. Which tips us that before August he didn't have anything on Blower. Also we know Pollard made a trading trip each summer to Harpers Ferry, stopping at way points to buy, sell or trade guns."

Albin saw it at once. "Oh! And last summer he stopped to make deals at these towns!"

"Likely he stopped at other places, too," Murphy said, "but these are the *only* ones in the book. And at some *one* stop, we don't know which, he must have stumbled on an old footprint of Blower's."

"But Blower's lived right here for twenty years."

"He's *forty-five years old,* though," Murphy countered, and buzzed for a stenographer. When the girl came he said to her, "Take a form letter, Miss Cushman. Send a copy air mail, with a stamped air-mail return envelope, to the party Milton Pollard traded guns with at each of these towns." Murphy tossed her the Pollard gun ledger.

"I'm ready, Sergeant."

Murphy dictated: "Dear Sir: When Milton Pollard of this city called on you last August, did you give him any information concerning an attorney now known as Neal Blower whose recent photograph is enclosed? Very truly yours—"

"See the chief about photographs," Murphy added. "And air mail a copy to the police at every town on the list."

When the girl went out, Albin said, "It's five o'clock. Wonder if Blower'll have the nerve to show up at Doctor Joy's."

Neal Blower *did* join the others in Joy's gun room. The lawyer's front was one of injured dignity; and the rest of them, taking a cue from Murphy, seemed to accept the accident theory without reservation. Joy said cordially, "It's stupid for anyone to say you loaded that gun, Neal, because no one but myself knew it was here."

Three days of stalemate passed. Coroner Ord's inquest adjourned with a noncommittal finding, recommending a further scrutiny of the evidence.

The next day's mail brought a batch of answers to Murphy's circular inquiry. They were all negative. None of them threw the slightest light on Blower's past record.

"Looks like I'm stymied," Murphy growled at breakfast on the eighth day after Pollard's death. "I've heard from every town on the list. And I've got nothing."

After breakfast, he went over to Joy's office. He found Joy in his gun room and oddly, the sight of those four gun-covered walls gave Murphy a new idea. "Look, Doc. How many guns have you got here, anyway?"

"About five hundred," Joy told him.

"Any of them loaded?"

"Of course not."

"Most of them haven't been touched in years. So how can you be sure one of 'em isn't loaded?"

"Are you asking me to examine them, one by one?"

"I wish you would, Doc."

With a shrug, Eric Joy arose to comply. "I'll help you," Murphy said. "You begin with that rack of Army automatics; I'll take these early frontier models."

THEY handled the guns expertly. Suddenly Joy exclaimed, "The devil! Look, Sergeant."

He had found a loaded gun. It was a German model—a Luger automatic pistol of 7.65 millimeters caliber. "The clip's empty," Joy said, "but there's a cartridge in the chamber, ready to fire."

Murphy said thoughtfully, "Leave it loaded, Doc. Put it back on the nails just like you found it." As Joy did so Murphy added, "Seems to me you told us about that Luger one time."

"Yes," Joy said. "It was taken from a Prussian general in the Argonne. His name's engraved on it."

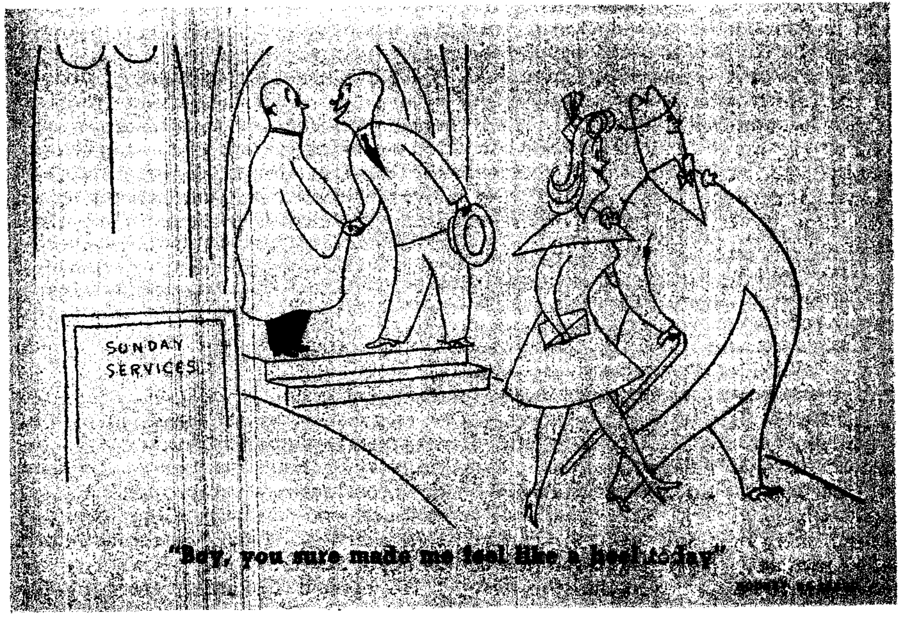
"Humph! A gun with a background. Just the kind of a piece Blower likes."

Joy nodded. "Blower has a Luger of his own but it's of unknown origin. So once he offered me ten dollars to boot on a trade."

"I remember that. You turned him down." Dan Murphy relaxed and lighted his pipe. "It plugs up a hole for us, Doc."

"How?"

"Blower planned to kill Pollard with



"Boy, you sure made me feel like a heel today" the Luger. Owning a Luger himself, he had a cartridge to fit yours. His idea was to take it in hand and dicker with you on a trade, when we all assembled here at five o'clock. He could raise the boot he'd offered before. Handling the gun, he could let it go off and kill Pollard."

"But he didn't use the Luger."

"No, because after loading it he noticed you'd racked a new trophy since the day before. It was a gaudy piece, and sure to be passed from hand to hand by your friends at five o'clock. So he realized his crime would be smoother if he used it instead of the Luger."

"You're quite right, Sergeant. He'd look a deal more innocent if someone else took the gun from the rack."

"So he went to Albin's office and got a .38 cartridge. There wasn't time to get one anywhere else. He hurried back here with it, Doc, and loaded your latest trophy. That left him two chances. The Colt was the preferred chance. But in case it wasn't passed around while Pollard was present, Blower could pick his own time and use the Luger."

"All right," Joy said. "But where does it get us?"

"It gets us a loaded gun," Murphy said, "to point at Blower."

AT FIVE that afternoon Harwood and Burlew arrived promptly. Major Jeffries strolled in, and then Neal Blower. Joy received them in his usual mood of quiet indignation against Clagle. Les Whipple and Jay Huston came in and were followed soon by Albin Loomis.

Last of all Dan Murphy appeared and he brought with him Editor Clagle of the Trumpet. "I wanta convince Clagle," Murphy explained, "that he's been doin' us an injustice."

Clagle grinned. "So he said if I'd come along he'd re-enact the crime for me."

"I did not," Murphy corrected. "I said I'd re-enact the homicide for you and show you it was an accident."

Clagle sat down and lighted a cigar.

Murphy said briskly, "All right, fellows. As nearly as you can, take the same positions you had when Pollard was shot."

Blower looked askance. Then he moved closer to Jeffries by the main table. "I was standing about here."

"And I, here," Whipple said. "And I, about here," echoed Jess Harwood. The others took positions, some sitting, some standing. Murphy had coached all of them except Clagle and Blower.

"We'll just imagine Pollard's sitting in that open window," Murphy said.

Murphy turned to Burlew. "Okay, Ben. Take any gun from the rack at random and start passing it around. Just like you did the other time."

Seemingly at random, Burlew took down the loaded Luger. He knew it was loaded, the point being that Blower didn't know that Burlew knew it was loaded.

"What I call a fancy job, Doc," Burlew remarked. Handling the Luger carelessly with his finger crooked over the trigger, he let the muzzle point as by chance at Blower's head.

Murphy, alert to see the lawyer step nervously out of line, was disappointed. The man's face muscles tightened slightly, but that was all. He stood pat.

Burlew held it that way for half a minute, then passed it on to Albin Loomis. Albin admired it briefly, letting the barrel point at Blower. It was an acid test—but still it failed to rout Blower.

Albin passed the gun on to Murphy who stood directly at Blower's elbow. Murphy crooked his finger around the trigger and let the barrel point at Blower's chest. "Not loaded, is it, Doc?" Murphy murmured.

"Hardly," Joy said. "I don't display loaded guns on an open rack."

"Snug grip," Murphy commented. He was looking at the gun, not at Blower. His finger took a tighter curl over the trigger as though to test the action. And still the lawyer didn't budge an inch. His forehead was damp, though, and strain was stamped on his face.

When he could not convincingly hold the pose any longer, Murphy gave up. All he could do now was pass the gun on to Blower.

Blower admired it, as before, letting it lie flat on the palm of his hand. Speaking casually to Clagle, Blower said, "I happened to be pointing it toward that window. So when I clicked the trigger, like this—" Blower clicked the trigger and the Luger roared.

The bullet shattered the window and no one seemed more shocked than Blower. "Gosh!" he said. "Who loaded this gun?"

In the awkward silence Murphy knew a feeling of complete defeat. Yet he still had an uncanny sense that his own pattern had been substantially correct—as to the motive, as to the crime itself, and even as to the solution. In only some small, baffling detail had he missed his aim at Blower.

He was thinking that, when the telephone rang. Joy answered, then handed the receiver to Murphy. Murphy heard the desk man at headquarters say, "Another reply just came in on that circular of yours, Murph. I'm sending it over there to you."

But it couldn't be that, Murphy thought as he hung up. For he knew that every town on his list had already been heard from and that they all gave Blower a clear bill.

"By the way, Sergeant, I took the liberty of adding one town to your list."

This was Albin Loomis speaking, and Murphy turned to stare at him.

"I mean," Albin explained, "that Pollard must have stopped at other towns than the ones where he traded guns. For instance I noticed an Oklaco credit card among the things taken from his pockets. You know how a cross-country tourist uses one of those credit cards? By flashing it at any Oklaco station from coast to coast, he can get gas without paying cash. The filling station then sends the charge to their home office and the customer gets a bill at the end of the month."

WHILE Murphy was still blinking, Albin continued: "One of my classmates is fairly high up with the Oklaco people, so I wired him for a copy of Pollard's August statement. One town on that statement gave me a jolt, so I added it to the list—"

Albin stopped as the door opened and a policeman came in with an air-mailed letter. Murphy tore it open. The "man wanted" poster which dropped out was dated twenty years ago. On this a young man was pictured front face and in profile. Murphy read the description aloud: "Wanted: for embezzlement of a trust fund, Vincent Quinn, age 25, an attorney, six feet tall, dark eyes, dark hair—"

"Skip the rest of it." Neal Blower extended his hands to be manacled. "I'll go quietly," he said wearily.

Albin asked, "Remember that last threat Pollard made—right in front of us all?"

"You mean about a Battle of Waterloo musket?" Murphy said.

Albin nodded. "The name was meant to high-pressure Blower. If you'll look at the postmark on that letter, you'll see why."

Murphy looked and saw that the envelope was postmarked, "Waterloo, Iowa."

The policeman clicked cuffs on Blower. Then Murphy heard Albin ring a number on the phone. Albin's voice had a new confidence as it asked, "Doin' anything tonight, Sue?"

THE END

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

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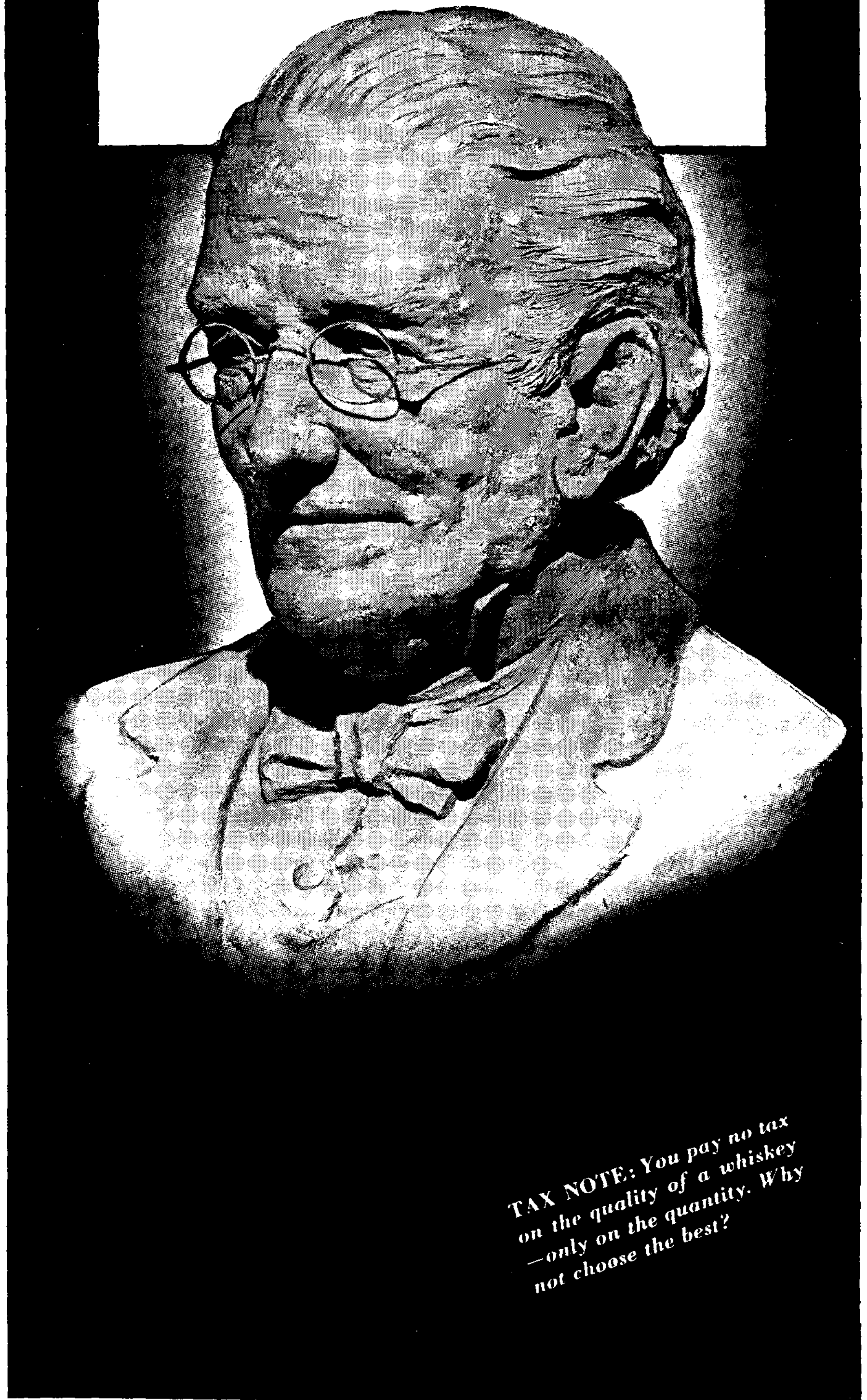
It comes to you with the same high quality that made this fine whiskey Head of the Bourbon Family.



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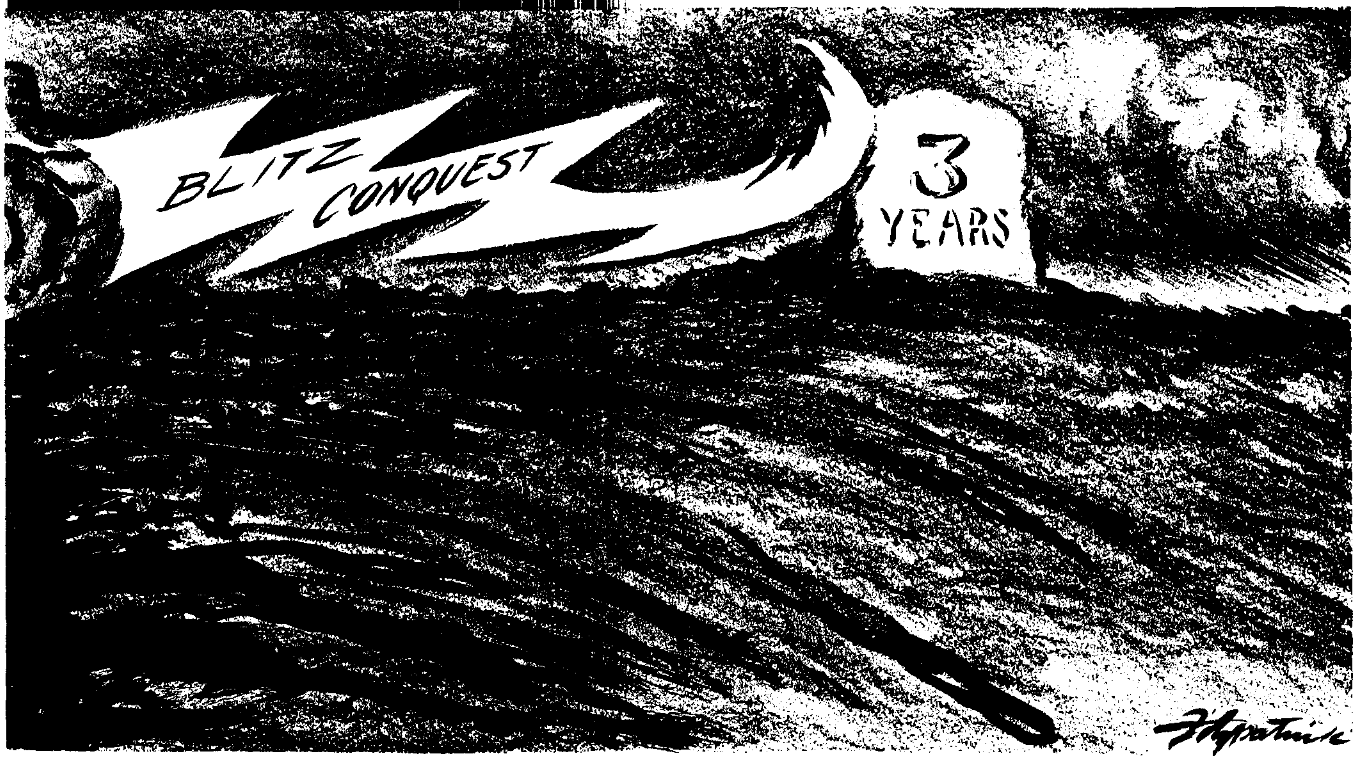


THREE YEARS OF WAR

THE war is three years old on Sept. 1st or Sept. 3d, depending on which you believe it began, when Hitler tore into Poland Sept. 1, 1939, or when England and France declared war on Germany Sept. 3, 1939. How is the United Nations' balance sheet at the end of the third year?

Far be it from us to add to anybody's store of complacency. We do feel, however, that there are grounds for cautious optimism, despite the fact that the summer of 1942 was generally gloomy for our side.

We base our optimism mainly on the fact that the war is still going on at all. It was said often in the first year or so that Hitler had to win quickly if he was to win at all. Lacking an early break-through to big supplies of raw materials, he was expected to exhaust himself.

There was no such early break-through. Hitler swiftly conquered all of Europe that he wanted, except European Russia. But Europe for generations had not produced enough food to live on. Instead of conquering a big productive area, Hitler conquered what turned into a poorhouse as soon as the paralyzing Nazi grip was fastened on it.

It rather encourages you, too, to glance back at the war's second anniversary and then at its first.

A year ago—September, 1941—Germany and Russia were fighting like wildcats. The experts were just beginning to make carefully qualified guesses that Russia could hold into the winter. The general belief still was that Hitler sooner or later would cut Russia to ribbons, then turn full-blast on Great Britain. Hitler's armies were in fine fettle after their far-reaching conquests; the world feared them.

Britain was still on the defensive in the air; a long weary way from the 600- to 1,000-plane R.A.F. raids on German cities which became customary in the summer of 1942. The United States' defense production was hampered by business-as-usual, and our Army, though growing fast, was low in spirit because it had no place to go.

A year before that—September, 1940—things looked even darker. France had gone down that summer, and Britain had staggered off the Continent via Dunkirk. The mass raids on London were stepping toward their frightful peak. It was not until Sept. 16th that the British shot down 185 German planes in a day and probably wrecked Goering's hopes of ever subduing England from the air. Every full moon kept Allied sympathizers all over the world on tenterhooks, wondering whether the Germans would invade England before the moon waned.

Things don't look too bright for our side for the near future. Japan dealt us a staggering blow at Pearl Harbor, and followed that up by grabbing a Pacific empire which will probably enable it to give us a long, tough fight. And Hitler at this writing is still a colossal military power.

But things have looked darker for our side than they look now . . . and American fighting and producing power is only getting into its stride, while German and Japanese power has been spent lavishly.

Someone once said that a dictatorship always looks strongest just 15 minutes before it explodes.

Don't Worry Your Soldier

WE'D thought about this matter several times, but hesitated to say anything about it, on the theory that probably 99% of soldiers' families and friends had already figured it out for themselves. Now, however, the American Red Cross and the British government have seen fit to utter on the subject, so it would appear to be important.

It's simply this: Don't write any more bad news than absolutely necessary to the soldier(s) in whom you personally are interested. Specifically, soft-pedal family fights, financial pinches, wartime privations. Omit them entirely from your letters, unless there is something your soldier can do about them without hurt to himself. Don't tip him off that his gal is dating somebody else, even if she is; or that his wife is not devoting quite 24 hours per day to pining piously for him; or that his young brother is feeling his oats and ought to be "spoken to" by mail from Australia, India or Iceland.

Letters bearing such tidings have driven far too many of our men on our 31 fronts to melancholia, chronic worry, or occasional inefficiency—any one of which is bad for the total fighting effectiveness of the Armed Forces. By just not writing such letters, you can contribute heavily to your own soldier's prowess.

Arnold's Patent Medicine

THURMAN ARNOLD, Assistant U. S. Attorney General in charge of antitrust legislation, is asking Congress to give him some fancy new laws relating to patents and patent rights. Mr. Arnold wants the Attorney General given power to cancel any patent which is being used "unreasonably" to limit "the supply of any article moving in interstate commerce."

That is, Mr. Arnold wants an executive department of the government given the powers of a court, plus. The "plus" comes in by virtue of the fact, as we read Arnold's recommendations, that the Attorney General would have the power of economic life and death over patents and patent holders, but would not have to give them the safeguards which surround real lawsuits in real courts. The Attorney General, as we get it, would decide whether any patent was being used "unreasonably."

It is all an aftermath of the terrific uproar kicked up by Mr. Arnold a few months ago in the matter of the Standard Oil-I. G. Farbenindustrie pre-war agreements on synthetic rubber and related products. In that excitement, Mr. Arnold made a record for frivolity, recklessness and exaggeration which we have seldom seen equaled by a supposedly responsible public official.

We think it would be a grave mistake for Congress to legalize the patent medicine offered it by this public official. Judicial power over patents and patent owners is too great a power to give to any executive department of the government. Especially is it too great a power to give to any department inhabited by Thurman Arnold.

The Attorney General's office already has power, anyway, to crack down on persons or firms using patents to buttress monopolies. All that the Attorney General need do is to invoke our ancient antitrust laws, draw up a proper complaint under them, and fight a lawsuit to victory in the courts, giving the defendant as well as the government a fair show. Isn't that enough? It is certainly in the American spirit.

On the chance, however, that our patent system could be improved, the President has appointed a Patents Planning Commission, under the chairmanship of Charles F. Kettering, to study the whole question and report on it. We'd suggest urgently that Congress wait for the Kettering committee's report before monkeying with the patent laws. More than enough people have now taken more than enough of Mr. Arnold's bum steers and wild accusations at face value.

"Load 'em full!" That's the battle cry in the coal fields. Bigger loads save cars for additional war work.

COAL

* * * ANOTHER "FIGHTING FORCE" TO KEEP ROLLING !

Coal is one of America's most powerful weapons—the Nation's greatest single source of energy.

It turns the wheels of war's industries.

It is power and heat and light.

Coal makes steam. It runs trains to haul more coal. Coal is transportation. Coal provides warmth for our home comfort, heats our buildings and factories.

It is among the most abundant of the Nation's natural resources and in the earth of this country is enough to last 3,000 years.

More than a hundred thousand Pennsylvania Railroad freight cars have no other duty in this war than to haul this fighting power—coal and its by-product, coke—to the industrial fronts, day and night.

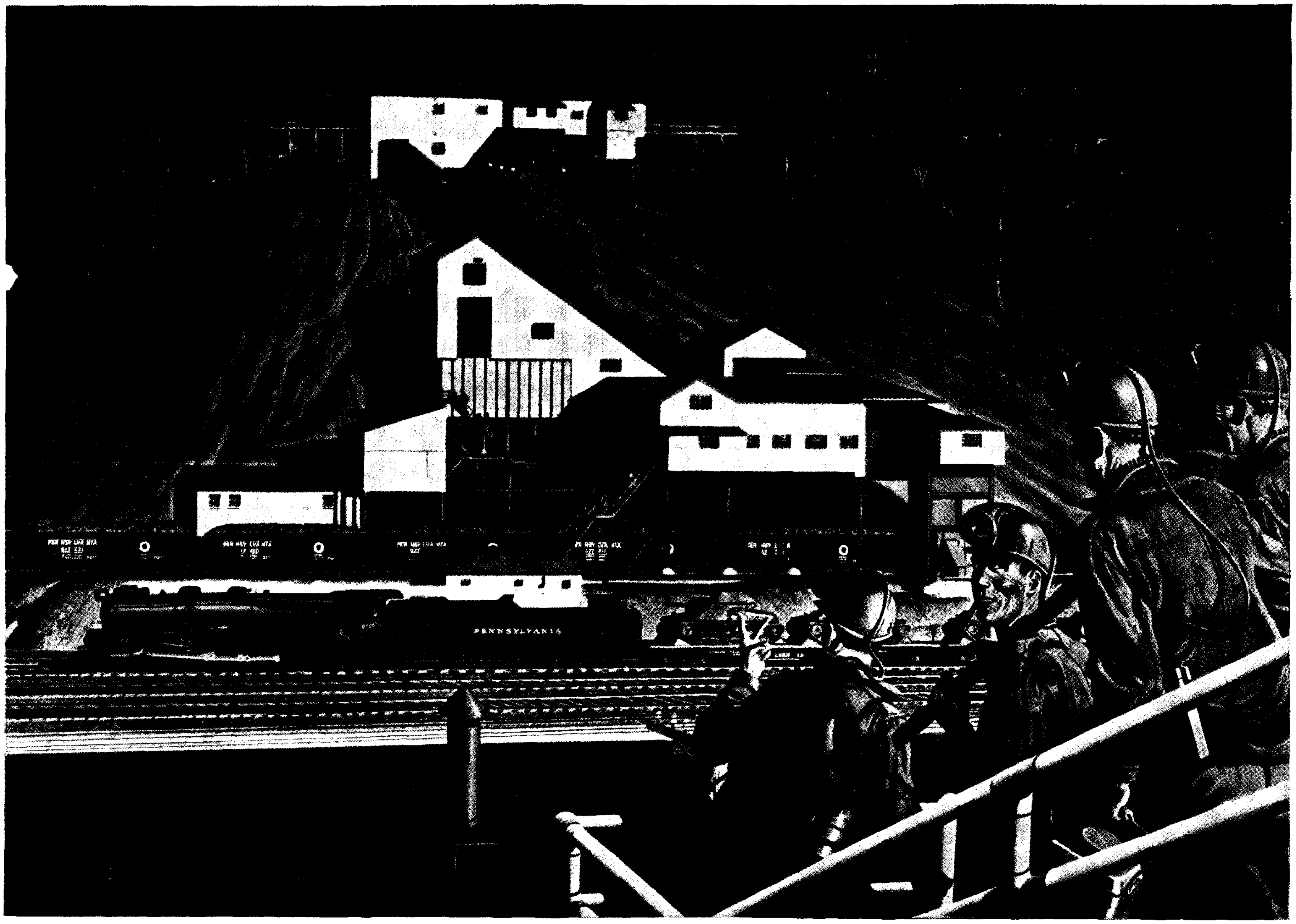
In never-ending streams, The Pennsylvania delivers it to the power plants, moves mountains of it to feed the coke ovens and, in turn, the blast furnaces.

Coal becomes gas for the open hearth, power for the rolling mill. Without it there would be no steel.

Coal's by-products become explosives, industrial chemicals, medicines and fertilizer that produces agricultural abundance.

Coal saw us through the last war—and coal will see us through this one.

To help move coal to the industrial front is one of Pennsylvania Railroad's most important jobs in war and peace.



Buy your coal now. Help clear the tracks for movement of war materials this fall and winter. ★ *Invest in U. S. War Savings Bonds & Stamps.*

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ANTOINETTE CONCELLO

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TO BE A TOP-FLIGHT AERIALIST

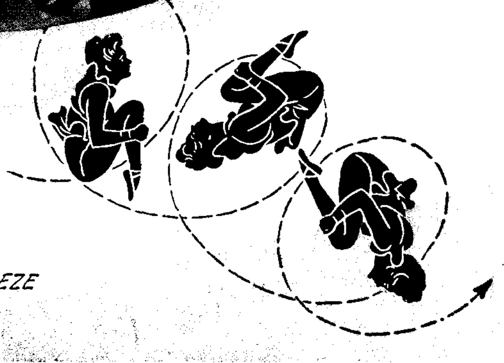
ONE! TWO! THREE!
3 COMPLETE BACKWARD SPINS IN MID-AIR

- You may not go in for trapeze acrobatics. Even the thought of someone in danger may upset you, but there's a sound tip for you – for any smoker – in the fact that among men and women whose jobs demand steady nerves, it's Camels for the mildness that counts. Antoinette Concello (*right*) says: "Camel is one cigarette I really enjoy. Not just because of their finer flavor but also because they're extra mild."

THERE SHE GOES! I GET JITTERY EVERY TIME SHE TRIES THIS TRIPLE
ME, TOO. AND SHE'S ALWAYS SO CALM—AND STEADY

SHE COULD 'BLACK OUT' IN A SPIN LIKE THAT
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT!

THROWING HERSELF OUTWARD AND UPWARD FROM SWINGING BAR, MISS CONCELLO MAKES 3 COMPLETE BACKWARD TURNS AND CATCHES OUTSTRETCHED HANDS OF PARTNER ON ANOTHER TRAPEZE



WHEW! MAN, THAT IS PRECISION PLUS!

IT WAS THRILLING, MISS CONCELLO
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